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*affectionately yours
Malcolm Donaldson.*

From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY C. E. TYRER, B.A.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?*

"**H**E was always our friend." In these words a well-known citizen of Manchester, after speaking to me of the shock which Matthew Arnold's recent death had caused him, expressed his sense of the loss we had sustained. The words seemed to me so excellent and appropriate, they represented my own feelings so well, that I have ventured to take them as a kind of text on which to hang a few observations on the great man who passed away from us so suddenly in April, 1888. Perhaps I ought to begin by saying that I was not, in the strict sense, acquainted personally with him, and therefore what I have to say about him will contain nothing in the way of reminiscence or anecdote; nothing but such comments as any intelligent reader might make, or such expressions of feeling as any sympathetic nature might share. And yet I have called him a friend, and the language is just. Friend! how lightly we use the word,—of chance acquaintances, of the foolish and vain and frivolous people with whom we are

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brought into contact day by day! How religiously we should preserve it to express the deepest feelings of our nature! And these may surely be called forth by those who have helped on our inward life, who have strengthened and sustained our spirits (even though they were personally strangers to us, or perhaps belonged to an earlier generation), as well as by the friends who are bound to us by personal ties, and who make our lives brighter by their presence and affection. And to few contemporaries were so many of the more thoughtful spirits of our day drawn delightedly and irresistibly as to Matthew Arnold; and probably many will feel with me that they are more indebted to him for instruction and delight as a prose writer, for charm and consolation as a poet than to any other of this generation.

Something, perhaps, of the feeling of almost intimacy which he inspired in many was due to his engaging style as a prose writer, to his way of taking his readers into his confidence, as if he were conversing with them and only used the medium of print for the sake of greater convenience. This was never more strikingly shown than in one of the last papers he ever wrote, the essay on "Civilization in the United States," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* a fortnight before his death, and in which he tried to show his American friends the want of distinction and beauty in their civilization; narrating with the greatest good humour and *naïveté* the personalities to which he had been exposed at the hands of American journalists, as a specimen of the sort of thing considered allowable to the press over there when dealing with public men. The whole paper, though keen in its insight, and touched here and there with sarcastic humour, was, in its general tone, so frank and kindly, so free from any trace of bitterness, so full of ripened wisdom, that it should have disarmed

anger and been taken in the spirit in which it was intended, as a piece of wholesome and disinterested criticism, instead of arousing violent outbursts of wrath and irritation. But, doubtless, even across the Atlantic, all such feelings were, for the most part, stilled by the news of his sudden death; and even those who smarted the most under his criticism would confess that in him they had lost a critic who was also a friend; whose judgments, if sometimes mistaken, were always kindly in motive, and who aimed truly at advancing the best interests of mankind. When, on that April day, the news of his death came to us, thousands who never knew him personally must have felt, as Mr. Alfred Austin says he did on seeing in Florence the brief announcement in an Italian journal, that the flowers had lost their brightness, and the music had passed from the singing of the birds, that nothing for the time had any reality but the meaning conveyed in those simple words: "Matthew Arnold is dead."

And yet, so far as he personally is concerned, there is nothing to regret in his death or in the manner of it. Happy, on the whole, in his life, he was pre-eminently happy in his death. It was a death such as he seems himself to have desired—such as with his unfailing clear-sightedness he must have known would one day be his. Not only was he spared—

"the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show."

Not only did no "doctor, full of phrase and fame," shake his sapient head over him, nor "his brother doctor of the soul"—

"Canvass with official breath
The future and its viewless things,"

but he never knew what to a keen and vigorous intellect must be more terrible than even the thought of

the death-bed itself—that slow decline of the mental and physical powers which precedes the decrepitude and inertness of age. His nature seems to have been ardent and energetic to the last, and it was in a fit of almost boyish playfulness that he appears by his indiscretion to have hastened the end. Buoyancy seems the word best descriptive of his temperament, a buoyancy which rose superior to all outward circumstances and inward trials, and never deserted him to the last. Though he had early learned to brood on “the riddle of the painful earth,” though the difficulties of life, the decay of religious faith, and the melancholy problems of modern society perplexed and harassed him, and his poems continually reflect the profound dejection of his spirit; yet there was something in him which seemed to rise superior to all these things—something which prevented him from wearing out his heart, like his friend Clough, in fighting against the inevitable, and which enabled him to find joy and refreshment and consolation in Nature, in literature, and in some of the aspects of human life. Probably no English poet, save Wordsworth, has found a deeper or more constant source of delight in Nature; few men of culture have reaped a richer harvest of enjoyment from the best literature of the world; while he could find, even in the human scene which surrounded him, and whose tragical side he so keenly realised, food for flashes of gay humour and a not ungenial sarcasm. How excellently well this faculty of humour must have served him amid the troubles of life, and how it must have helped to preserve that buoyancy of spirit which, as I have said, was one of his leading characteristics! Of the beauty of his character, I must leave others to speak. An intimate personal friend* has written of him: “Something more

* Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in the *Manchester Guardian*, April 17, 1888.

than nature must have gone to make his constant unselfishness, his manly endurance of adverse fate, his noble cheerfulness under discouraging circumstances, his buoyancy in breasting difficulties, his life-long solicitude for the welfare and enjoyment of those who stood nearest to his heart. He lived a life of constant self-denial, yet the word never crossed his lips." And again: "The magnificent *insouciance* of his demeanour concealed from the outside world, but never from his friends, his boyish appreciation of kindness, of admiration, of courteous attention. By his daily and hourly practice he gave sweet and winning illustration of his own doctrine that conduct is three-fourths of human life. To those who have known him intimately, life without him can never be quite the same as it was before." In the "Guesses at Truth," Julius Charles Hare has described the character of Schleiermacher in words which might almost be applied, it would seem, to the poet and friend we have just lost. After defending the use of wit and irony in the warfare with folly and wickedness, he proceeds:—

"In like manner Schleiermacher, who was gifted with the keenest wit, and who was the greatest master of irony since Plato, deemed it justifiable and right to make use of his powers, as Pascal also did, in his polemical writings. Yet all who knew him well declare that the basis of his character, the keynote of his whole being, was love; a love which delighted in pouring out the boundless riches of his spirit for the edifying of such as came near him, and strove with unweariable zeal to make them partakers of all that he had. Hereby was his heart kept fresh through the unceasing and often turbulent activity of his life, so that the subtlety of his understanding had no power to corrode it; but when he died he was still, as one of his friends said of him, *ein fünf-und-sechzigjähriger Jüngling* (a boy of five and sixty)."

Thinking of Arnold I could not but think too of another friend we have lately lost, who was the dear personal friend of many of us, and who likewise died somewhat suddenly at nearly the same age. As we listened to William Anderson O'Connor while he preached his eloquent sermon on the "Poetry of the Bible," could any of us imagine that it was for the last time; that the mortal tenement which held that glowing spirit, that keen intellect, that rich and radiant humour, that tender and affectionate and beautiful nature, would henceforth for ever pass away from our eyes? With less transcendent gifts, comparatively unknown to fame, he too—like Matthew Arnold—was a man of genius; like him, too, he was not, nor could ever have been, a man of the world. Like him, he never ceased to be young in spirit, and to each we may fitly apply the beautiful classical adage: *Quem Di diligunt moritur juvenis*; for the gods loved each for the loveableness of his nature, and in spite of his five and sixty years, each died young.

It is not my intention to attempt a general estimate of Matthew Arnold's work, or to give him his place and rank in English literature; probably the time has not arrived for such an estimate, and in any case, it would be presumption on my part to essay one. What I might diffidently venture to do, is to point out a few of the services which he has rendered to us, services which entitle him to be called a true friend of humanity. From one point of view his nature was a many-sided one, and has expressed itself in many directions: we may regard him as a critic, a social and political reformer, a humorist, a theologian, a poet. But taking a wider view, all these characters may be summed up in one—he was pre-eminently, using the word as he used it, the critic. Even in his poetry, the critical faculty is rarely, if ever, wholly

dormant, and those who know it best will best understand how he should have been led to adopt the curious definition of literature, and of poetry as its most important kind, as "a criticism of life." But then the word *criticism* in his use of it has a meaning of vastly wider significance than it bears in the popular acceptance. This is how he defines it: "A disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," and, as he elsewhere adds, "thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas." We get here, I think, the master thought, the guiding motive which shaped and impelled the whole course of his activity as a student and as a writer. He is thus, above all, the critic and the apostle of culture, culture in the widest conception of the term being in his view the end and aim of all true criticism. Culture, with him, is "a study of perfection," it "places human perfection in an *internal* condition; in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy, and in the general harmonious expansion of all our gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature." It is very important to bear in mind that culture, as he conceived it, was not a thing for the few, but for the many, and it was towards this general diffusion of culture that the true critic in his view must aim, and against the monopolisation of its blessings by an exclusive intellectual aristocracy. Thus, he says: "Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward." Only (and in this

Arnold separates himself from the ordinary educational reformer with religious or political ends to serve) culture "does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes, it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes . . . to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light." I have dwelt a little on this subject, and have given these quotations, because Arnold has often been regarded (and some I dare say still regard him) as a sort of elegant *dilettante*, too much occupied with the delicacy of his own feelings and ideas to have any real solicitude for the toiling multitude around him, or recommending as a panacea for the world's ills some superfine nostrum begot of priggishness and affectation. That he had a sincere regard for the well-being of his fellowmen seems to me unquestionable, and that he did what seemed to him best to advance it, seems unquestionable likewise. He was not, perhaps, in the strict sense, a great teacher, for he had not sufficient moral and spiritual ardour for that, nor would he have aspired to the title. He was, rather, as he would himself have said, an enquirer after truth, and not its expounder or professor; an enquirer who sought to put others in the right way to find it so far as it can be found; a critic who believed that by recommending culture as a study of perfection, an inward condition of the mind and spirit, a general and an harmonious expansion of the human faculties, he was doing the best that in him lay (using words which he quotes from Bishop Wilson) "to make reason and the will of God prevail."

In the "Essays in Criticism" Matthew Arnold first expounded his critical views, and this delightful book contains many of the best of his literary judgments, as well as the germs of several of the developments, social,

political, and theological, afterwards taken by his critical faculty. This book perhaps contains fewer of the writer's mannerisms than any of the later ones, and he has certainly never since surpassed, if he has equalled, the beauty, freshness, and transparent clearness of its style; a style which he might have formed under the guidance of a maxim of Joubert quoted by him: "One must never quit sight of realities, and one must employ one's expressions simply as media, as glasses, through which one's thoughts can be best made evident."

Arnold's professed attitude as a critic is not that of a dogmatist, but of a seeker after truth, who aims, by bringing knowledge, a current of fresh and true ideas (to use his favourite phrase), to bear upon the matter in hand, at illuminating it and making its true nature manifest. Thus, he says, "Judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business; and so in some sense it is. But the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and this knowledge, and ever-fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great care for himself." Again, in the "Essay on Heine:" "I wish to decide nothing as of my own authority, the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way, and to let humanity decide." Whether he succeeds always and altogether in sustaining the rôle of a Socratic enquirer, humbly seeking to disengage the truth, and anxious to get himself out of the way, may be doubted. There seems, in spite of himself, to have been a latent dogmatism in his nature, a turn for laying down the law (natural, perhaps, in the son of a schoolmaster), which is hardly reconcileable with such an excessive modesty of attitude. This, however, hardly appears unpleasantly in the "Essays in Criticism," and certainly many of the papers it contains, especially, perhaps, those on the two Guérins, on Heine,

on Joubert, and on Marcus Aurelius are so charming in style, so fresh in treatment, so stimulating to a thoughtful mind, that it is quite impossible to wish them other than they are. For delicacy of discernment they can hardly be matched in our language, and the book which contains them, and much more of the highest interest and charm, has probably, among all Arnold's prose writings, the greatest likelihood of becoming a classic.

The posthumous second series of "Essays in Criticism" has hardly perhaps the same piquancy and freshness as the earlier volume, and, being largely occupied with personages well known to fame, is less unique in subject as well as in treatment, but it is, nevertheless, full of interesting matter. The essay on Keats, which appeared originally as the preface to the selection from that poet in "Ward's English Poets," seems to me especially valuable for the light it throws on the little understood nobler qualities of that poet's nature.

Two other books on subjects purely literary must be briefly referred to, the "Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature," and the "Lectures on Translating Homer." Both of these, apart from their critical value (and in that regard the value of one of them, that on Homer, is unquestionably high), are to the Arnold-lover most delightful and fascinating reading. The concluding lines of the latter volume, which is now one of the treasures of book collectors, may be quoted as a good example of Mr. Arnold's prose style:—

"Homer's grandeur is not the mixed and turbid grandeur of the great poets of the North, of the authors of Othello and Faust; it is a perfect, a lovely grandeur. Certainly his poetry has all the energy and power of the poetry of our ruder climates; but it has, besides, the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky."

Arnold's social, political, and theological criticisms have excited far more general attention than his literary ones, and been of much wider influence. In all his criticism, however (but especially in dealing with matters outside the field of literature) his habit of mind was, perhaps, less detached, less disinterested, to use his favourite expression, and more governed by prepossessions than he himself imagined it to be. Moreover, in his writings on social and theological subjects, and his later prose books generally, he shows an addiction to phrase-making, to ringing the changes on some brief sententious expression, original or transferred, and seeking thereby to give it a validity it by no means always possesses. These writings are thus made to seem somewhat unsatisfactory to serious thinkers with a turn for following the lines of an argument, and are likewise thereby robbed of much of the literary charm they would otherwise possess. That Arnold, by this habit, did less than justice to himself, is, I think, certain. As Horace asks, so we may imagine Arnold asking—" *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*" The air of flippancy his writing often has is only superficial, he is always at bottom serious. His repetition of catch-words and short phrases, for which he seemed almost to claim the validity of axioms, was due to his wish to impress on his readers certain truths he deemed of paramount importance; and probably the love of chaff and badinage, which he derived partly from his Oxford training, was indulged in no shallow or irreverent spirit, but to keep his hearers amused and in good humour.

"Culture and Anarchy" is mainly a criticism of our present social system, and of some of the popular schemes for improving it and rendering it worthier of our vaunted civilization. Though, as already said, he recommends culture in its widest sense as the best medicine for the ills of society (and culture may be regarded as a sufficiently

positive idea), yet it is in negative criticism, rather than in any positive efforts at construction, that Arnold spends most of his energy, and is on the whole most successful. How happy, for example, is his characterization of our upper, middle, and lower classes respectively, as Barbarians, Philistines, Populace; and what a flood of light do these names themselves, expounded and enforced in his own happy manner, serve to throw on the subject! Again, how admirable as a criticism of the Englishman's mental and moral nature in its strength and in its weakness is the chapter on Hebraism and Hellenism! The choice of the words themselves was almost a stroke of genius, and helps to bring home to us forcibly the two main elements necessary in building up a perfect life; the moral one, the sense for conduct, and the intellectual and æsthetic one, the desire for beauty and knowledge.

"Culture and Anarchy" contains, however, one important contribution towards a re-construction of society in the doctrine it expounds of the State as the organ of our collective best self. This collective best self in the view of Dr. Appleton ("A Plea for Metaphysic," *Contemporary Review*, November, 1876) is identical with the *ego* of Fichte and Schelling, the collective consciousness of man as a member of society. It occupies in Arnold's system the same function in regard to morals and practice as the *Zeitgeist* in the domain of intellect, and is, indeed, but another side of the same transforming influence, though Arnold never explicitly combines the two. "By our every-day selves," says he, "we are separate, personal, at war; we are only safe from one another's tyranny when no one has any power; and this safety, in its turn, cannot save us from anarchy But by our *best self* we are united, impersonal, at harmony." It is in some such embodiment of the collective right reason of the community, in the idea of the State

in a true and living sense (such as, in Arnold's view, it by no means exists among us at present) that we shall, he thinks, find our safety, if we are to find it at all, in the democratical era which is already upon us. It is largely in virtue of this positive element in "Culture and Anarchy" that Dr. Appleton considered Arnold the most important constructive intellect in the domain of politics and religion since Strauss. And beneath its calm and measured phrases lies half hidden a real warmth of feeling, a glow which sometimes reaches the surface, and reveals under the writer's scholarly and severe exterior a heart kindly, generous, true. "We are all of us," he says in one place, "included in some religious organisation or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion, children of God." Children of God; it is an immense pretension!—and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our city which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publicè egestas, privatim opulentia*, to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome, unequalled in the world!" Mr. Ruskin himself could hardly have described the contradiction between our professions and our practice in more telling or emphatic language. Again, in reproving the dull mechanical round of our life, our confidently expressed belief that it is in our enormous wealth, our vast commerce, our mineral treasures, that the true greatness of England lies, Arnold has done excellent service. Indeed, in his prose writings, and nowhere more than in "Culture and Anarchy," there is always manifest a high seriousness, the seriousness of an intellectual nature, not keenly emotional, at least in its

outward manifestation, but always having a high aim before it, and sincerely striving for that.

The most delightful, perhaps, of Mr. Arnold's contributions to the social and political criticism of his countrymen is the book which he called, as if with half conscious irony, "Friendship's Garland." Here he displays his happiest satirical gifts, and this, one may perhaps agree with John Burroughs,* is the only one of his books which can properly be called delicious. It professes to be a record of the conversations, letters, and opinions of a young German, Arminius, Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh, collected and edited after his death by his English friend, Matthew Arnold. It consists mainly of letters supposed to be addressed by Arnold and Arminius to the *Pall Mall Gazette*—Arnold, while reporting the views of English society and politics announced by the young Prussian, professing all the while to look at them askance and to be in the main an orthodox Britisher, though occasionally troubled with qualms of scepticism. By this means Arnold was enabled to give a fuller scope to his shafts of criticism than he might have cared to do *in propria persona*, and he directs them without mercy against many of the current political and social panaceas; the fetish-worship of liberty, the compulsory education of the lower orders, marriage with a deceased wife's sister. From the mouth of Arminius we get the first exposition of the doctrine of *Geist*, and the whole book may be looked upon as a brilliant embodiment of that doctrine. Arnold has given us many specimens of his gifts as a humorist (e.g., in the preface to "Essays in Criticism"), but nowhere has he displayed his peculiar humour, which is a gentle irony, or banter, unique in its way, that plays like flashes

* *Matthew Arnold's Criticisms in the Century Magazine for June, 1888.*

of sheet lightning all round a subject, more remarkably than in "Friendship's Garland." An example of this may serve to enliven a tedious paper. Arminius, as related by his English friend, goes out with him into the country; and one morning, on arriving at the door of the inn of the town where they are staying, they find the magistrates sitting and engaged with a poaching case. From considering old Diggs, the poacher, they go on to the subject of the magistrates and their qualifications for performing the functions with which they are entrusted. The aristocracy is represented by Lord Lumpington, the church by the Rev. Esau Hittall, and commerce by Mr. Bottles, and the qualifications of each are satirized with genial impartiality:—

"That is all very well as to their politics," said Arminius, "but I want to hear about their education and intelligence." "There, too, I can satisfy you," I answered. "Lumpington was at Eton. Hittall was on the foundation at Charterhouse, placed there by his uncle, a distinguished prelate, who was one of the trustees. You know we English have no notion of your bureaucratic tyranny of treating the appointments to these great foundations as public patronage, and vesting them in a responsible minister; we vest them in independent magnates, who relieve the State of all work and responsibility, and never take a shilling of salary for their trouble. Hittall was the last of six nephews nominated to the Charterhouse by his uncle, this good prelate, who had thoroughly learnt the divine lesson that charity begins at home." "But I want to know what his nephew learnt," interrupted Arminius, "and what Lord Lumpington learnt at Eton." "They followed," said I, "the grand, old, fortifying, classical curriculum." "Did they know anything when they left?" asked Arminius. "I have

seen some longs and shorts of Hittall's," said I, "about the Calydonian Boar, which were not bad. But you surely don't need me to tell you, Arminius, that it is rather in training and bracing the mind for future acquisition, a course of mental gymnastics, we call it, than in teaching any set thing, that the classical curriculum is so valuable." "Were the minds of Lord Lumpington and Mr. Hittall much braced by their mental gymnastics?" enquired Arminius. "Well," I answered, "during their three years at Oxford they were so much occupied with Bullingdon and hunting that there was no great opportunity to judge. But for my part I have always thought that their both getting their degree at last with flying colours, after three weeks of a famous coach for fast men, four nights without going to bed, and an incredible consumption of wet towels, strong cigars, and brandy and water, was one of the most astonishing feats of mental gymnastics I ever heard of." "That will do for the land and the Church," said Arminius. "And now let us hear about commerce." "You mean how was Bottles educated," answered I. "Here we get into another line altogether, but a very good line in its way, too. Mr. Bottles was brought up at the Lyncurgus House Academy, Peckham. You are not to suppose from the name of Lyncurgus that any Latin and Greek was taught in the establishment; the name indicates only the moral discipline, and the strenuous earnest character imparted there. As to the instruction, the thoughtful educator who was principal of the Lyncurgus House Academy, Archimedes Silverpump, Ph.D.—you must have heard of him in Germany?—had modern views. 'We must be men of our age,' he used to say. 'Useful knowledge, living languages, and the forming of the mind through observation and experiment, these are the fundamental articles of my educational creed,' or, as I have heard his pupil Bottles put

it in his expansive moments after dinner (Bottles used to ask me to dinner till that affair of yours with him in the Reigate train): 'Original man, Silverpump! fine mind! fine system! None of your antiquated rubbish—all practical work—latest discoveries in science—mind constantly kept excited—lots of interesting experiments—lights of all colours—fiz! fiz! bang! bang! That's what I call forming a man.' "And pray," said Arminius, impatiently, "what sort of man do you suppose this infernal quack really formed in your precious friend, Mr. Bottles?" "Well," I replied, "I hardly know how to answer that question. Bottles has certainly made an immense fortune; but as to Silverpump's effect on his mind, whether it was from any fault in the Lycurgus House system, whether it was that from a sturdy self-reliance thoroughly English, Bottles, ever since he quitted Silverpump, left his mind wholly to itself, his daily newspaper, and the Particular Baptist minister under whom he sat, or from whatever cause it was, certainly his mind, *quâ* mind—" "You need not go on," interrupted Arminius, with a magnificent wave of his hand, "I know what that man's mind, *quâ* mind, is, well enough."

To Matthew Arnold's excursions in the region of theological criticism it is impossible to give the praise which in other fields he generally deserves. Some of us, who have both admired and loved him, have felt a keen personal regret that he should have embarked on an undertaking for which alike by his nature and his training he was probably unfitted, namely, the reconstruction of religion on a rational basis. To a future generation of students of our literature it may seem a curious and insoluble problem that a man with Matthew Arnold's subtle intellect, so keen-sighted, so conscious and generally so regardful of limits, should have essayed such a gigantic task and with such a ridiculously inadequate equipment. We may partly explain

the matter, from our knowledge of his antecedents, and the peculiar circumstances under which he grew up. If "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" survive the wrecks of time, they are likely to survive merely as literary curiosities, and it is almost impossible that they can have any permanent influence as contributions to religious thought. Admirably in his poems has Arnold touched on religion—would that he had never discussed it at length in prose!

"Children of men ! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully,
That men did ever find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much they can ?
Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain ;
Which has not cried to sunk, self weary man :
Thou must be born again !

Children of men ! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires ;
But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of Man desires."

It is in such strains as these, and not in attempting to prove that the Hebrew Jehovah was not a personal God, or that the valuable and vital part of Christianity is untouched by the total rejection of its supernatural element, that Matthew Arnold has done his true work as a spiritual teacher.

We may, indeed, take great and grave exception to some part of Arnold's teaching and criticism ; but taking his work as a whole, and considering what a flood of light he has thrown upon the most important matters, how he has made people think for themselves and saved them from the trammels of convention, how laboriously and earnestly he has worked in the great cause of education, what an exquisite gift of verse he has bequeathed for the charm and solace of mankind—it is not too much, perhaps, to give him the

tribute of praise which he pays to his father in "Rugby Chapel," where he numbers him among the soldiers in the army of human progress—

"Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day,
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile ;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."





ON CRUSTS.

BY W. ILD.

THERE is an infinite variety of crusts in this work-a-day world. The man who would describe them all must need a quantity of ink and paper, and an unbounded stock of leisure and patience.

The geological crust has afforded food for contentions, heart burnings, and discussions, ever since the science of geology began to develop itself. The upholders of the various theories might always console themselves with the thought that whatever their opinions may have been they had at least a solid foundation; and whether discoursing or writing on the crust of the earth in the valley, or the lava crust of the volcano, there was matter at the root of all their conjectures.

The beggar's crust is a repulsive morsel, seldom indeed partaken of by the mendicant who knows his business. A man or woman whom misfortune drives to eat this fabulous portion has reached the lowest rung in life's ladder, and, like the dwellers in the pit of Avernus, they can descend no lower; therefore let them take heart, for in their case any change must be for the better. Beggars' crusts are, like most other things, a marketable commodity. Taken singly their value is small indeed, nevertheless there is money in them when in numbers, as many a tramp's lodging-house can prove.

The crust of honest poverty is a crust with a fine mellifluous flavour about it, embracing, as it does, not only a grand poetic sentiment, but also a manly and patriotic phrase which has done duty on many a noble occasion. The ill-used workman, when on strike for more leisure and the same wages, is said to consume this crust with gusto. As a matter of fact he eats it only when the trade union funds have given out, and in such a case its flavour soon palls upon his appetite. Poverty, as a rule, is somewhat prodigal of crusts; it much prefers the crumb of the loaf, leaving the crust for stronger stomachs and more healthy digestions. Only too often the crust of honest poverty is eaten in secret, its disagreeable necessity recognised not by the outside world, for only its consumers know of its existence until grim want reveals the tragedy.

The homely crust is one you are often enough invited to enjoy by one on whose table you are sure to find all the luxuries that wealth can give. When a man parades the fact before you that he will be glad to share his crust with you, be sure there is more to follow. The pauper, as a rule, reveals not his poverty, neither does the man with empty cupboard advise you of the fact; rather is it a deplorable circumstance he would fain hide if he could, but the being of a boastful habit takes this means of displaying the contents of his bounteous larder in order that his triumph may be all the greater. The special owners of the homely crust are those who have once known the pinch of want in all its native ugliness. Push, industry, and opportunity have reversed the picture, and they now derive their chief pleasure in the dispensing of a prodigal hospitality marvellous to behold.

The new crust—fresh, hot, and indigestible—is a delicious morsel, taken with impunity until the forties are reached. It afterwards is the origin of dire disaster and

unlimited pains. The taste for it has perhaps not gone; but alas! the internal disorders it creates are a revelation. Welcomed with a smile, it has been known to need in less than three hours after its consumption a succession of hot stimulants, nauseous mixtures, and finally drastic measures of a small globular shape, which, flint-like in their conformation, have resulted in wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The dry crust is an uninviting morsel; not an ounce of nutriment does it contain within its wrinkled interior. Like its human prototype, the essence of goodness has long since left it. You may rashly venture on a close acquaintance only to meet with the basest ingratitude, if not compelled to mourn o'er slaughtered innocents of the top or bottom set. There is a sawdusty flavour paramount that occasions bitter reflection, and the consumer either suffers from a raging thirst or is filled with an unmistakable lack of charity to all mankind.

The mouldy crust is at least honest in that he disguiseth not his shortcomings; although grown old and grey in the service, no longer a thing of beauty or of joy, he never attempts to impose upon you, and pass himself off as a crust of a few hours old. You never catch him bullying his tailor because his exterior is not made to appear the glass of fashion and the mould of form; he does not even condescend to notice the countless advertisements anent "no more grey hairs." On the contrary, he feels that his beauty has for ever gone, and he puts on the green and white colours which proclaim the fact to mankind. You may wipe off the signs of old age if you will, but he does not respond to your efforts; he knows too well you can never bring him fresh from the oven again, no matter how much you may cut and carve him into shape.

The upper crust is a crust of so delicate a nature that

the ordinary mind almost shrinks from its contemplation. To belong to a section of mankind so elevated above their fellows; to feel that one's life is to be an example to one's meaner brethren; to undertake the fearful responsibility and arduous unremitting toil endured by the upper-upper-crust in the House of Lords; to so dutifully lead the moral life beautifully pourtrayed for us in the Divorce Court, and in the fashionable journals which chronicle the doings of the upper ten; to be able to look down upon artists, literary men, professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and the masses, as only sent into the world to minister to our enjoyment, must be a fearsome burden. What wonder that they in whose veins runs the blue blood of the upper crust have to engage in all the innocent and enjoyable relaxations of life. Their dreadful consciousness of hereditary greatness needs some palliative remedy, or human nature would be unable to stand the strain. Be thankful, happy mortals, who are more lowly born, that no upper crust has been your portion, and that all its trouble and sorrow are to you unknown.

The crust on wine is a venerable crust. "Old age hath reverence," says the poet. Alas! poets are often enough descendants of the unhappy pair whose career was so suddenly cut short hundreds of years ago, hence we do not find the saying true on all occasions. There is a world of deceitfulness, too, about the crust on wine. The owner of it may in the simplicity of his heart pay due reverence to its age; nay, he may appreciate it so highly as to devote himself to it until there is no crust left; but the Nemesis of gout awaits him, and when he is made to writhe under the agonies of a swollen toe or a chalkstone joint, he feels the greatest enmity for the crust which has proved so faithless, and left behind it so potent a sting.

The crust of society is one that is as brittle in the

handling as the shortest pastry. It is, moreover, an illusory crust; you have it and you have it not, for presto! the slightest side wind that blows carries it away. The recipient expected something of so delightful a flavour that his soul revelled in the contemplation thereof. When he has tasted of its quality, there is so much bitter mingled with the sweet that the former kills the latter. The ardent epicure in this crust suffers often enough from divers complaints, and such are its fearful qualities that heart burnings, jealousies, slights, domestic broils, nay, endless disorders, have resulted from repeated doses, and the most gluttonous appetite has been sated with the thinly disguised evils of society's crust.

The pie crust contains a lesson in its very name. The extremes in a man's nature meet on one common level when this crust has to be disposed of. To eat it comfortably, it is necessary to have unlimited faith in the abilities of the person who made it; to also be credulous as to the properties of that which it hides from view. Indigestion follows in case the crust be heavy; biliousness ensues if the mixture is too rich, whilst untold tribulation awaits the man who rashly ventures on a second helping. There is a world of humour in the crust of a pie; the outside so tempting in colour or decoration, typical of the fair enslaver who has already bound you fast in silken chains. The inside! Ah! there's the rub. Like the rest of practical knowledge, the secret can only be gained by experience too often dearly bought, and worth nothing when bought and paid for.

A fine old crusted temper is a glorious possession. Its owner is capable of making more lives uncomfortable than has ever been occasioned by the advent of triplets in a household, and that is as dire a misfortune as any reasonable man could expect. But the triplets either quietly

depart, or else improve with age. The crusted temper does neither. It is as difficult to swallow as Jonah was to the whale. Do what you will, this crust will not go down smoothly. Like the biting north-easter it nips you continually, and seems to permeate everywhere. One usually speaks of a crusty temper as having reached mature age, but it needs not maturity to develop itself. When only half baked, slack baked—nay, often when not baked at all—it comes forth with as much impetuosity as though it were the most inviting and delicious morsel in the world. Singularly careless as to its power to please, we find it presented to us as something we are bound to swallow *holus bolus*; and the worst of it is that, unlike many other crusts, this crust of temper has no soft part in it. It is gnarled and horny, and grates on the teeth like sandstone, and can only be washed down with repeated draughts of patience and forbearance. Some men deal out doses of this crust every time they enter their home. You can generally distinguish them from others, because the youngsters are missing when father comes in, and if in the way by some unlooked for mischance they get a crust which sets them weeping for a while. When such an one dies, there is as much genuine grief at his decease as was felt by the mutes at the old fashioned funerals, and his memory has around it a fine old crusty flavour which has been well earned.

The crust that surrounds old rights, laws and customs, is one which the present age cannot stand. To be sure of existence nowadays is to have the elements of vitality inherent in the thing itself. No use to plead the crust of usage or of age, because, if useless, the old institutions live not solely on account of their antiquity. The crust may have sheltered the crumb for long enough, but the time comes when even the brittle defence becomes powerless,

and the whole thing is swept away, crust and crumb together.

The crust of reserve, which it is said some men possess, is very like the sodden crust which you are only induced to try and consume when driven thereto by dire necessity. The words of a popular song say—

"He's all right when you know him,
But you've got to know him first."

But only too often, when the outer crust is broken through, there is little worth having behind. The sodden crust has as uninviting an exterior as the surly and reserved man, and the result of testing them is precisely the same. Your teeth stick into the one, yet yield you no gratification, and your intercourse with the other generally ends in repulse and mystification. "A wonderful man, if you can only break through his crust of reserve." Yet, oh! that precious crust! How it stands firm against even the penetrating influences of geniality and goodwill. At first you may put it down to liver; failing that, to chronic indigestion; but excuse it as you will, there is a sodden flavour about it, making it difficult to masticate or dispose of.

The brittle crust is by no means rare. There has been too much heat attending its manufacture. It comes off in flaky pieces at the slightest touch, and requires great care in consumption. It is ready to fly out aggressively without any warning, and resents any liberties as though endowed with life itself. Of course, it has no prototype in the human family. Nobody knows the short tempered man who is overbaked, and who flies out at you with an intensity that is appalling. The one who seems afflicted with mental corns all over him—corns on which some one is perpetually treading, they scarcely know when or how. If you do know such a man pity him, for it is more than likely he will suffer more as years go on from the rubs and crusts of life than any ten ordinary beings.

The friends whose advent occasioned us so many pangs in infancy, who often in later years gave us many a sleepless night, yet whose departure occasioned much anguish and sadness, have during their stay to force their way through crusts of divers qualities ere their task is done, and we all of us need a stout heart, a good digestion, and an indomitable will, to break through the mental and physical crusts which we encounter day by day.





FEATURES OF FACT AND FANCY IN THE WORKS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

POPULAR taste is as fickle and capricious, as inexplicable in its literary as in its fashionable preferences, in its choice of books as of bonnets. Considerations of genuine taste, excellence, or true art have no importance and almost as little influence. The last novelty is invariably the best until it is no longer the last and the next appears. He, indeed, would be a bold man who ventured to prophesy the immortality of a season for "the book of the season." It may be dead in a day as in a decade. Shall we essay an apparently very simple problem, and try and ascertain apart from momentary influences what was and is George Eliot's proper place in literature? Is she one of the immortals? Is it true, as her zealous admirers suggest, that "she is greater than Shakespeare," that her genius will "be linked indissolubly with that of Goethe's to distant ages," or as a still more fervid disciple declares, that, being "neither a poet or genius merely," she is, "like Byron, an elemental power," whatever that may mean. There is no stint in the adulation of

modern critical cant. It is nothing if not hysterical, and these are but specimens of the tributary rhetorical wreaths placed on her tomb.

Apart from such rhapsodical utterances, and the immediate glamour of her undeniably great gifts, it certainly appears to me no unfit task to endeavour to gauge her influences on the world of fiction and in the domain of art generally. In the main, she exercised a beneficent ministration in the area of fiction. She was earnest, she was sincere, skilful, and accomplished, and, if not precisely a paragon among feminine writers, was almost without parallel. In what follows I shall assess if possible her distinct pre-eminence, if any, in the cosmos of literature, and discover what of real merit and significance lies under this star pointed pyramid of praise, this monument of panegyric so lavishly and so senselessly heaped up above her memory.

I am not sure that the time has arrived when we can estimate her services to the cause of true art, which she loved and adorned, quite dispassionately. We are still too much under the influence of meaningless declamation, and vapid praise extravagant as vain, to fix her precise relationship to her fellows, her altitude among giants, although we cannot quite sympathise with the extravagant and passionate adulation of some of her devotees. We may perhaps discern a faint glimmer of absurdity in the declaration of one of these ministering priests of Baal, that "she was another Homer," and that "'Romola' was the best historical novel ever written," or if not, in the further eulogium "that 'Daniel Deronda' is the flight upward of a soaring genius, spurning earth, toward the empyrean." But our sense of absurdity is really more affected by the painful contortions of the discriminating critic who thus attempts to prove himself supernally pro-

found, than by the actual indecisiveness of the judgment. That true sense of proportion, which wisely knows what is really due, and is prepared to tender homage accordingly, is not attained. We are still a little too near our mountain, and must be guarded, lest we confound Highgate Hill with a peak of the Himalayas.

For myself, I must explain, with a perhaps unnecessary disclaimer, that I am neither a poet nor an enthusiast. The heyday of the blood is over, and I am now nothing if not critical. This fetish worship—these exaggerated pæans of praise affright me. "Eternity" and "for ever," and "perennial sublimity" are "prave 'orts," but they make me pause. I desire to give no meagre or grudging praise, would like to essay a zealous appreciation, if it can only be remotely discriminative, but still I cannot, with the *Fortnightly Review*, say "that Romola is like the Transfiguration of Raphael," and I hope you will not expect it of me. Nor can I, with the same exuberant eulogy, link this wondrous work "with the marvellous harmonies of Beethoven and the profundity and pathos of Æschylus," or concede that while George Eliot resembled Shakespeare, Goethe, Homer, and Handel, it was greatly to the disadvantage and disparagement of these effete ancients. I shall prove but a feeble and lukewarm admirer indeed, guaged by the standard of these panegyrists. I admire "Adam Bede" as a book, especially the noble personality of the hero it enshrines, but cannot promise to tear and rend myself, in the vehemence of my admiration, or fling myself into convulsions at the tremendous exorcism. Such homage as I feel and am prepared to tender and ask you to share, I hope I may say, in deprecation, to preserve undiminished to the end.

There is an eminently suggestive passage in "Daniel Deronda" which will better than any other explain my

purpose, and furnish the key to such remarks as I may make, in these words:—"A human life, I think, should be well rooted in some spot of a native land where it may get the love of tender kinship, for the face of earth, for the labours men go forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, for whatever will give that early home a familiar unmistakeable difference amidst the future widening of knowledge—a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection and kindly acquaintance with all neighbours, even to the dogs and donkeys, and may spread not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood."

I hope you will agree with me that this is an exquisite passage when well considered, because it is through this text that I now hope to secure your sympathy. It is to me the true, the master-key of her attainments and resources, of her range of artistic excellence, at once, of her art and heart. Her genius "was rooted in a spot of her native land." That spot was Shakespeare's county—in part of that old Forest of Arden that stretched well nigh from sea to sea, which the poet has immortalised. In it she had acquired "that tender kinship for the sounds and accents that haunted it, for that natural beauty which elevates and graces it, and which became a sweet habit of her blood in all her labours, and a refining and subduing influence in her best and noblest work."

Mary Anne Evans was born in the year 1819 in the South Farmhouse, which stood and still stands about three-quarters of a mile (ten minutes' walk) due south of Arbury Hall, and on the Arbury estate, the seat of the Newdegates in Warwickshire. It is this Arbury Hall, which as Cheverel Manor, as Donnithorne Chase, as Monks Topping, as the Ryelands, figures so largely in her works, and it was because her life was "so well rooted" there, and of her

kinship with that exquisite domain and its neighbourhood and people that her books are a treasure house of history, of genuine feeling, of noble teaching, and occasionally of exalted poetry, and that they have been raised to the honoured place I hope they will long continue to occupy in the republic of letters. "Adam Bede," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," "Janet's Repentance," "Amos Barton," "Felix Holt," and many episodes in her subsequent books, all took their rise from and about this spot. For the first twenty-two years of her life, save a few months, she lived with her father at Griff House, which lies on the high road (at a junction of three roads) between Coventry and Nuneaton, close to the sixth milestone from Coventry, and two miles from Nuneaton, and less than a mile from the gates of Arbury. It is this spot, with its varying aspects, surroundings, and associations—its wondrous hedgerows, its mingled noises of mill and loom, which she has so minutely depicted in the opening of "Felix Holt" "as being a spot neither of hills nor vales, nothing but a monotonous succession of green fields and hedgerows, with some fine trees, where the only water to be seen is the brown canal," but still in the heart of the most delightful and picturesque scenery of the Midlands, that her lot was fixed. Here during her earliest existence she attended the parish school of Chilvers Coton. At the age of five she went to Miss Lathom's seminary in the adjoining parish of Attleborough as a boarder, and two or three years after to Miss Wallington's school at Nuneaton. In her holidays, in her wanderings with her brother, in her subsequent home life until March, 1841, when she went with her father to Foleshill, she lived at Griff, and absorbed Milby, Shepperton, Knebley, and Arbury, with its glorious domain, its wealth of verdure and association, into her veins. Here also passed in review before the bright observant eyes of this most gifted and sensitive girl the

various figures which again and again people her canvas; the *dramatis personæ* of the "Tales of Clerical Life," "The Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt," "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," and albeit, unconsciously, and in spite of herself, of "Romola." Here it was she saw the originals of those "mixed human beings" she has referred to (Cross, Vol. I., 43) whom she has depicted so humorously, critically, dramatically, and truly. As she has herself said, "she could not stir a step aside from what she felt to be true in human character." Here, then, she gleaned the wealthy storehouse of facts, the features of landscape and of humanity, which she has wedded to fiction and fancy in her novels, and to this neighbourhood and its associations and experiences must we turn for information as to the sources and secrets of her artistic strength, and for those features of mingled realism and imagination which we find combined in her books.

Let us take, as an instance, one of the earliest and one of the best, if not the best, of all her books—"Adam Bede." What were its actual incidents and origin?

Mary Ann Evans, I have explained, was born at the South Farm, Arbury, almost three-quarters of a mile due south of Arbury, the Manor House or Hall, and within the park and domain. While a child in arms of four months, in March, 1840, her father removed to the Griff House, where she spent her childhood, and where her brother and nephew still reside. And it was her father and his younger and next brother Samuel, her mother (Mrs. Poyser), her father's schoolmaster, Bartle Massey, the Arbury Hall servants, and Arbury Hall itself, which masquerades as Donnathorne Chase, and other local features of person and place which combine to make up the constitution of the book.

Her father (Adam Bede) was one of the younger sons of

George Evans, a joiner and builder, and the grandson of a tenant farmer renting land under the Newdegates, at West Hallam, seven miles from Derby, and on the road thence to, and close to Ilkeston, Nottingham. Her grandfather's family consisted of seven children, Mary Ann's father, Robert, being (the fourth son and fifth child) born at Ellaston, in Staffordshire, near to the banks of the Dove, and about midway between Ashbourne and Alton Towers, where he afterwards settled as a carpenter. Robert Evans, in 1806, either followed Mr. Francis Newdegate, or attended him, when he, on the death of Sir Roger Newdegate, came into the property. Robert Evans was at this time a house carpenter, and worked at his trade, though destined soon after to raise himself, by his intellectual attainments and probity, from the position of an artisan to that of forester, then of bailiff, and of land agent, "whose extensive knowledge in very varied practical departments [to use George Eliot's own words] made his services valued through several counties." This father, and his brother Samuel, with whom in youth he had been most associated, and to whom the father's tenderness and reminiscences of early life most referred, form the central figures of the book. I assert this the more positively because a very inaccurate and certain—if not self-asserting—writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of April, 1887, has declared that it is the portrait of his brother William Evans, the Church restorer, whereas William, the Church restorer, was the nephew, and not the brother, of Robert, and he undoubtedly was no hero in the girl novelist's eyes. Certain it is that from the Ellaston Hayslope workshop, in the character of these two brothers, her father and uncle, the escapade of her Aunt Ann, afterwards Mrs. Green, and from the local surroundings of Ellaston, which she had visited in 1826, when a child of seven, and again in June, 1840, and Arbury,

that the chief, if not the entire interest of the story springs.

The novel opens, as you will perhaps remember, in the year 1799, in the month of June, when Robert Evans was in fact 26, and Samuel (Seth) 22, and we seem at once to become friendly with and interested in this noble, truth-speaking, stalwart, village joiner. We see at once how the filial love of the daughter, writing in all simplicity and sincerity, gives us an insight into the character and nature of a real man. Love and truth were the secrets of her success. To dispose for ever of the suggestion that this was a portrait of her cousin William, let us look at the features so affectionately limned, to reappear again in Stradivarius in the poem, and as Caleb Garth in "Middlemarch," and compare these various studies.

That plain white-aproned man who stood at work,
Patient and accurate,
Who, God be praised, had an eye
That winces at false work, and loves the true,
With hand and arm that played upon the tool
As willing as any singing bird . . .
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins.

Compare this with Adam, "who'd work his right hand off sooner than deceive people with lies" ("Adam Bede," p. 32), and at pp. 155 and 180, "Look at Adam as he stands on the scaffold with the two-foot rule in his hand, whistling low, while he considers how a difficulty about a floor joist or a window frame is to be overcome; or as he pushes one of the younger workmen aside and takes his place in upheaving a weight of timber, saying, 'Let alone, lad, thee's got too much gristle in thy bones yet'" (p. 183), an incident which occurred in Robert Evans' life in reference to a rick ladder, and mentioned by Mr. Cross (p. 13) as an actual experience, and which we, without such information, would say was evidently a natural incident of fact and not a suggestion of fancy.

Again, let us take a glimpse at the other surroundings. What has the artist done? She has laid the story at Ellaston (Hayslope) and Roston (Broxton), the adjoining township, her father's birthplace. She has introduced her aunt Elizabeth Evans as Dinah, her aunt Ann as Hetty, the Davenport Arms as the Donnithorne Arms, made Rocester, Rosseter; Dovedale, Eagledale; Ashbourne, Oakbourne. She has also bodily transferred the Corley Hall Farm from Warwickshire to Derbyshire, as the Old Hall Farm, and adopted it with its charming pictures of Hetty's dairy, the walnut tree avenue, and has also re-named Arbury—similarly transferred, with a perhaps in a lady pardonable ignorance—"Donnithorne Chase," a chase being an unenclosed forest, exempt from the forest laws, and without a mansion, and not the proper name of a manor house or mansion. But although the landscape is transferred, the features of the local scenery she loved and knew so well are not changed. Although Donnithorne Chase is placed near Eagledale it is still Arbury, as we see "*Adam Bede*" (pp. 218-19) where it is described as nothing but a plain square mansion of Queen Anne's time (it was really Jacobean till altered by Sir Roger), but for the remnant of an old abbey to which it was united at one end. "Having a stone staircase leading simply to a long gallery above the cloisters, where all the dusty, worthless old pictures had been banished for the past three generations." Such cloisters, now walled in, such a long gallery, used as a lumber room, and still holding the spinets, harpsichords, and dulcimers of ancient days, as well as the pictures, still remain.

So again with the Old Hall Farm, which the same reckless and inaccurate writer already referred to, has assigned to Derbyshire, and as the Manor Farm, Mappleton, proving to demonstration that George Gough, his friend, was

the husband of Mrs. Poyser. Listen to its description (pp. 59, 68, 185). How carefully and lovingly is all this delineated. Can there be any mistake about the reality of this, when the two frisky griffins in coat armour still stand, surmounting the brick pillars, as they are depicted in the frontispiece in Blackwood's edition. Corley Hall, as she, an enthusiastic observant girl, saw it, noting down its features, dreaming already of some future day when she could use these materials in a novel—still exists with many of its features unchanged. The grand double row of walnut trees, the red-tiled cowshed, to be seen from the very doorway where Mrs. Poyser spoke her mind to the squire. The dairy (p. 68), the rick yard (p. 185), the little wooden gate leading into the garden, once the well-tended kitchen garden of a manor house, the handsome brick wall with stone coping, the garden where Adam sought and courted Hetty, making believe to gather currants; even the Guelder roses that look in at the dairy window—these are all there to-day. "Adam Bede" was not commenced until October 22nd, 1857, and did not appear till July 1st, 1858, when the authoress was in her thirty-seventh year, and had long lived away from Warwickshire. How then did she fill in these minute details? In truth, she had made these notes of the place as a girl, when she had driven there with her father to collect Lord Lifford's rents, and had noted down then the features which she saw. She had never been inside the farm house, or she would have observed and noted the curious, quaint, and valuable Tudor carvings in the upper rooms. She had looked through the windows, she had sat in her father's trap, noting and wondering and revolving, and thus had gazed her fill and drunk in every external feature of the place, and all those minute details which were to form ultimately a species of accurate history of the spot—that is all.

Just consider again the, to me, most interesting, vital, and powerfully-written fourth chapter in the book, the narrative which tells of the home life of these two young joiners, the practical business man and the Methody. Read every word, and between the lines, and see how lovingly, earnestly, and vitally the artist had thought out each feature, trait, and lineament of the character of the two brothers and the details of that sad, sad story of Thias Bede and his death at the Ellaston Brook just where the plank bridge crosses it to-day, and see how genuine is this realism compared with what is called fiction. Look at the picture (page 38), where the honourable, truth-loving, God-fearing Saxon peasant comes home weary from his work, tired and hungry, to find that his father, of whom he was once and as a child so proud, the handsome stalwart man and skilful workman, in his subjection to drink has neglected his work, and stands fair to break his promise. How skilfully and simply the artist places before us the boy's pride in his active, clever father—"I'm Thias Bede's lad"—and passes on to the picture of the poor broken-down feckless drunkard, who would come in in the early morning light ashamed to meet his son's glance, and who would sit down looking older and more tottering than he had done the morning before, and hang down his head examining the floor quarries. What an epic is this of a great man's soul, great in its honesty, nature, nobility, integrity, gone down to Orcus, though he be no Agamemnon. This chapter, showing how the coffin was made and borne home, and how the poor drunkard Thias was found, is to my mind the genuine realism of true art. Knowing how George Eliot worked, I suggest that it was based on some real incident or episode in her father's life or experiences narrated by him; but this is pure surmise, and I can only suggest it hypothetically, supporting the inference by

evidence as I proceed. That it is true art, based on exact knowledge, not mere individualisation, but art as Crabbe and Wilkie, or, for that matter, as Shakspeare and Phidias understood it, based, to use Wilkie's own words in 1805, "on a just representation of nature;" not a bare representation, but (to cite his language at 51) as "adding mind to form." Praxiteles and Apelles were not the less artists that they needed the semi-divine figure of the Thespian Phryne as the model of the Cnidian Venus—"Venus Anadyomene," nor is George Eliot more to be contemned that she never painted without a real or living model before her anything she had not seen, or known well, or experienced; certainly nothing by which she attained success. I will not dwell at greater length on this, to me, inexpressibly real, earnest, sincere, but by no means faultless, book. On the first vindication, in full, of masculine power and dramatic instinct in the feminine mind. On the, to me, first complete honest and outspoken defence of the true dignity and heroism of labour and truthful manhood; on the valiant championship of genuine nobility in peasant life, and of that old-world Puritanism which still chastens and refines and elevates common labour, which lies in the honourable performance of simple duty. But I cannot part with it if I would without a word of reference to the humour which graces it, and which is so happily engaged in recalling her mother's incisive speech.

Listen to Mrs. Evans, *née* Pearson, in settling Craig, the Arbury gardener's merits, when she says: "He is like a cock that thought the sun had risen to hear him crow;" her retort on Bartle Massey: "If the chaff cutter had the making of us we should be all straw, I reckon." Her defence of her sex to this crusty old bachelor: "However, I am not denying the women are foolish, God Almighty made 'em to match the men;" and her final shot—"That some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on striking

not to tell you the time of day, but because there's summat wrong in their insides."

Other features to be noticed, but not dwelt upon, are the portraits of her aunt and uncle Samuel, of Wirksworth (Snowfield), by no means the least interesting likenesses in the book. The loving portrayal of the features of her father's birthplace, Ellaston, and the adjoining parishes of Norbury, Snelstone, and Roston (Broxton), and of her early playground, Arbury Park and its Gothicised Elizabethan mansion, only sketched in to be elaborated at greater length, and with more particularity in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." Every feature of this noble residence at once—to use her own words in "Deronda"—"historical, romantic, and homelike." The picturesque architectural outgrowth from an abbey, the grassy court and Gothic cloisters, etc., are faithfully reproduced, even to the Chase Farm, for which read South Farm, her birthplace, which lay about ten minutes' walking distance from the abbey, as in fact it does. Other aspects are the fir tree grove, with its grand beeches and broad winding path, where Hetty and Donnithorne meet; the pool, the mossland, the rookery, and the little brook and the hermitage, where the lovers have stolen interviews. The feeble parts of the book are precisely those which are imaginative. The incidents of the child murder, the flight, the trial, Adam's courtship of Dinah, etc. The first named narrative, we know, was obtained from the Aunt Elizabeth (Cross' Life, Vol. II., p. 65. *et seq.*, in 1839 or 40)—the interview at Griff—at which her aunt described the scene, attending the woman to her execution; but one and all of these incidents lack the vigour, the accuracy, the actuality of real life. They are what is called imaginative, viz., incidents borrowed and grafted in to mend and make the story; but, unfortunately, like cloth of gold pieced with linsey wolsey, only making us regret that the rent has been so repaired.

To pass on to the "Scenes of Clerical Life," we know from Mr. Cross's most interesting and judicious life, that the "Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" was written between September and November, 1856, and was the first of her published novels; that it was followed in order of composition and publication by "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," which was completed by May, 1857, and that "Janet's Repentance" was commenced in June of the same year. The authoress, in her review of her labours towards the close of that year, speaks of these three stories "as a bit of faithful work that will, perhaps, remain like a primrose in the hedgerow, and gladden and chasten hearts in years to come." I believe that her aspiration will be fulfilled. The two first stories, inferior to "The Mill on the Floss" and "Middelmarch," as ambitious artistic compositions, contain some of her best, most simple and natural writing, and are, in their ideal completeness, perhaps among the most perfect of her works.

But my mission is not criticism, but analysis—dissection, if you will. The first of these stories, then, is the outcome of the authoress's residence and school life in Chilvers Coton (Chelverdestocke, in Domesday, in the Manor of Griff), Attleborough and Nuneaton, being adjoining townships. All the characters in the three stories are distinctly traceable portraits of known persons, to which Mrs. Newdegate kindly furnished me the key, and all these parishes are faithfully and literally represented. Chilvers Coton is called Shepperton; Amos Barton was a Mr. Gwyther, whose wife (Milly Barton) lies buried in Chilvers Coton churchyard, she having died at the early age of thirty-six, leaving six children; Mrs. Hacket is Mary Anne's mother, with part of her causticity of temper left out; Hacket is her father; Pilgrim, the sputtering doctor, all for cupping and

cathartics, tall and heavy, with an impediment in his speech, and who appears in all the three stories, one of the rival doctors of Coton; Pratt, all for port wine and pleasure, mild and middle-sized, is the other. Its plot was a Chilvers Coton incident, and all is to the manner born in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." We have, with that pertinacity of association—"adhesiveness" Miss Evans called it—peculiar to her, Arbury reproduced again as Cheverel Manor; Sir Roger Newdegate, the founder of the Newdegate prize, the benefactor of University College and the Radcliffe Library, is Sir Christopher Cheverel. Caterina is a child, by name Sally Shilton, adopted by Lady Newdegate; Mr. Gilfil is a portrait of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, B.A., whose wife, Caterina, died 1823, aged 49, and who was Vicar for 42 years, and died August 16, 1828; and so were the rest of the persons introduced, just as carefully limned and stippled in, as the Warwickshire hedgerows, the features of the landscape, and the general characteristics of the neighbourhood. In like manner "Janet's Repentance" is laid in Nuneaton, the place, or Water Town of the Nuns—The Nunnery, here called "Milby," from its very noticeable and distinguishing water mill. Dempster, the lawyer, Janet (Mrs. Buchanan) and Tryan, as well as the minor figures, are all portraits from life, of quite photographic accuracy and exactitude. Handsome Bob Lowne, the elderly Lothario; Landor, the attorney; Jerome, the tanner; Miss Linnett, Miss Pratt, Janet herself were all figures as real and well-known as Milby Church, and just as capable of being identified.

Let us recal for an instant or two the life and career of the artist, in considering these and other of her works. Born in 1819, the youngest child of a second marriage, she remained under her father's roof (her mother died in 1836)

until he died in 1849. He had become a comparatively affluent, if not a wealthy, man. Self-educated as she claimed to have been, she had enjoyed the aid of the best masters in Italian, music, French, and German, that the neighbourhood afforded. She had mixed with an unusually cultivated and cultured society in the family of Mr. Bray and the Hennels. Between her twentieth and thirtieth year she had translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and in 1851 had plunged as a reviewer and an acknowledged authority in literature into London society. She had contributed reviews and acted as assistant editor to *The Westminster*, had travelled abroad, visited and resided in Geneva, Weimar, and Berlin; had met Mr. Lewes, and founded that association with him that continued so long, before 1856. How she came to write novels is told in Mr. Cross's "Life." "It had always been a vague dream" of hers that she might write a novel (414), and "the shadowy conception of what the novel was to be, varied from one epoch of her life to another." She had written the introductory chapter, describing a Staffordshire village, presumably Ellaston, and "although materials were in it for dramatic representation, it was pure description." At Tenby, however, while holiday-making with Lewes, in September, 1856, the "Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" was determined on as the title of the first essay, and it was accordingly commenced.

How was it that to the mature woman of the world, aged thirty-seven—scholar, censor, cynic—who had apparently flung all early home associations to the winds—the scenes and surroundings, the very vital air, of her early life—those Warwickshire lanes, those school-girl associations, came so vividly back? In truth, she, as much as Robert Elsmere, had got "the air of the fells in her blood"; she had imbibed the features of her Warwickshire home—of

its wondrous hedgerows, "radiant with purple-blossomed, ruby-berried nightshade, and wild convolvulus, and the many-tubed honeysuckle, which, in its most delicate fragrance, had a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty," till they had become part of herself. The park of Arbury, with its mosslands and rookery; the house, its library, its books; Astley church, Chilvers Coton, the canal where she and her brother fished, the pool in front of the great Hall—that wonder of Gothic enrichment to her childish eyes—with the housekeeper's room, and its jams, which she had often tasted; the keeper's lodge, which she made a hermitage—these were for ever, in spite of cynicism and advancing years, and severed ties, and new associations, the sources of her reveries, the sweet fountains of her memory; and, like Daylesford to Warren Hastings, this little spot in Warwickshire—albeit no more perfect sylvan scenery lies this side Paradise than that of Arbury Park—formed and framed, and, indeed, bounded, the horizon of the constant image of her ideal life.

The features of the less rural landscape in which the story of Amos Barton is placed are those of the authoress' early school life. Shepperton (Chilvers Coton) Church is described in the opening chapter. Here, Sunday after Sunday, during her home girl life, the future novelist worshipped. Her brother still lives to occupy the same pew, and grace it by his honoured and venerable presence. It is the church of the nearest adjoining parish. Here Mr. Gilfil (Gilpin Ebdell) in the twenties and Mr. Amos Barton in the thirties ministered. Amos, whom she so ruthlessly and caustically satirises, was the curate there at the time of Mrs. Robert Evans' death, in 1836. In that year also, Amelia, Barton's loving wife Milly of the story, aged 35, died, leaving him a sorrowing widower with six small children, as the railed stone tomb, standing between the vicarage and the church to-day, still testifies.

The present church, since the alterations, which the novelist deploras, were made, is greatly changed, but the outside staircase to the gallery still remains, where George Eliot, as a small school girl (under nine), with a large head and piercing bluish-grey eyes and shaggy, uncombed locks, not very unlike a little untamed Shetland pony, in her fitful and impetuous energies and spoiled wilfulness, attended at the clerical chopping of straw from "one of the old yellow series" of sermons of Mr. Gilfil, which, in spite of her love for him, she has so caustically described as having been heard "for the twentieth time" (p. 77). Here, when she grew older and was a wayward girl of fifteen or sixteen, eager for knowledge, censorious of tongue, and savagely satirical, as you may read in her estimate and summary of that worthy personage, the Rev. Amos Barton, that poor dull and imperfectly educated beast of burden, Mr. Gwyther, the curate, ministered. The episode of the Countess at Camp Villa was a fact; the death of poor Milly, which first made the success of the story, was but too true, and was accentuated in the mind of the girl by the death of her own mother, the Mrs. Hacket of the story, in the same year.

"That he best can paint who feels the most," to slightly alter Pope, and that memories of her own mother influenced her pen will be seen on reading page 65 of the story, and her reflections, as an authoress, on Milly's death.

"O the anguish of thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know." Her portrait of the pretty adventuress, the Countess, is admirably severe and satiric, hardly less caustic is her summary of Amos. "His plans,

like his moves in chess, were all admirably well calculated, supposing the state of the case were otherwise." "His very faults were middling, he was not very ungrammatical," &c. (42). His preaching was like a Belgian railway horn, "full of praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled." His sermon on the unleavened bread in the 12th of Exodus "unluckily stopped short at the dough tub." "He wanted small tact as he wanted small cash;" "wrote pre-ambulate for perambulate," and "sniffed greatly." Assuredly the poor imperfectly educated curate was no favourite with this blue stockinged and not a little conceited young lady of seventeen, who evidently despised him for his poverty, his ignorance, and his want of social position. The references to his personal appearance, with features of no particular shape, an eye of no particular expression, pitted with the smallpox which was of a normal and indefinite kind, a narrow face of no particular complexion, with a slope of baldness from brow to crown, are rather merciless, and are bitten in with aquafortis. I pray that you and I, my friend, have no such satiric and self-satisfied, self-educated miss to sit in judgment on us, and discover "that we believe profoundly in the existence of the working man and our mission to convert him," or who finds out the crevice in our armour, in that we consider "one of our strong points is that we have the wisdom of the serpent."

"Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" is much smothered and less splenetic reading, and has a much more graceful and poetic charm in its association with Cheverel Manor and the story of Caterina's adoption. Some of its characters reappear again from "Amos Barton," and are continued in "Janet's Repentance," notably Mr. and Mrs. Evans as Mr. and Mrs. Hackitt, Mr. Bucknill as Mr. Pilgrim, the sputtering doctor, and his rival Mr. Bond, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Lauder (the attorney, Mr. Craddock), but the genuine charm of this novelette is its unconscious autobiography. George

Eliot has herself noted that we often discover more of a person's character from what they unintentionally divulge and from what they suppress than from what they ostentatiously tell. This is very true of this narrative. The unsatisfied longings of the vain and ambitious girl, having, as she believed and has described, "a man's force of genius and yet suffering the slavery of being a girl," all appear here. Caterina is like the authoress herself, "a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad, thirsty for all knowledge, with an ear straining for dreamy music that died away." It is indeed a reminiscence of Mary Ann Evans between seventeen and twenty-one. Whether she had such a loving attachment at the same age is more than I can assert; all that appears to me is, that the locket incident recorded of Hetty in "*Adam Bede*," and of Tina, that forbidden gift hugged in secret, almost suggests a chord of memory. For the rest, this love story is a very woman's narrative, of a very woman's swiftness. Caterina's foolish preference for the cold-hearted, calculating poltroon over the honourable manly wooer, her passion, vehemence, and caprice, together with her preference for the spurious ideal rather than the genuinely real admirer, are all decidedly feminine and characteristic. As a recurrent feature in all the authoress's books, in the experiences of Dorothea, Maggie, Romola, Gwendoline, Hetty, there is also evidence of a painful want of imagination, or the presence of an ever too faithful memory.

It is so far based on fact that the second Lady Newdegate, wife of Sir Roger, a lady whose portrait is sketched in from Romney's picture by the writer, adopted a girl rejoicing in the unromantic name of Sally Shilton, who had a great gift for music, and who was subsequently married to the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, B.A., who had the livings of Chilvers Coton and Astley (Shepperton and Knebley) be-

stowed on him by the Squire of Arbury. Mrs. Ebdell (alas for fiction!) died at the mature age of forty-nine, and a very handsome tablet over the vicarage pew, in Coton Church, indicates that fact. Apart from the charming and very lovable portrait of Mr. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, whom George Eliot recollected only as a small child, for he died before she was ten, the interest of the picture centres in the very faithful delineation of the scenery of the Manor of Griff. Astley Church, "the lighthouse of Arden," as old Dugdale notes it, "where the ways about Astley are hard to hit," and the association of Arbury with the Gothic revivalism of Sir Roger Newdegate, the fine full flavoured crusted old port of the Conservative Squire, whose benefactions to art and literature have been already noted, and who transmuted Sir Edmund Anderton's irregular Elizabethan structure into a Gothic palace, as the authoress indicates.

The aspect of the mansion, "a castellated house of grey tinted stone," is fully noted at pp. 84 and 85 of the ordinary editions of "Scenes of Clerical Life." The architectural metamorphosis of his old Elizabethan family mansion by Sir Roger, is set forth at page 106. The glory of the housekeeper's room, with its motto carved in old English letters, as you may see it to-day, of "Fear God and Honour the King," survives. The building is fitted not on to a monastery, but a priory, founded as far back as the days of Fair Rosamond and Henry the Second, by Ranulph de Studley, for the canons of St. Augustine. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries it went to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. In Elizabeth's day it was the seat of Sir Edmund Anderson, L. C. J. of the Common Pleas. He exchanged it for other lands, with one of the Surrey Newdegates, more convenient to his town residence and town life. Sir Edmund had con-

verted the Priory into an irregular quadrangular manor in the style of the period, and it was left to Sir Roger who had visited Italy, and brought back very vivid, if not enlightened, views on art, to make the change which is commented on, as already mentioned, so favourably by the authoress.

Astley Church, Mr. Gilfil's alternate cure, and its ancient castle, the seat of the De Astleys, deserved a more encomiastic and discriminating reference than the authoress has conceded it. Miss Evans loved nature and understood it—art also—but art she did not then understand. The genuine historic and archæologic associations of Astley, and even of Arbury, were lost upon her. Her description of Astley Church is certainly neither wise nor discriminating. She calls it "a wonderful little church, with a checkered pavement, which had once rung to the iron tread of military monks, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the twelve apostles (in reality the eighteen evangelists and saints), their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls." These eighteen pictures, nine on each side of the choir, which have survived the spoliation of Empson and Dudley, and the iconoclasms of Elizabeth and the Long Parliament, are very interesting examples of native Tudor art indeed.

This is a very smart and superficial description certainly, but that is all. The present Astley Church, by no means small, is just so much as the spoiler's hand has left of the very noble collegiate edifice which stood on the same site, and whose traditions carry us back beyond the Barons' Wars, and to its first great benefactors, to the men who fought at Evesham and signed the dictum of Kenilworth. It is the chancel, or transept, probably adapted and altered, and in part reconstructed, by a person not unknown to

history as a famous letter-writer in James the First's day, viz., Mr. Chamberlain, of the Court of Wards. Originally it must have been a cathedral-like edifice, and a very considerable monastic establishment, placed on the site of an earlier church, which links us to a King of the West Saxons who overrun Mercia and Deira, and welded all into one compact little kingdom, he being called Alfred the Great, and this little realm he made, being known as England.

Arbury Hall figures in the novel as Cheverel Manor. Sir Christopher Cheverel was Sir Roger Newdegate, the founder of the "Newdegate prize," and benefactor of the Radcliffe Library, as already stated, who died the very year, 1806, that Robert Evans went with Mr. Francis Newdegate, Sir Roger's successor, to Arbury. The first Mrs. Robert Evans was at this time a servant in the Newdegate household. She died in 1809, and is buried in Astley Church, where a marble tablet commemorates her worth, and thus, no doubt, the story of Caterina and the doings of Sir Christopher and his restorations and follies of building, through the authoress's father, reached her eyes and ears.

This association with Sir Roger gives certainly a semi-historic and illustrative character to this part of the story, and more than a mere local or transitory interest. It was George Eliot's extreme good fortune to be connected with two of the loveliest districts in England—the neighbourhood of Dovedale and Alton Towers, and of Warwickshire and the Forest of Arden, from Maxstoke to Stratford. Alike for picturesque beauty and historic associations they are two as charming portions of rural England as could well be named. "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," besides being less corrosively caustic in its delineation of those poor creatures called men—whether doctors, lawyers, or parsons—witness the clerical meeting at Milby, the characters of Pil-

grim and Platt, Dempster and Landor, is also much pleasanter, as being less acrimonious reading. The portrait study of Bates, the Yorkshire gardener, and of the scenes and conversations in the housekeeper's room, of which George Eliot's memories were no doubt, if pleasant, severe, are not venomous. The lineaments of Sarti and Motta are agreeable. Mr. Gilfil's picture is delicately penned in a charitable vein, so is that of Sir Christopher Cheverel, and the closely preserved features of the natural landscape prove that the whole reminiscence was a labour of love, a joyful reproduction of the author's childish memories, written and published in her later and matured middle life.

I can only hurriedly glance at the rest of the authoress's books. "The Mill on the Floss," the most autobiographic of all her books; "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," "Silas Marner," "Romola," and "Daniel Deronda." The scenery of "The Mill on the Floss" is laid at St. Oggs or Gainsborough; its plot the love for her brother, Isaac Pearson Evans, and it would have afforded me some pleasure to have further identified some of the local scenery, and the actual incidents presented of her life in that story. "Felix Holt" opens with the description of Griff and the neighbourhood of Bedworth, Chilvers Coton, Stockingford, and Arbury. As I did not propose to act as critic on this occasion, but as humble cicerone, it is not necessary for me to say much about "Deronda" and "Romola," save that in the former book Mr. Oldenport (Sir Christopher Cheverel) reappears as Grandcourt, and Arbury as Monks Topping (p. 121) and Ryelands (p. 229), with ceilings in the Italian style, and the house in part built by Inigo Jones, and an estate worth £12,000 a year. The central figure of each novel is the authoress herself. She is Romola as she is Dorothea, and Esther, and Maggie, and Caterina, and Gwendolene Harleth. Many of the scenes depicted in "Daniel Deronda" as well as "Romola,"

notably that with Klesmer when she nourished the hope of becoming a great lyric artist, are autobiographic. Gwendolene, though the artist's ideal of her perfect self, is a very unpleasant personality. She has a heart only as good as can be made out of brains. She has also a much more powerful capacity for dislike than for loving, and prefers much more coldly and much less strenuously than she despises. This was George Eliot's inherited idiosyncrasy; it was a Pearson bequest. Gwendoline has hardly one endearing attribute. She is very clever, very proud, intensely vain, self-satisfied, selfish, and self-contained, but satiric and conceited beyond measure. She, too, has the failing common to all George Eliot's heroines—she marries only to despise her husband, to illustrate how much two persons sworn to love can hate each other. Deronda, a weak reflex of Disraeli, is a Hebrew, without (save his love of music) one Hebraic trait. He resembles the actual Hebrew neither of the Ptolemies nor of to-day (and the characteristics of race are inextinguishable), and only as much as a Greek mask, or as one of the painted lions on inn signs—blue, red, or golden—resembles the real king of the forest. A Hebrew face without a Hebrew feature is a slight anomaly. The scenes undoubtedly with Cohen (pawnbroker) and his family are powerfully drawn and sketched from life; but to me this curious proselytising novel "with a purpose," wholly lacks human and intelligent interest, and in spite of its autobiographic glimpses, in the episode of Mrs. Glasher, is singularly false and unreal.

Romola is merely a definite absurdity, a picture of "Italian life, which is not Italian, but good Warwickshire, and nothing else." Again marriage is a bond of disunion. It is natural that Romola should despise Tito, perhaps because all good people must; but why did she not discover how base and truly despicable he was, and which everybody else saw, before marriage? Mrs. Casaubon (Mrs. Lydgate) had

some excuse, *Romola* none. I have no sympathy with these blind heroines. The talk of Tito and Bratti is not Italian, even theatrical Italian, or by courtesy; and this attempted revival of the picturesque and marvellous civilization of Florence in the fifteenth century is, I conceive, a lamentable failure. It is, indeed, the fable of the mountain in labour. Of what use is the invocation of such magnificent memories as those of Machiavelli, Fra Girolamo, Savonarola, or of such gorgeous scenery and events as those linked with the Duomo, the Via de Bardi, Arno, Fiesole, to such an inadequate result.

Before concluding, I wish to apologise for what may seem, on the whole, a depreciatory notice of the novelist that I, in common with so many others, profess to admire. I have a painful sense that my praise is in some sort niggard; that it lacks the élan and exuberance of enthusiasm, and that it is rather critical (even censorious) than sympathetic. The ardour of youth is wanting, but I should like to hear the praises of a writer whom I admire sounded in a loftier and more generous key. What I detest and with all my soul abhor, and now protest against, is that indiscriminate and indiscriminating adulation, which, like the barking and yelping of bad hounds in a pack, is the zeal of dogs that have poor noses for a scent, and are only good at filling up the cry. I see no likeness to Raphael or Michael Angelo, or Homer, or even Handel in these works, and I see no reason for such discovery by others—that is, if it be a discovery—and not a false and simulated and mock heroic enthusiasm. I have purposely passed over many aspects of excellence in the author, her exquisite English nervous force and descriptive power, her spiritual thought, her religious feeling, because these are in part outside my purpose, and belong rather to mere literary disquisition. So also I have been contented to dwell on the salient and sterling qualities of fact which elevate

and sustain her so-called imaginative descriptions of scenery and character, her vivid realism and actuality, rather than attempted to enumerate all the features of grace, of originality, and of fancy, which most command my appreciation, if they fail to secure my homage.

The graces of her style and her merits as a writer of fiction, I must with equal brevity and injustice dismiss on the present occasion, hoping to return to the theme at some future time, and not without some pangs of remorse, because to me the chief excellencies of all George Eliot's books, are their psychological delineation of her own wrestlings of soul, doubts and trials and tribulations, mental and spiritual, and the autobiographic insight that they afford of a very cultured, gifted, and phenomenally masculine feminine mind. Some few of these traits, and of the varying phases of her remarkable personality, it would have been a labour of love to trace. As a novelist she was singularly free from class and caste prejudices, neither pharisee nor flunkey, gifted with the most incisive and rarest insight into individual character, with no small amount of sardonic humour, and a burning and ever-present love of truth and hatred of shams. As an authoress she was educated in the highest sense, critical and accurate, sensitive and discriminating, and her works thus form a truly valuable donation to English literature. She had no skill as an artist in the construction or arrangement of plots, no wide range or universality of knowledge in dealing with dramatic character. What she had seen and knew she painted accurately—she painted best, and if one may venture humbly on prophesy, in spite of very many conspicuous defects, and of a very limited, spiritual, and metaphysic vision, her works are books *that the world will not willingly let die.*



SOME LANCASHIRE RHYMES.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

TO turn from the perusal of the poetry of Mr. Matthew Arnold, to take up, as I did the other day, the copy of the modest collection of "Humorous Rhymes," by "Ab-o'-th'-Yate," which was shyly laid on the table of the Manchester Literary Club by the author not long ago, is like descending from Empedocles on Etna to the humble cottage of "The Wayvor o' Welbrock," yet it is fitting, I think, that such a descent should be made. It is a significant fact that regard for the folk speech and the literature that belongs to it is a diminishing quantity amongst us in Lancashire. Anyone turning to the first volume of the "Transactions of the Manchester Literary Club" will find that this interest in local things was then a predominating feature. The first paper in that volume is one on John Byrom, by John Eglington Bailey, which is followed by an excellent dissertation by Mr. George Milner, on "The Dialect of Lancashire as a Vehicle for Poetry." Then comes an essay which shows how Shakespeare used words still in use among Lancashire folk. These, with critical and biographical notices of Charles Swain, then recently dead, make up a large portion of the "Transactions" of that year. Scattered over succeeding volumes are

contributions in prose and verse by Edwin Waugh, and also several highly interesting papers descriptive of the surroundings, speech, and characteristics of Lancashire folk, by that too-little esteemed writer, and true son of the soil, Edward Kirk. It should be noted, too, that the best collection extant of Ballads and Songs of Lancashire was compiled by Mr. John Harland, and afterwards revised and edited by T. T. Wilkinson, who dedicated the volume to his colleagues, the President and members of the Literary Club; and one ought not to omit saying that the interest in the folk-speech has been shown in a marked and important way by the publication of a "Glossary of the Lancashire Dialect," unfortunately not yet complete, edited by two presidents of the Club, past and present. Among the latest evenings devoted to local lore was a memorable one, when Mr. Thomas Newbigging discoursed upon James Leach, a Lancashire composer; and the author of the rhymes under notice, Mr. Benjamin Brierley, gave his views on the Lancashire dialect as a literary medium.

How powerful and expressive this folk-speech is, and how fascinating withal, it is not necessary for me to show. Poets and prose writers innumerable have borne witness to the charm of local dialect. Not to speak of Burns and Scott, we know how in later times Tennyson has loved it, and in its Lincolnshire form has made the happiest use of it in his verse. Mr. Axon has shown how novelists like George Eliot and Thomas Hardy have found in it some of their happiest forms of expression, and one remembers how the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," proud of being a Wessex man, says, "There's nothing like the old countryside for me, and no music like the twang of the real old Saxon tongue, as one gets it fresh and strong from the White Horse Vale."

Lancashire has had many literary lovers of its dialect and

exponents thereof, from "Tim Bobbin" downwards, amongst whom are such writers as Sam Bamford, Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley, and Sam Laycock. Homeliness is a characteristic of all these authors. We are told that when John Bright was tempted by courtly attractions, he said that he preferred to dwell among his own people. In like manner our best local writers have found the most congenial field for their labours in the scenes and associations by which they have been surrounded. Like Wordsworth, they have brought their poetry into "the huts where poor men lie." And who shall say that this very provincialism does not touch the universal when it appeals to the highest and truest instincts of humanity? If you look into the poetry of Waugh, and others who have written like him, or into the best prose of the dialect writers, you will find that there is one prevailing note, and it is that which Burns sounded when he said—

To make a happy fireside-clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

"Ab-o'th'-Yate" is a name well known throughout Lancashire, and beyond it. He is best known as a prose writer, and in this direction he has done voluminous work, and upon it his fame will depend. He does not affect to be a poet, and finds "Walmsley Fowt" a more congenial place than Parnassus. Like old "George Ridler," he is a home bird, and, like him, he says in a literary sense—

While vools gwoes prating vur and nigh,
We stops at whum, my dog and I.

In "Walmsley Fowt" he is content to dwell. Here or nowhere is his America. He is a true son of the soil, and embodies within himself all the strong peculiarities of the Lancashire character *plus* the power of literary expression. Possessed of a sense of humour, allied to a keen shrewdness

of perception, he is quick to detect these qualities among the homely folk about him, and felicitous in his delineations of what he sees. From his great literary prototype, "Tim Bobbin," he has inherited a love for practical joking, but his style in dealing with this disposition in the Lancashire dialect is free from the coarseness of the earlier writer. His love for a practical joke peeps out here and there in these rhymes, blended with incidents of courting and conviviality. There is also a disposition to sing the praises of home and home-brewed in conjunction, as when he says—

Ther's nowt i' this wo'd like my own chimly nook,
 When my cheear up to th' fire I've poo'd;
 When th' wife has just rock'd th' little babby to sleep,
 An' fotehed me a mug o' whoam-brewed.
 Hoo smiles, does th' owd dame, as if nobbut just wed,
 When her caps an' her napkins hoo's blued,
 Then warms up her face wi' a blink o' th' owd leet,
 Ut shines in a mug o' whoam-brewed.

The love for ale, home-brewed or otherwise, in the excess of it, is illustrated in "Owd Pigeon," who presents an awful example of "the ruling passion strong in death." In his paper on the Lancashire dialect, read before the Literary Club some years ago, the author said: "An old friend of mine, being on his death-bed, remarked to a neighbour who was visiting him, 'I dunno care so mich about this deein'; if I could come back wi' th' buryin folk, an' have my share o' what there wur. I'd give a guarantee that I'd go back to my lodgins.'" We have this turned into rhyme here, and read how—

Owd Pigeon wur as dry a brid
 As ever swiped his drink;
 He liked to see a frothy pint
 Smile at his nose an' wink.
 At noon or neet 'twur aulus reet,
 A quart, or pint, or gill
 Wur th' same to him; if th' pot wur full
 He never had his fill.

If e'er he geet his breeches' knees
 Beneath a taproom table,
 He'd sit an' drink an' smoke an' wink
 As lung as he were able.

He'd grown so firm to th' alehouse nook,
 An' swiped so many mixtures,
 That when it coom to changin' honds
 He're reckoned among th' fixtures.
 Whene'er their Betty brewed a "peck,"
 If he could find a jug,
 He wouldno' wait till th' ale wur "tunned,"
 He'd lade it eaut o' th' mug.

But poor owd Pigeon's time had come,
 An' when his will he'd signt,
 He said he ailed nowt nobbut "drooth,"
 An' begged for another pint.

His "rulin' passion" stuck till death,
 An' as th' Slayer raised his dart
 He licked his lips, an' faintly said,
 "Just mak' it int' a quart."

"I wouldna' care a pin for th' grave,
 Though I'm totterin' upo' th' brink,
 If I could come back wi' th' buryin' folk,
 An' ha' my share o' th' drink."

This reminds one that a ruling passion of this kind has not been confined to later times, and how Walter Mapes, sometime Archdeacon of Oxford, wrote in Latin verse what has, by Leigh Hunt, been translated thus:—

I desire to end my days
 In a tavern drinking;
 May some Christian hold for me
 The glass when I am shrinking;
 That the Cherubim may say,
 As they see me shrinking,
 "God be merciful to a soul,
 Of this gentleman's way of thinking."

Regarding this custom of giving drink to the "burying folk," one has heard that, somewhere Failsworth way, there

dwelt a barber, who was always prepared to join a funeral for the sake of the feast that followed it. Once, when attending one of these funerals which held out scant hopes of any creature comforts for the mourners, he found on arrival at the churchyard that there was another "buryin'" going on of which he had not heard, and in the train of which he recognized a friend. Ascertaining from his friend that the "buryin'" to which he was attached promised meat and drink galore, the barber said to him, "There's nought mich to be got at th' end o' this job o' mine, so if yo' don't mind, when it's finished, I'll go back with yo' folk."

In "The Weaver of Welbrook" our rhymer shows the manly independence, honesty, and careless content, though rudely expressed, of many of those old hand-loom weavers, now becoming obsolete, and of which this one of Welbrook is a good type. "The Wayvor o' Welbruck," however, as Mr. Wilkinson says, requires acting as well as singing to produce the proper effect, and is inimitable when the author thus gives to it all the gravity, the grunts, and grimaces of the grumbling old "wayvor." It runs thus:—

Yo' gentlemen o wi' yo'r hounds and yo'r parks,
 Yo' may gamble an' sport till yo' dee;
 But a quiet heause nook, a good wife an' a book
 Are more to th' likin's o' me-e.
 Wi' my pickers an' pins,
 An' my wellers to th' shins,
 My linderins, shuttle, an' yeald-hook;
 My treadles an' sticks,
 My weight-ropes an' bricks—
 What a life !—said the Wayvor o' Welbrook.

I care no' for titles, nor heauses, nor lond,
 Owd Jone 's a name fittin' for me;
 An' gi'e me a thatch wi' a wooden dur latch,
 An' six feet o' greaund when I dee-e.
 Wi' my pickers, &c.

Some folk liken t' stuff their owd wallets wi' mayte
 Till they're as reaut an' as brawsen as frogs;
 But for me I'm content when I've paid deawn my rent,
 Wi' enoo' t' keep me up i' mi clogs-oga.
 Wi' my pickers, &c.

Yo' may turn up yo'r noses at me an' th' owd dame,
 An' thrutch us like dogs again th' wo';
 But as long's I con nayger I'll ne'er be a beggar,
 So I careno' a cuss for yo' o-o.
 Wi' my pickers, &c.

Then, Margit, turn reaut that owd hum-a-drum wheel,
 An' my shuttle shall fly like a brid;
 An' when I no longer can use hont or finger,
 They'll say while I could do I did-id.
 Wi' my pickers, &c.

Of the weaver when he is a factory hand, in the worst times, and subject to the truck system, we have a sample in "The Factory Worker's Song," wherein a spirit of revolt is manifested:—

Come carders an' spinners an' wayvers as weel,
 Stop yo'r frames an' yo'r jennies, strip roller an' creel;
 Let yo'r lathes cease to swing, an' yo'r shuttles to fly,
 For there's gone through owd England a leaud battle-cry,—
 Derry deawn!

They'n turned eaut at Ratchda' an' Owdham an' Shay
 An' th' Stalybridge lads are at Ash'n to-day;
 "Fair wage for fair work" is the motto they'n chose,
 An' what'll be th' upshot no mortal man knows.
 Derry deawn!

Eaur mesthers are screwin' eaur noses to th' dust,
 An' if we don't strike we'n no' maybe seen th' wust;
 They've cheeant up eaur bodies to slavery's wheel,
 And they'd sell, if we'd let 'em, eaur souls to th' deil.
 Derry down!

Then the singer tells how he works for "Twitcher," at th' Shoddy Croft Mill:—

He's mester, an' londlort, an' baker likewise,
 An' he finds me i' cloons—though ne'er th' reet size;
 He praiches o'th' Sunday at th' Factory Fowt Skoo,
 So chus what else I'm short on I've sarmous enoo.
 Derry deawn!

He says, too, of his rent, that—

It's stop't ov a Saturday eaut o' my wage,
So I'm like an owd brid ut's shut up in a cage.

When I send deawn to th' shop for my butter an' bread,
He looks into th' wage-book to see 'ut he's paid ;
I never know th' price on't—it's nothin' to me,
For he tells me t' ne'er fret, I'se be straight when I dee.

And so with this he is going to shake a loose leg and be free, for—

What's a mon if he conno' stond up in his shoon,
An' say, "I'm as free as owt else under th' moon."

A ballad of the Darby and Joan type tells of the loves of Johnny and Peggy, who, on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, discourse to each other of their early courtship :—

It's two score year an' ten, owd lass !
Sin' fust I coarted thee :
Yo' lived that time at Katty Green,
At th' top o' Bowman's Lea.

I'd seen thee trip through Coppie Wood,
I'd seen thee at th' steel :
But when I tried to spake to thee,
Heaw quare my heart did feel !

A printed bedgeawn then theau wore,—
A hailstorm pattern co'ed,—
Wi' linsey skirt an' apporn white,
An' bonnet deep an' broad.

The bashful swain hangs about but dare not tell his love, until primed with fettled ale at th' Owd Blue Bo' he sallies out to the fair one's home and there breathes her name. With panting heart he listens until he hears a window open above him, and—

Then summat coome plash on my yead,—
(It wur th' neet o'th' wesbin'-day,—)
An' I fund I're covered o'er wi' suds
As white as blossomed spray.

Wi' pluck quite cooled, I crept to'ard whoam,
 But vowed within mysel',
 If e'er I geet a chance to do 't,
 I'd pick thee into th' well.

He takes counsel with his mother, who tells him she "sarved his feyther wur nor that, and yet he came again" So he takes heart of grace, and "swings his clogs again." to Katty Green, and jumps o'er the garden fence to fall into a fayberry bush under the window. But the fair one, when she hears him, is more susceptible, and the vows are plighted, and the wedding follows. And now, as he recalls these incidents, after fifty years, the old man suggests that they shall go through that courting scene again:—

"I'll goo eautside, an' knock at th' dur,
 An' whistle—'tis no' late—
 An' 'stead o' breakin' fayberry trees,
 I'll rickle th' garden gate.

"Then theau mun come, an' say to me
That word theau said before,
 An' seel eaur love i' th' poorch, as then,
 Wi' hearty smacks a score!"

"Well, well," said Peggy, "go thee eaut,
 An' play thy part as t' con,
 An' I'll play mine as if I'd ne'er
 Yet spokken to a mon."

Agreed—they each their several parts
 Proceeded to fulfil:
 The old man shook the garden gate,
 And whistled loud and shrill.

Up went the window overhead,
 The curtains fluttered white,
 Then down on Johnny's hatless pat
 A shower-bath did alight.

"'Od, sink thee, Peg!" the old man cried,
 "I bargained noane for that;
 Theau's weet me through; an' did ta know
 I're here witheaut my hat!"

"Theau's played thy part, an' I've played mine,"
 Said Peggy, from her room ;
*"I've nobbut sarved thee th' same to-neet
 As I did th' fust neet theau coome."*

There is a rhyming epistle of invitation to Edwin Waugh, written in the metre which Burns used so well in "Willie's Awa'," and which is especially interesting in a historical sense, because it carries us back twenty years, and contains allusions to Charles Swain, Sam Bamford, Charles Hardwick, John Page, Joseph Chatwood, Elijah Ridings, R. R. Bealey, John Harland, and J. P. Stokes, nearly all of whom were members of the Literary Club in those days. The rhyme begins:—

What ails thee, Ned ? Thou'rt not as t'wur,
 Or else no' what I took thee for
 When fust thou made sich noise and stir
 I' this quare pleck.
 Hast flown at Fame wi' sich a ber
 As t' break thy neck ?

Or arta droppin' fithers, eh ;
 An' keepin' th' neest warm till some day,
 To'art April-tide, or sunny May,
 When thou may'at spring,
 An' warble out a new-made lay,
 On strengthened wing ?

For brids o' song mun ha' ther mou't
 As weel as other brids, I doubt ;
 But though they peearch beneath a spout,
 Or roost 'mong heather,
 They're saved fro' mony a shiverin' bout
 By hutchin' t'gether.

There are some verses anent Sam Bamford's grave, and a conversation supposed to be held there between the living poet and the dead one, which will recall how, on a memorable day, we laid that sturdy old reformer in his grave on the windy height of Middleton churchyard, and how, later, we repaired thither to inaugurate a monument

to his memory. The supposed conversation takes place between the two events, and has special reference to the latter.

Whatever charm this folk-speech may contain, or however interesting it may be, I fear that it must disappear before the spread of smoother speech, and the rugged but expressive words contained in it will have to be relegated to the glossary. It is well, therefore, that we should be careful to preserve all the forms of literature that have sprung from it.





IN MEMORIAM: HENRY LAWES.

1595—1662.

BY JOHN BANNISTER.

THIS day (21st October) is the anniversary of the death of one of England's musical worthies, who lived in troublous times, when music was almost dead in the land. Henry Lawes, who is the subject of my observations, was born at Dinton, in Wiltshire, December, 1595, and was baptised 1st January, 1595-6. Other authorities say he was born in 1600, and was a native of Salisbury, where his father, Thomas Lawes, was a vicar-choral. We have scanty information of the early life of Henry; but he was a pupil of Giovanni Coperario (or plain John Cooper, for he was an Englishman), the Earl of Hertford bearing the expenses of his tuition.

Lawes was made a pistiller* in January, 1625, and in the following November we find him made a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. After this he was appointed Clerk of the Cheque, and "a gentleman of the private musick to King Charles the First." It would appear that Lawes continued in the service of the King until the breaking out of the rebellion. From that time he employed himself in teaching ladies to sing. He, however, retained his place in the

* All the lexicographers are silent concerning this word; it probably might imply a reader of the *Epistles*. *Pistel*, in Chaucer, implies not only an *Epistle*, but a short lesson.

Chapel Royal, and at the Restoration he composed the Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," for King Charles the Second.* He died in London, 21st October, 1662, and was buried 25th October in Westminster Abbey.

Henry Lawes is considered a melodious and elegant composer of songs and psalms, Dr. Burney notwithstanding, who says that the greater part of his productions are "languid and insipid: equally devoid of learning and genius;" but if we were to judge of the merits of Henry Lawes as a musician from the numerous testimonies of contemporary writers, we should be compelled to rank him amongst the first which this country has ever produced. Fenton says that "the best poets of Lawes' time were ambitious of having their verses set to music by this admirable artist," and that he was "usually called the Father of Music."

There is much evidence that he was an industrious writer or composer of music. The earliest date I have been enabled to find respecting his compositions is given in the Chetham Society's series of volumes (Vol. LXXI, pp. 249, 250, and 251; date 1867†), where it is stated that a Masque was written by Thomas Carew, the songs being set to music by Henry Lawes, one of his Majesty's musicians.

* On April 23rd, being St. George's Day, 1661, the following entry in the Cheque Book would show the establishment of Charles the Second's Chapel at the time of the Coronation:—Ministers: Dr. Walter Jones, Sub-dean; Roger Nightingale, Ralph Amner, Philip Tinker, John Sayer, Durant Hunt, George Low, Henry Smith, William Tucker. Organists: Edward Lowe, William Child, Christopher Gibbons. Henry Cook, Master of the Children. Henry Lawes, Clerk of the Cheque. Gentlemen: Thomas Piers, Thomas Hazzard, John Harding, William Howes, Thomas Blagrove, Gregory Thorndall, Edward Bradock, Henry Purcell, James Cob, Nathaniel Watkins, John Cave, Alfonso Marsh, Raphael Courteville, Edward Colman, Thomas Purcell, Henry Frost, John Goodgroom, George Betenham, and Matthew Pennel. Thomas Haynes, Serjeant of the Vestry. William Williams, George Whittaker, Yeomen. Augustine Cleveland, Groom.—[*"Burney's History of Music."* Vol. III., p. 441.]

† Masque by Thomas Carew:—*Colum Britannicum*. A masque at Whitehall, in the Banqueting House, on Shrove Tuesday night, the 18th of February, 1633. The inventors. Tho. Carew. Inigo Jones. Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit: habebat, Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat. London, printed for Thomas Walkley. 1640.

This Masque, entitled "*Cælum Britannicum*," was written at the particular command of the King, and performed for the first time at Whitehall on the evening of February 18th, 1633-4. The King himself, the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport, Elgin, and other noblemen and their sons; Lord Brackley, Lord Chandos, Mr. William Herbert, Mr. Thomas Egerton, etc., appearing among the masquers. The decorations were furnished by Inigo Jones.

This piece was published in 1634, 4to, and was for some time, through mistake, attributed to Sir William Davenant, and inserted in the folio editions of his works.

In the same year (1633) Henry Lawes and Simon Ives were ordered to compose the music to a Masque by James Shirley, entitled "*The Triumph of Peace*,"* which was presented at Whitehall, on Candlemas night, before the King and Queen, by the gentlemen of the Four Inns of Court. Lawes and Ives received the sum of £100 for their work.†

The next year (1634) is a memorable one in the annals of Poetry and Music, as seeing the production of the "*Mask of Comus*," written by Milton, and the songs set to music by Henry Lawes. From this union sprang a friendship between the two, as cordial as it was lasting. The Masque of *Comus* was first presented on Michaelmas night, at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, for the entertainment of

* This is stated on the authority of Bingley. Dr. Burney says it is doubtful which of the brothers Lawes it was; but I find, on the authority of the Rev. Alexander Dyce (*The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley*, with notes by the late William Gifford, Esq., with additional notes, and some account of Shirley and his writings. Six vols., date 1833. Vol. I., p. 24) that "Whitlock appointed Simon Ives and William Lawes to compose the airs and songs, and called in the assistance of other eminent musicians—English, French, Italian, and German." Further, I find that Shirley has written at the end of the Masque, "The composition of the music was performed by Mr. William Lawes and Mr. Simon Ives, whose art gave an harmonious soul to the otherwise languishing numbers." (*Ibid.*, Vol. VI., p. 284.) I think this is conclusive evidence that it was *William*, and not *Henry* Lawes, who contributed some of the music to this Masque.

† A full and elaborate description of everything connected with the performance of this Masque is given in Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, Vol. III., p. 369, etc., d. 1789.

the Earl of Bridgewater and others of the neighbourhood. Lawes himself was one of the masquers, playing the part of attendant spirit. Others represented in this Masque (or taking part in its performance) were John Lord Viscount Brackley (who was about twelve years of age), representing the 1st Brother; his younger brother Thomas, who played 2nd Brother, and Lady Alice Egerton (at the time about thirteen years of age) who acted the part of the Lady.* The music of this Masque was never printed or published; but Lawes edited Milton's work in 1637, which was published without author's name. This, the first edition of "Comus," was dedicated to the before-mentioned John Lord Viscount Brackley, in which Lawes says that "although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much to be desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen, to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to the necessity of producing it to the public view."†

The songs "Sweet Echo," "Sabrina fair," "Back, shepherds, back," the passages beginning "To the ocean now I fly," and "Now my task is smoothly done," are said to have been all the portions of this drama that were set to music by Henry Lawes. This opinion is founded on a MS. copy of the music, in the composer's own handwriting. But notwithstanding this, more seems to have been produced by Milton's own direction. In this Masque Lawes is spoken of as one—

Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods.

* These were the sons and daughter of Thomas Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater.

† The author's name first appeared in the 1645 edition.

Also another allusion to him, as—

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale?

Next in order of date we have "A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David, by G(eorge) S(andy). Set to New Tunes, for private Devotion. And thorow Base, for Voice or Instrument, by Henry Lawes," which appeared in 1637. Another edition in 1638, and another edition in 1676. These tunes are different from those published in 1648 entitled "Church Psalmes put into Musick for Three Voices—Composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers and Servants to His Majestie. With Divers Elegies set in Musick by several friends, upon the death of William Lawes. And at the end of the Thorough Base (The Work is in separate parts) are added nine (really ten) Canons of Three and Four Voices made by William Lawes." A copperplate portrait of Charles I., believed to be the last published in his lifetime, accompanies each part of this last work, and amongst the commendatory verses prefixed to the publication, is the following sonnet, addressed by Milton to Henry Lawes in February,* 1645-6:—

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRES.†

(In some old copies the superscription is "To my friend, &c.)

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
‡ Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,

* Milton's MS. is dated February 9, 1645.

† The following are notes on this sonnet by Thomas Newton, D.D., in his edition of Milton's Works (3 vols.), Vol. III, p. 521. d. 1752.

‡ These two lines were once thus in the MS. :—

"Words with just notes, which till then us'd to scan
or,—when most were us'd to scan

"With *Midas* ears, misjoining short and long."

The word committing conveys with it the idea of offending against quantity and harmony.

With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;
 * To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
 † Thou honour'st verse, and Verse must send her wing
 To honour thee, the Priest of Phœbus Quire.
 That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story,
 ‡ Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

Dr. Hullah admits Milton to have been a judge of music from his education and attainments, and, he thinks this sonnet bears "testimony, not so much to general excellence, as to a specific faculty, which the subject of the sonnet was the first Englishman to exercise." §

This work of 1648 was reprinted, with additions, by John Playford, in 1669. A great number of Lawes' songs are found in a collection entitled: "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues," by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Charles Colman, Henry Lawes, and William Webb, published in 1652.

Though he was much celebrated as a composer, yet his works were circulated mostly in MS. until he published in 1653 his first book of "Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voices," small folio. || This work was received with such favour that he was induced to issue a second book in 1655, and a third one in 1658. One of his contemporaries recommended his second and third books to

* Instead of this line, was the following at first in the MS. :—

"And gives thee praise above the pipe of Pan"
 then altered to:—

"thou shalt be writ a man

"That didst reform thy art, the chief among."

† "—and verse must *lend* her wing." There are three MS. copies of this sonnet, two by Milton—the second corrected—and the third by another hand; and in all of them we read "must *lend* her wing," which we prefer to "must *send*, &c.," as it is in the printed copies.

‡ At first these were :—

"Fame by the Tuscan's leave shall set thee higher

"Than his *Casella*, whom Dante woo'd to sing."

§ *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. II, pp. 563-567.

|| *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, Vol. IX, p. 337.

be bound together as containing "the choicest songs that have been composed for forty years past."* Dr. Rimbault says that these three books of Lawes, "contain a body of elegant and spirited lyric poetry which deserves to be better known."

Lawes taught music to Lord Bridgewater's family, and he dedicated his first book of Ayres, &c., to Lady Alice Egerton and her sister Mary (who, in the meantime had become, by marriage, respectively Lady Vaughan and Carbury, and Lady Herbert of Cherbury), in which he said, "no sooner I thought of making these public than of inscribing them to your ladyships; most of them being composed when I was employed by your ever-honoured parents to attend your ladyships' education in musick, who, as in other accomplishments fit for persons of your quality, excelled most ladies, particularly in vocal musick, wherein you were so absolute that you gave life and honour to all I set and taught you."

He is said to have introduced the Italian style of music into this kingdom; but this rests upon no other foundation than one song, to be found in this first book we are speaking about. In the preface our author mentions his "having formerly composed some airs to Italian and Spanish words." He speaks of the Italians as being great masters of music, but, at the same time, contends that his own nation "had produced as many able musicians as any in Europe." He censures the partiality of the age for songs sung in a language which the hearers do not understand, and, in ridicule of it, speaks of a song of his own composition, printed at the end of the book, which was nothing more than an index of the initial words of some old Italian songs or madrigals. He says that this index, which he had set to a varied air, and, when read together, was a

* Burney, Vol. III, p. 476.

strange medley of nonsense, passed with a great part of the world as an Italian song.*

To this first book was prefixed a portrait of Lawes, engraved by Faithorne. A copy of this portrait is given in the supplementary volume of Sir John Hawkins' "History of Music," and a copy of the same portrait is also given in "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," lately issued. Two portraits (in oil) of Henry Lawes were exhibited at Kensington in 1866. One was the property of the University of Oxford; the other belonging to the Rev. Richard Okes, D.D. No painter's name was attached to either in the catalogue of the exhibition.†

Lawes appears to have had the strength of mind to think and act for himself, for in another preface he says: "As for myself, although I have lost my fortunes with my master (of blessed memory), I am not so low as to bow for a subsistence to the follies of this age, and to humour such as will seem to understand our art better than we that have spent our lives in it."‡

In 1656 he was engaged, with Captain Henry Cooke, Dr. Charles Colman, and George Hudson, in providing the music for Davenant's "First day's Entertainment of Musick at Rutland House." Lawes also set the music to the songs in the plays of William Cartwright. There are or were in an old choir book of the Chapel Royal, fragments of eight or ten anthems by him, and the words of several of his anthems are given in Clifford's "Divine Services and Anthems," published in 1664, which disproves the opinion of Sir John Hawkins§ that "he was engaged in the

* "Bingley's Biographical Work" (2 vols. in 1), p. 138. d. 1834.

† *Musical Times*, Vol. XIII., p. 519. d. 1868.

‡ Article "Henry Lawes," by Dr. Rimbault, in the "Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography."

§ Bingley has copied this without acknowledgment.

service of the Church; but contributed nothing towards the increase of its stores."

Many of Lawes' settings, particularly the songs by the poet, Waller, are to be found in "The Treasury of Music," published in 1669, as well as in other collections printed about the same time. Waller wrote the following lines:—

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly set a song of mine
in the year 1635—

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (tho' strain'd) sounds flat and low:
But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last:
So in your Airs our numbers drest,
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While LOVE, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once thy voice, and heart.
You, by the help of tune, and time,
Can make that song, which was but rhyme:
NOY* pleading, no man doubts the Cause;
Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim, and faint:
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the Poet's pride:
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost:
The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those who only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with Ux, Ræ, Mī;†
Let words of sense be set by thee.

EDMUND WALLER.

Waller's poems were published in 1645, and on the title-

* Noy. The King's Attorney-General. *Fenton*.

† This passage is an allusion to the custom that some musicians of the time had fallen into, of composing, not to verse, but merely to the syllables of Guido's hexachord, which had no meaning.—*Bingley*.

page was printed: "All the Lyrick Poems in this book were set by Mr. Henry Lawes, of the King's Chapel, and one of His Majesty's private musicke."—Percival Stockdale's "Life of Waller," p. xlix. d. 1772.

Henry Lawes was highly esteemed by his contemporaries, both as a composer and performer. Milton praises him in both capacities. Herrick writes:—

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, the excellent Composer of His Lyricks.

Touch but thy lire, my Harrie and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire* ;
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I heare in thee, the rare Lanier† to sing,
Or curious Wilson‡ ; tell me can'st thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three ?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause ;
Yet their three praises praise but one, that's Lawes.

—HERRICK. "Hesperides."

Lawes set the following poems of Herrick to music:—
"The Christmas Caroll," "The New Yeere's Gift, or Cir-

* Gotire, or Gotiere, is supposed to be the name of a musician, but the name is not known by any of the authorities I have consulted. See Grosart's edition of "Herrick's Works," Vol. I., p. 67.

† Laniero, Lanier, or Lancars (Nicholas), musician, poet, painter, and engraver, was born in Italy about 1588 (Grosart gives 1608). He was the son of Jerome, who emigrated with his family to England in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. Evelyn thus notices the father in his diary:—"August 1, 1652, came old Jerome Lannier, of Greenwich, a man skilled in painting and music, and another rare musician called Mell. I went to see his (Laniere's) collection of pictures, especially those of Julio Romano, which surely had been the King's, and an Egyptian figure, etc. There were also excellent things of Polydore, Guido, Raphael, and Tintoretta. Lannier had been a domestic of Queen Elizabeth, and showed me her head—an intaglio in a rare sardonyx, cut by a famous Italian—which he assured me was exceedingly like her." Nicholas Laniero was one of the Court musicians, and in that capacity composed the music to many of the Court Masques written by Ben Jonson, Campion, Daniel, etc. Some of his songs are to be found in the various collections published by Playford in the reign of Charles II., and they in general display great merit. Smith, in his *Musica Antiqua*, has inserted one of them, taken from a Masque called "Luminalla, or the festival of light," performed at Court on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, 1637, in which the Queen and her ladies were the masquers. Upon the accession of Charles I. he was appointed "master of his Majesty's music," at a salary of £200 a year. He had, besides, the office of closet-keeper to the King. As a painter, he drew for his royal master a picture of "Mary, Christ, and Joseph;" and his own portrait, painted by himself, with a palette and pencils in his hand, and musical notes on a scrap of paper, is in the music school of Oxford. A drawing book, etched by himself, is called "Prove primo fatte à l'acqua forte da N. Laniero à l'eta sua giovanile di sessanta otto anni, 1636." And on one of his etchings he has written

cumcision Song," "The Star Song," and "The New Charon." The three first were performed before the king at Whitehall.‡

Says Anthony Wood—"The Songs in the poems of Thomas Carew, one of the famed poets of his time for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes and amorous sonnets, were set to musick, or, if you please, were wedded to the charming notes of Henry Lawes, at that time the prince of musical composers." Sir R. Steele, who, writing fifty years after Lawes' death, in the character of an old man calling to mind "the impressions made upon his imagination as a youth," says:—"I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Lawes, long before Italian music was introduced in our nation."|| Later writers, however, have formed a lower estimate of his abilities as a composer. Dr. Burney says that "all the melodies of Henry Lawes remind us of *recitative* or *psalmody*, and scarce anything like an air can be found in his whole Book of Ayres. As to his knowledge and

in Italian. "Done in my youthful age of seventy-four." Some specimens of Lanieri's poetry are to be found in the Ashmolean Library (MS. 36, 37). Among Inigo Jones's Sketches for Court Masques (printed by the Shakspeare Society) is a "figure" of Nicholas Lanieri performing on the harp (plate 5), which is very interesting. Mr. Collier thinks that Lanieri played *Orpheus* in the "Masque of the Four Seasons," and that this is the drawing of him in that character, which seems probable. Lanieri is supposed to have died in 1661 or 1662, but the fact is involved in some obscurity. He had several brothers who were employed in the royal band. A petition of Thomas Lanieri, probably Nicholas' son, dated June 11, 1660, is preserved in the State Paper Office, in which the petitioner prays for some office of "receivership," and says "his ancestors had long been servants of the late King, and he and his father thought it disloyal not to want conveniences when the royal possessions were violated by sacrilegious hands, and served the cause with the loss of their little all." E. F. R. [that is, E. F. Rimbault, in "The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography." Edited by John Francis Waller, Vol. III., p. 142. See also "Groves's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Vol. II, p. 90; and Grosart's Edition of "Herrick's Works," Vol. I, p. 148.] "Like Hermit Poor," set to music by N. Lanear, which is printed with the notes in a collection entitled "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues," fol. 1659, p. 1. [From "The Complete Angler or The Contemplative Man's recreation" of Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by John Major. p. 425.]

‡ A celebrated composer and musician. See "Groves's Dictionary of Music," etc Vol. IV., p. 462; also Grosart's Edition of "Herrick's Works," Vol. I, p. 67.

‡ Chetham Society, Vol. CL, p. 207.

|| *Guardian*, No. 37.

IN MEMORIAM HENRY LAWES.

resources in counterpoint, I am certain that they were neither great nor profound." Sir John Hawkins speaks of his music as being deficient in melody and "neither recitative nor air; but in so precise a medium between, that name is wanting for it." A writer in "Groves' Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Mr. William Henry Husk) says: "Both [Burney and Hawkins] appear to judge from a false point of view. It was not Lawes' object to produce melody in the popular sense of the word, but to set 'words with just note and accent' to make the prosody of his text his particular care, and it was that quality which induced all the best poetical writers of his day, from Milton and Waller downwards, to desire that their verses should be set by him. To effect his object he employed a kind of 'Aria parlante,' a style of composition which, if expressively sung, would cause as much gratification to the cultivated hearer as the most ear-catching melody would to the untrained listener."

I have been fortunate to discover in my researches the opinion of the late Dr. Hullah, than whom no one was better able to judge of the work and merits of Lawes as a musician, which he has given to the world in language so warmly appreciative that I cannot refrain from copying. He says: "The life of Lawes (not at all the same thing as the career) was a happy one. He would seem to have been idolised by his friends, and his friends were the very salt of the earth. From his youth up he was ever in the most intimate relation with all that was most worth intimacy, in an age rich in great characters and in great deeds." In the three books of Lawes previously mentioned, there are about 200 pieces. Of these, Dr. Hullah asks: "Do they justify the praises that have been heaped upon them? Are Lawes' melodies beautiful—his harmonies well fitted to them? Do his compositions exhibit that exquisite concordance of notes with words of which his contemporaries speak with such wonder and delight?"

"A careful study of these 'Ayres and Dialogues' (perhaps a little more careful than they have met with of late years) emboldens us to answer these questions with a distinct affirmative. The melodies are, for the most part, beautiful; not only beautiful, *considering the period at which they were written*, but beautiful for to-day and to-morrow, and a hundred years hence. There is a freshness about them which belongs to no 'period;' and they have an ease and spontaneity in which the melodies of many later and more renowned composers are very deficient. . . . Lawes was the first musician with an ear for the *Rhythmical* relation of sounds, and the first great *melodist* who appeared when a race of great harmonists had ceased to make progress.*"

Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," dated 1789, is the most critical writer on Lawes, and has given us several specimens of Lawes' compositions, with a record of those pieces he (Dr. Burney) considers the best. Amongst these he mentions "Little Love serves my turn" as "the gayest air I have seen of Henry Lawes." Most pleasing are "If when the sun," "Still to be neat, still to be drest," and "Come from the Dungeon to the Throne." Mention is also made of a song "Careless of love and free from fears" as being "one of the most pleasing little airs that I have seen of this author." Allusion is also made to another song, "A Lover once I did espy," which he prints, not for the beauty of its melody or the richness of its harmony, but "for the *singularity of the measure*, which is such as seldom occurs"—that is $\frac{3}{2}$ time.

It would appear that our old musician is best known by one of his songs from *Comus*—"Sweet Echo." Burney has given us this in Vol. III., p. 380, and also a very severe criticism upon it, in which he says, "it is difficult to give a

* *Fraser's Mag.*, Vol. LI., p. 566, date 1855.

name . . . to such unmeaning sounds. The interval from F# to E \natural the seventh above, is certainly one of the most disagreeable notes in melody that the scale could furnish." Of the interval to which he here alludes we, in our day, have no lack. Notwithstanding his severe strictures, he is bound to confess that "bad as the music appears to us, it seems to have been *sincerely* admired by his contemporaries in general," they having but one opinion concerning the abilities of this musician.

I am afraid Dr. Burney is insensible to our composer's excellencies; certainly he cannot understand how he got his reputation. He writes that "his temper and conversation must certainly have endeared him to his acquaintance," and rendered them partial to his productions. He considers that "the praise of such writers as Milton and Waller is durable fame," yet he is unjust to these, as well as Lawes, when he insinuates that Milton and Waller were "pleased with Lawes for not pretending to embellish or enforce the sentiment of their songs, but setting them to sounds, less captivating than the sense."*

As we are capable of judging the merits of our musical contemporaries, so do I believe, in the seventeenth century, the merits of contemporary music writers were as capable of being recognised: that they were recognised we have undoubted records. I think therefore such recognition deserves our tender and affectionate remembrance; for, in my opinion, it is unjust to the memories of our older music composers to judge them by our standard, instead of that of their own time. My desire is that we may do justice to all our composers, and with respect to the one I have written about, I trust sufficient has been advanced to justify the remembrance of Henry Lawes.

* Dr. Burney, Vol. III., p. 395.

APPENDIX I.

The following is given as a specimen of Lawes' musical style:—

"WE'LL ANGLE AND ANGLE AGAIN."

See "Walton's Angler," Chap. XVI. Original setting for two voices (tenor and bass), by HENRY LAWES; the second tenor part and the accompaniment for pianoforte arranged for the Manchester Anglers' Association by HENRY STEVENS, Mus. Bac., Cantab. Reprinted from "Anglers' Evenings," Vol. II. by permission of the Manchester Anglers' Association.

INTRO-
DUC-
TION.

1ST
TENOR.

Man's life is but vain, For'tis sub-ject to pain And

2ND
TENOR.

Man's life is but vain, Man's life is but

BASS.

Man's life is but vain, For'tis sub-ject to pain And

PIANO.

sor-row, and short as a bubble; 'Tis a hodge-podge of bus'ness And
vain, short as a bub-ble; 'Tis a hodgepodge of
sor-row, and short as a bubble; 'Tis a hodge-podge of bus'ness and

mon-ey and care, And care and mon-ey and trou-ble.
bus-'ness and care, And care and mon-ey and trou-ble.
mon-ey and care, And care and mon-ey and trou-ble.

But we'll take no care When the wea-ther proves fair, Nor

But we'll take no care When the wea-ther proves

But we'll take no care When the wea-ther proves fair, Nor

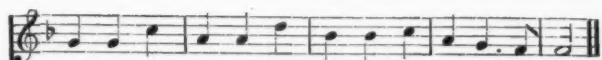
The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "But we'll take no care When the wea-ther proves fair, Nor" on the first line, "But we'll take no care When the wea-ther proves" on the second line, and "But we'll take no care When the wea-ther proves fair, Nor" on the third line.

will we vex now tho' it rain; We'll ban-ish all sor-row And

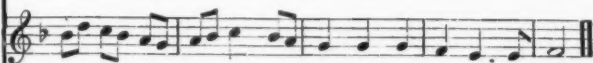
fair, Nor vex tho' it rain; We'll ban-ish all

will we vex now tho' it rain; We'll ban-ish all sor-row And

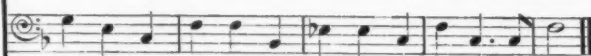
The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features the same vocal and piano staves. The lyrics are: "will we vex now tho' it rain; We'll ban-ish all sor-row And" on the first line, "fair, Nor vex tho' it rain; We'll ban-ish all" on the second line, and "will we vex now tho' it rain; We'll ban-ish all sor-row And" on the third line.



sing till to - mor-row, And an - gle, And an - gle a - gain.



sor - row, And sing till to - mor-row, And an - gle a - gain.



sing till to - mor-row, And an - gle, And an - gle a - gain.



CHORUS.



We'll ban - ish all sor - row, And sing till to -





NOTE.—Bar 19. The major chord on the minor seventh of the key is retained as in the original, being a musical idiom of the age in which HENRY LAWES wrote. The modern musician may object to the "false relation" which results from the use of this chord. He cannot fairly be denied this privilege, but he must settle his dispute with HENRY LAWES, and not with HENRY STEVENS.

APPENDIX II.

THE following are taken from a copy of Lawes' "First Book of *Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voyces," formerly belonging to the late John Eglington Bailey, but now amongst the "John Eglington Bailey-Fuller Collection," presented to the Manchester Free Reference Library by Messrs. Taylor, Garnett and Co., July, 1889;—

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, the two most Excellent Sisters, ALICE Countesse of CARBURY, and MARY Lady HERBERT of *Cherbury* and *Castle-Island*, daughters to the Right Honorable, *John Earle of Bridgewater*, Lord President of WALES, &c.

I need not tell your LADSHIPS, that since my Attendance on His late MAJESTY (my most Gracious Master) I have neglected the exercise of my Profession. Yet, to debarr Idlenesse (which, without vanity I may say, I was never passionately in love with), I have made some COMPOSITIONS, which now I resolve to publish to the World. What Grounds and Motives lead me to this Publication, I conceive not so for your Ladiships notice, having else-

where told it to the *READER*. But no sooner I thought of making these *Publick*, than of inscribing them to your *LADISHIPS*, most of them being Composed when I was employed by Your ever Honour'd Parents to attend Your *LADISHIPP'S* Education in Musick, who (as in other Accomplishments fit for Persons of Your Quality) excell'd most Ladies, especially in *VOCALL MUSICK*, wherein You were so absolute, that You gave Life and Honour to all I set and taught You ; and that with more Vnderstanding than a new Generation pretending to Skill (I dare say) are Capable of. I can therefore do nothing more becomming my Gratitude than a Dedication of These (so much Your own) to both Your *LADISHIPS* ; and to manifest that Honour I bear to the Memory of Your deceased Parents, whose Favors it is impossible to ever be forgotten by

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted Servant,
HENRY LAWES.

To all Understanders or Lovers of *MUSICK*.

It is easie to say I have been much importun'd, by Persons of Quality, to Publish my *COMPOSITIONS* : But though I can plead it (and without vain Pretensions) yet now I shall wave it. Nor was I drawn to it by any little thoughts of private Gain ; though men of my Relations (as the World now goes) are justly presum'd not to overflow ; and perhaps the matter will not reach that value, let the *STATIONER* look to that, who himselfe hath undergone the Charge and Trouble of the whole Impression ; who yet (by his favour) hath lately made bold to print, in one Book, above twenty of my songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his book was in the *Presse* ; and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore now the Question is not, whether or no my *COMPOSITIONS* shall be *Publick*, but whether they shall come forth from me, or from some other hand ; and which of the two is likeliest to afford the true correct copies, I leave others to judge. In this Book I print nothing which were publish'd in the former, or ever in print before. I can tell ye also, I have often found many of mine that have walk'd abroad in other men's names : how they came to lose

their Relations and had Anabaptized, I think not worth examining. Only I shall say, that some who so adopted and owned my Songs had greater kindnesse for the Children than for the Father: else sure they had not bestow'd some other late Ayres (which themselves could not own) upon Forrainers and Strangers, because I compos'd them to ITALIAN and SPANISH words, I should think such an Injury an unseasonable Injustice, since now we live in so sullen an Age that our Profession itselfe hath lost its Incouragement. But wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy, that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witnesse) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the ITALIANS the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had, and yet hath, as able Musitians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear), are excellent, both for the Voyce and Instruments. But as in Musick the UNISON and DIAPASON are the sweetest of all CHORDS, yet the SECOND and the SEVENTH, which stand next to them, are more DISCORDANT from them than any other Notes in all the SCALE: so to Musicians, a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him, and none give so harsh a Report of the ENGLISH as the ENGLISH themselves. We should not think Musick any stranger to this Island, since our Ancestors tell us that the BRITAINS had Musicians before they had Books; and the ROMANS that invaded us (who were not too forward to magnifie other Nations) confesse what power the DRUIDS and BARDS had over the People's affections by recording in Songs the Deeds and Heroick Spirits, their very LAWS and RELIGION being sung in Tunes, and so (without Letters) transmitted to Posterity; wherein it seems they were so dexterous, that their neighbours out of Gaul came hither to learn it. How their Successors held it up I know not: But King HENRY the Eight did much advance it, especially in the former part of his Reign, when his minde was more intent upon Arts and Sciences, at which time he invited all the greatest Masters out of ITALY and other countries, and

Himself gave example by COMPOSING with his own hand two intire SERVICES, which were often sung in his Chappell, as the Lord HERBERT of CHERBURY (who writ his Life) hath left upon Record. Since whose time it prosper'd much in the REIGN of Queen ELIZABETH, King JAMES, and HIS late Majesty. I confesse the Italian Language may have some advantage by being better smooth'd and vowell'd for Musick, which I found by many Songs which I set to ITALIAN words: and our English seems a little over clogg'd with CONSONANTS; but that's much the COMPOSER's fault, who by judicious setting and right tuning the words may make it smooth enough. And since our palates are so much after Novelties, I desir'd to try the GREEK, having never seen anything SET in that Language by our own Musicians or Strangers; and (by *Composing* some of ANACREON's Odes) I found the Greek Tongue full as good as any for Musick, and in some particulars sweeter than the LATINE, or those moderne ones that descended from LATINE. I never lov'd to SET or sing words which I do not understand; and when I cannot, I desir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this present generation is so sated with what's Native, that nothing takes their care but what's sung in a Language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the Musick, and to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a TABLE OF INDEX of old ITALIAN Songs (for one, two, and three voyces) and this INDEX (which read together made a strange medley of Nonsense) I set to a varied Ayre, and gave out that it came from ITALY, whereby it hath passed for a rare ITALIAN SONG. This very song I have now printed. And if this First Book shall find acceptance, I intend yearly to publish the like; for I confesse I have a sufficient Stock lying by me (and shall compose more) having had the Honour to set the Verses of the most and chieftest Poets of our Times. As for those Copies of Verses in this Book, I have rendred their Names who made them, from whose hands I received them. These reasons (with some others not here mentioned) drew me forth to this publication, which if received with the same heart that I offer it, will be further Encouragement for

H. L.

"To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly set a song of mine in the year 1635." See p. 74.

To His Honour'd F(riend) Mr. HENRY LAWES,
on his *Ayres* and *Dialogues*.

Those happy few who apprehend thy flight,
Even above the Cloud, yet still in sight,
Cannot by all their Numbers and Addresse
Swell or advance thy praises, but confesse.
For thou art fix'd beyond the Power of Fate
Since nothing that is Mortal can Create.
And is it possible that thou should'st dye
Who can'st bestow such Immortality?
I have not sought the Rules by which yee try
When a CHORD's broke, or holds in HARMONY;
But I am sure Thou hast a Soul within
As if created for a CHERUBIN;
Brim full of Candour and wise Innocence,
And is not Musick a Resultant thence?
For sure the blunt-billed Swan's first fame to sing,
Sprung from the motion of her spotless Wing.
But sole Integrity winns not the Cause,
For then each honest man would be a LAWES:
Thou hast deep Judgement, Phansie, and high sence,
Old and New Wit, steady Experience;
A Soul unbrib'd by anything but Fame,
Grasping to get nought but a good great name.
Hence all thy AYRES flow pure and unconfin'd,
Blown by no mercenary LAPLAND Wind,
No stoln or plunder'd Phansies, but born free,
And so transmitted to Posteritie,
Which never shall their well-grown Honor blast,
Since they have Thy, that's the best, Judgement past.
Yet some, who forc'd t' admire Thee, must repine
That all Theirs are out-done by thy Each Line;
The Sence so humour'd, and those Humours hit,

Will call them acts of FORTUNE, not of Wit ;
 Hoping their want of Skill may be thy Brand
 'Cause they have not the Luck to Understand ;
 Cry up the WORDS to cry THEE down, and swear
 Thou SETT'ST more SENCE then they can meet elsewhere,
 Concluding could themselves such VERSES show
 They could produce such COMPOSITIONS too.

But is't thy fault if the great Witts whole Quire
 Before all Others still prefer Thy Lyre ?
 They tasted All, and thine among the rest,
 But then return'd to Thee, 'cause Best was Best.
 Bid such attach Thy old ANACREON's Greek,
 Where the least ACCENT will cost Them a Week,
 Six Months a VERSE, and that Verse tun'd and scann'd
 (Though short) twelve Years, an Age to UNDERSTAND :
 But thy Lute, like th' last Trump, hath rais'd His Head,
 Who, er'e the GRÆCIAN EMPIRE born, was dead.

Then let all Poetts bring all Verse, which They
 May on thy Desk as on an Altar lay,
 Where kindled by that Touch thy hand hath given,
 'Twill climb (whence Musick first came down) to Heaven.

FRANCIS FINCH, *Esquire*.

To the much honour'd Mr. HENRY LAWES, on his Book
 of *Ayres*.

That Princes dye not, they to Poetts owe ;
 Poetts themselves do owe their Lives to you ;
 Whose Phansies soon would stifle, and declare
 They could not breath unlesse you lent them Ayre.
 'Tis that inspires their Feet, which else but crawl
 As JUDGES walk th' old Measures round the Hall,
 Untill the feather'd heels of Youth advance
 And raise their dull pace up into a Dance :
 Your Art such Motion to our Verses brings
 We can but give them Feet, you give them Wings.

WILL. BARKER.

To his much honour'd F(riend) MR. HENRY LAWES, on his
Book of *Ayres*.

Father of Numbers, who hast still thought fit
To tune thyselfe, and then set others Wit;
Forgive my Zeale, who with my Sprig of Bayes
Do Crowd into the CHORUS of thy Praise.
For Silence were, when LAWES is nam'd a wrong,
The Subject and the Master of all Song:
Who ne'r dost dive for Pebbles, undermine
Mountains to make old rusty Iron shine:
But hast made Great things Greater, do'st dispense
Lustre to Wit, by adding Sence to Sence.
For Passions are not Passions, 'till they be
Rais'd to that height, which they expect from Thee:
And all this is thyselfe; Thy Name's not grown
Broader by putting on a Cap or Gown;
Who like those Jockies that do often sell
An old worn Jade, because he's saddled well:
No; Thou can'st humour all that Wit can teach,
Which those that are but Note-men cannot reach:
Thou'rt all so fit, that some have passed their Votes,
Thy Notes beget the Words, not Words thy Notes.

T. NORTON.

To my ever honour'd Friend and Father, Mr. HENRY LAWES,
on his Book of *Ayres*.

Father of MUSICK and MUSITIANS too
And Father of the MUSES, All's thy due:
For not a drop that flows from HELICON
But AYR'D by thee grows streight into a Song.
So as when Light about the World was spread
All kind of Colours, Black, White, Green, and Red,
Soon mixt with Substances, and grew to be
Plants, Grasse, and Flowrs, which All's but HARMONY.

Thou mak'st the GRAVE and LIGHT together chime,
 Both joyntly dance, yet keep their own true time ;
 The winning DORICK, that best loves the Harp ;
 The PHRYGIAN, thats as sweet, though far more sharp ;
 The IONICK, sober LYDIAN mood,
 Which every care sucks in, and cryes, 'tis good :
 Thou hitt'st them all ; their SPIRIT, TONE, and PAUSE,
 Have all conspir'd to meet and honour LAWES.

No pointing COMMA, COLON, halfe so well
 Renders the Breath of Sence ; they cannot tell
 The just Proportion how each word should go,
 To rise and fall, run swiftly or march slow ;
 Thou shew'st 'tis MUSICK only must do this,
 Which as thou handlest it can never miss ;
 All may be SUNG or READ, which thou hast drest,
 Both are the same, save that the SINGING's best.

Thy Muse can make this sad, raise that to Life,
 Inflaming one, smoothing down th' others Strife,
 Meer Words, when measured best, are Words alone,
 Till quickned by their nearest Friend a Tone :
 And then when SENSE and perfect CONCORDS meet,
 Though th' Story bitter be, Tunes make it sweet :
 Thy Ariadne's Grief's so fitly shown
 As bring's us PLEASURE from the saddest GROAN.

And all this is thine own, thy true-born Heir ;
 Nor stoln at home, nor Forrain far-fetcht Ware
 Made good by Mountebanks, who loud must cry
 Till some believe, and do as dearly buy ;
 Which when they've try'd, not better nor yet more
 They find, than what does grow at their own door.
 For when such Mountains swell with mighty Birth,
 We find some poor small petty thing creep forth.

But I'm too short to speak thee, I've no Praise
 To give, but what I gather from thy Bayes :
 My narrow Hive's supply'd from thy full Flowr,
 Nor does thy Ocean Praise know Bank or Shoar :
 Yet this I dare attest, that who shall look
 And understand as well as read the Book,
 Must say that here both WIT and MUSICK meet ;
 Like the great Giant's Riddle STRONG and SWEET.

JOHN COBB.

To his Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book
 of *Ayres*.

Musick thou Soul of Verse, gently inspire
 My untun'd Phansie with some sprightly AYRE,
 'Tis fittest now that I thy ayd require,
 While I sing thee and thy LAWES prepare :
 For the high Raptures of a lofty strain
 Charm equall with the Bowr's AONIAN.

'Twere in me rudeness, not to blazon forth
 (Father in MUSICK) thy deserved praise,
 Who oft have been, to witness thy rare worth,
 A ravish't hearer of thy skilfull Lay's.
 Thy Lay's that wont to lend a soaring wing,
 And to my tardy Muse fresh ardour bring.

While brightest DAMES, the splendour of the Court,
 Themselves a silent MUSICK to the Eye,
 Would oft to hear thy solemn AYRES resort,
 Making thereby a double Harmony :
 'Tis hard to judge which adds the most delight,
 To th' Eare thy Charms, or theirs unto the Sight.

But this is sure, had STRADA's Nightingale
 Heard the soft murmurs of thy AYRY LUTE,
 She doubting lest her own sweet voyce should fail
 To hear thy sweeter AYRES, had quite been mute,
 Such Vertue dwels in Harmony divine
 (Admired LAWES) and above all in thine.

The DORICK Sage, and the mild LYDIAN,
The sad LACONICK unto Wars exciting,
Th' ÆOLIAN Grave, the PHRYGIAN mournfull strain,
The smooth JONICK carelessly delighting,
There calmly meet, and cheerfully agree,
Various themselves, to make one Symphony.

If we long since could boast thy purest vain,
More then old GREECE the RHODOPSIAN Lyre
Or LATIAN Bowres of late Marenzo's strain,
How much must our applause advance thee higher?
When thy yet more harmonious birth shall bring
To us new Joyes, new Pleasures to the Spring.

The Woods wild Songsters, wonder will surprize,
Hearing the sweet Art of thy well tun'd Notes,
What new unwonted chime? 'tis that outvies
The Native sweetness of their liquid throats,
Which while in vain they strive to emulate
Others MUSICK'S Duell they'l create.

Whether pure Anthem's fill the sacred Quire,
Or Lady's Chambers the Lute's trembling voice,
Or Rurall Song's the Country Swains admire,
Thy large Invention still affords us choice;
'Tis to thy Skill, that we indebted are,
What ever Musick hath of neat and rare.

To thee the choicest Witts of ENGLAND owe
The Life of their fam'd Verse, that ne'r shall dye,
For thou hast made their rich conceits to flow
In streams more rich to lasting memory,
Such MUSICK needs must steal our souls away,
Where Voice and Verse do meet, where Love and
Phansie play.

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

To my Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*

To calm the rugged Ocean, and assuage
 The horrid tempests in their highest rage,
 To tame the wildest Beasts, to still the Winds,
 And quell the fury of distemper'd minds,
 Making the Pensive merry, th' overjolly
 Composing to a sober melancholy :
 These are th' effects of sacred harmonie ;
 Which being an Art so well attained by thee,
 (Most Honour'd LAWES), what can we less then number
 Thy Works with theirs who were the Ancients wonder ?
 And give thee equall praise ; but I forget ;
 For we do owe thee a far greater debt,
 The charming sweetness of whose shorter Lay's,
 Not only we do hear with great amaze,
 But they have low descended to the deep,
 And wak'ned THESEUS Queen from Stygian sleep ;
 Who sighting ORPHEUS, comes to beg of thee
 To ayd her with thy pow'rfull harmonie,
 Knowing thy strains more truly can expresse
 Her sense of THESEUS strange forgetfulnesse ;
 Which makes us here to double thy Renown ;
 Hereafter thou shalt wear fair ARIADNE'S Crown.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

To my Dear and Honour'd Friend, Mr. HENRY LAWES, upon
 his Incomparable Book of Songs.

I Am no Poet, yet I will rehearse
 My Virgin Muse, though in unpolisht Verse,
 Perhaps the immature and lib'rall sence,
 (Yet better than those Ignorants commence,
 Who boldly dare their scandalous censures throw,
 And judge of things (I'll swear) they do not know,
 Will be some displeasing ; but what then ?
 Must they not know their wild pretensions, when

Unnat'rally they'l raise a Forrain Name,
 And blast the Honour of their Native Fame?
 But stay; Will this reclaim them? No, they're mad;
 Their Reason is infatuate, and clad
 In such a stupified ignorance:
 Nothing will please that is not come from *France*
 Or *Italy*; but let them have their will,
 Whilst we unto thy Noble Art and Skill
 Do sacrifice our admirations:
 The tribute's just, and other Nations
 Cannot but pay it too, when they shall see
 Their best of Labours thus outdone by Thee;
 Or else amaz'd to see thy *English* Ayre
 Past imitation; they will dispaire,
 And wonder we can surfeit with such meat,
 So rare, so rich, so pleasant, so compleat.
 Be happy then; Thou art above all hate;
 Thy great abilit'ies have outgrown thy Fate.
 Thy Fortune soars aloft; thou art renown'd:
 Thy Fame's with Judgements approbation crown'd,
 And in this verse, (as I disclaim all Wit)
 So 'twas thy worth, oblig'd my fancy t' it.

JO. CARWARDEN.

The following is a list of the pieces in this book. The sub-titles in brackets are at the head of each piece:—

THE TABLE, WITH THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WERE AUTHORS OF THE VERSES.

- A—Ariadne—p. 1.....Mr. William Cartwright, of Christ Church, Oxford
 [The Story of Theseus and Ariadne.]
 Am I dispa'd because you say—p. 19Mr. Robert Herick.
 [To his Mistress objecting his Age.]
 Amarantha sweet and fair—p. 15.....Col. Richard Lovelace
 [To Amarantha, to dishevell her haire.]
 Ask me why I send you here—p. 24Mr. Herick.
 [The Primrose.]
 B—Begone, begone thou perjur'd man—p. 35Henry Lawes.
 [No Conatancy in Man.]

- C—Careless of Love, and free from Fears—p. 11Carew Raleigh, Esquire.
[The Surprise.]
- Chloris your self you so excell—p. 14Edmond Waller, Esquire.
[To the same Lady, singing the former Song (on p. 13).]
- Cælia, thy bright Angel's Face—p. 17.....Thomas, Earle of Winchelsea.
[The Cælestiall Mistress.]
- Canst thou love me, and yet doubt—p. 23.....William, Earle of Pembroke.
[The Heart entire.]
- Come my Lucasta—p. 25Sir Charles Lucas.
[Love and Loyalty.]
- Come heavy Souls—p. 28Dr. William Stroud, Orateur of th
[Desperato's Banquet.] University of Oxford.
- Come, come thou glorious Object—p. 30Sir William Killigrew.
[Beauty Paramont.]
- Come my Sweet whilst every strain—p. 32Mr. Cartwright.
[Love and Musick.]
- D—Dearest do not now delay me—p. 20Mr. Henry Harington, Son to Sir
Henry Harington.
[To his Mistress upon his going to travel.]
- F—Farewell fair Saint—p. 10...Mr. Tho. Cary, Son to the Earle of Monmouth,
and of the Bedchamber to his late Majesty.
[To his Mistress going to Sea.]
- G—Gaze not on Swann's—p. 15.....Mr. Henry Noel, Son to the L. Viscount
Camden.
[Beauty's Excellency.]
- Give me more Love or more Disdain—p. 21 ...Mr. Tho. Carew, Gentleman
of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer to his late Majesty.
[Mediocrity in Love rejected.]
- H—He that love's a Rosie Cheek—p. 12Mr. Carew.
[Disdaine returned.]
- I—I long to sing the Seidge of Troy—p. 27Mr. John Berkenhead.
[ANACREON's Ode call'd The LUTE, Englished and to be sung by a
Basse alone.]
- If when the Sun at Noon—p. 18Mr. Carew.
[Night and Day to his Mistress.]
- It is not that I love you lesse—p. 22Mr. Waller.
[The Selfe Banished.]
- Imbre lachrymarum largo—p. 36.....Mr. Thomas Fuller, Batch. Divinity.
[An Eccho.]
- L—Ladies who gild the glitt'ring noon—p. 35.....Mr. Francis Lenton.
[Beauties Eclypsed.]
- Lately on yonder swelling bush—p. 24Mr. Waller.
[The Bud.]

- Lovely Chloris though thine eyes—p. 20.....Mr. Henry Reynolds.
[Love above Beauty.]
- T—The Day's returned—p. 33..... Mr. Berkenhead.
[An Anniversary on the Nuptials of JOHN Earle of Bridgewater, July 22, 1652.]
- Till now I never did believe—p. 16.Sir Thomas Neville.
[The Reform'd Lover.]
- Till I beheld fair *Cælia's* face—p. 25..... Francis Finch, Esquire.
[*CÆLIA* Singing.]
- 'Tis true, fair *Cælia*—p. 29 Mr. Henry Bathurst.
[To *CÆLIA*, inviting her to Marriage.]
- Thou art so Fair and Yong—p. 31Mr. Aurelian Townshend.
[Youth and Beauty.]
- 'Tis wine that inspir's—p. 32Lord Broughall.
[The excellency of Wine.]
- Two hundred minutes are run down—p. 34.....Mr. Berkenhead.
[Staying in LONDON after the Act for Banishment and going to meet a Friend who sail'd the hour appointed.]
- V—*Venus* redress a wrong—p. 7.....Mr. Cartwright.
[A Complaint against CUPID.]
- W—When thou poor Excommunicate—p. 8Mr. Carew.
[To his Inconstant Mistris.]
- When on the Altar of my hand—p. 9 Mr. Carew.
[In the Person of a Lady to her inconstant servant.]
- While I listen to thy Voice—p. 13 Mr. Waller.
[To a Lady Singing.]
- [Title of this song in Greek letters]—p. 26. Anacreon's Ode, called the Lute.
- In quel gelato core TAVOLA. Last Pag. in the Book—By divers and sundry Authors.
[Tavola.]

DIALOGUES AND SONGS FOR TWO VOICES.

- Distressed Pilgrim, A Dialogue betwixt *Cordanus* and an *Amoret*—p. 1.
Col. Francis Lovelace.
[For two trebles. A Dialogue betwixt *CORDANUS* and *AMORET*, on a Lost Heart.]
- Aged Man that moves these Fields, A Dialogue betwixt Time and a Pilgrime—p. 3.
Mr. Aurelian Townshend.
[A Dialogue betwixt TIME and a Pilgrime.]
- As *CÆLIA* rested in the shade, A Dialogue betwixt *Cleon* and *Cælia*—p. 5.
Mr. Tho. Carew.
[A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt *CLEON* and *CÆLIA*.]
- Bacchus Pacchus* fill our brains—p. 9 Mr. Townshend,
[For one or two Voices. A Bacchanall.]

- Go thou emblem of my heart—p. 10 Mr. Harrington.
 [A 2 Voc. Basse & Cant. Upon a Crown'd Heart sent to a Cruell Mistress.]
 O the fickle state of Lovers Mr. Francis Quarles.
 [A 2 Voc. Basse & Cant. [The fickle state of Lovers.]
 Music thou Queen of Souls—p. 14 Mr. Tho. Randolph, of Trinity
 Colledge, Cambridge.
 [A 2 Voc. Basse & Cant. The Power of Musick.]

AYRES AND SONGS FOR THREE VOYCES.

- Come *Chloris*, hie we to the Bower—p. 16 Mr. Henry Reynolds.
 [Heere beginneth short Ayres for one, two or three Voyces,
 CHLORIS taking the Ayre.]
 Though my Torment far exceeds—p. 17..... Mr. Harrington.
 [For one, two or three voyces. A smile, or Frown.]
 If my Mistress fix her Eye—p. 18 Mr. Harrington.
 [For one, two or three Voyces. The Captive Lover.]
 Keep on your Vaile—p. 19 Dr. Stroud.
 [For one, two or three voyces. To a Lady putting off her Veile.]
 Thou Shepheard whose intente eye—p. 20 Mr. Townshend.
 [For one, two or three voyces. In praise of his Mistress.]
 O now the certain Cause I know—p. 21..... Mr. Cartwright.
 [For one, two or three Voyces. To a Lady weeping.]
 Sing fair *Clorinda*—p. 22 Sr. William Davenant.
 [A. 3. voc.]
 Grieve not Dear Love—p. 24..... John Earle of Bristoll.
 [a. 3 voc.]
 Ladies whose smooth and Dainty Skin—p. 26..... Mr. Harrington.
 [a. 3. voc. A caution to faire Ladies.]

At the end of the Work, after the last piece, "Tavola," are the following advertisements:—

Musick Books Printed for *John Playford*, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner Temple, near the Church Doore.

The First Set of Psalms for three Voyces, with a Thorough Basse for the Organ, or Theorbo-Lute, composed by Mr. *William Child*, late Organist of Windsor, the which are engraven upon Copper. *Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues in fol.* for 1, 2, and 3 Voyces, Composed by Dr. *John Wilson*, Dr. *Charles Colman*, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Mr. *Nich. Lanear*, Mr. *William Cesar*, and others newly re-printed with Large Additions.

Musick's Recreation, or a choice Collection of Excellent Lessons for the *Lyra Violl*, containing 117 Lessons, Composed to severall new Tunings, by the most eminent Masters now living. Also Dr. *Campion's Book of Ayres*, for 2, 3, and 4 Voyces.

The First Book of Ayres and Dialogues in fol. for 1, 2, and 3 Voyces, by Mr. *Henry Lawes*.

Catch that Catch can, or an new Collection of *Catches*, *Rounds*, and *Cannons*, containing 150. Published by Mr. *John Hilton*, Batchelor in Musick.

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The Dancing Master, or plain and easie Rules for the Dancing of *Country Dances*, with the *Tunes* before each Dance to play on the TREBLE VIOLIN containing 112 Dances.

A New Book of Lessons with Instructions for the *Cithern* and *Gittern*.

Allo [? also] all sorts of Rul'd Paper and Rul'd Books ready bound up, and sold at his Shop.

FINIS.





AN AUTUMN EVENING.

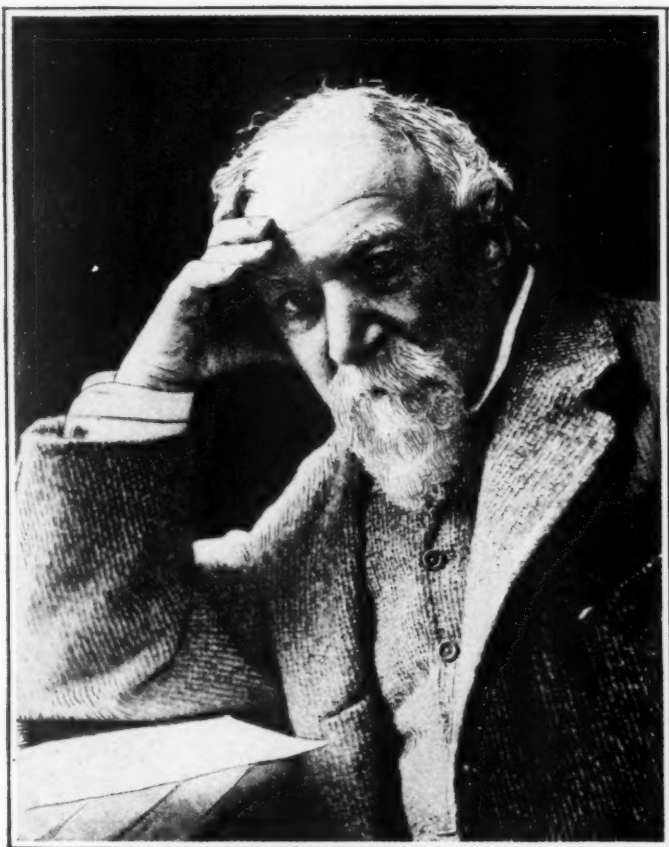
BY J. A. GOODACRE.

THOUGH fast the daylight dies, and round my room
The gathering night with noiseless footstep falls,
Trailing her shadow o'er the darkening walls,
And shrouding me with the increasing gloom,
Till all is lone and silent as the tomb;
Yet no such shade my musing mind enthrals,
A well-known voice beyond the darkness calls,
And far-off lamps for me their lights relume.
Thus may it be when life's descending sun
No more with full meridian glory glows;
O may there be, when life's short day is done,
And all around the shades of evening close,
A fairer light than when the morn arose,
A kindlier voice than when the day begun.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS



ROBERT BROWNING.

From a Photograph, by permission of W. H. Grove, 174, Brompton Road, W.



SOME ASPECTS OF BROWNING.

BROWNING'S VERSIFICATION.

THE verse of a great poet can never be regarded as adventitious or external. Verse itself is, indeed, to begin with, only one of the accidents of poetry, and with the indifferent poet it remains so. He regards it only as a medium. He finds it ready-made to his hand. He takes it up and lays it down, neither influencing it nor being influenced by it. With a poet of the higher rank it is not so. Verse is always to him not an accident but an essential. He adopts, it may be, a traditional form, but none the less by the force of strength and the subtlety of art he subdues it to his own purposes. Versification is to the true poet what style is to the prose-writer. It is part of himself. There is no greater literary heresy than this—that a man may be a poor prose-writer and yet have a noble style; may be a mediocre poet and yet be possessed of an elevated and exquisite scheme of verse.

To inquire, therefore, into the versification of a writer is to go to the heart of the matter at once. Browning's versification was like his poetry—profound and subtle in its conception, but imperfect and unfinished; strong, but

seldom sweet; wayward and spasmodic rather than sustained; full of phrases so modelled that they grip you, and of beauties which startle even while they vanish. As it was with Carlyle's prose so it was with Browning's verse. Its ruggedness, its perverseness, its singularity, its short-hand elisions—so to speak—were ever increasing with the increase of years; but all the same, it never lost its attraction, because the student felt that thoughts and words, whatever might be their perplexities and oddities, were both the honest and natural outcome of an earnest and noble spirit, and not affectations wilfully flaunted in the face of the reader, or assumed for the purpose of concealing conscious weakness and insufficiency. The comparison which we make between Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," for instance, and his "Latter Day Pamphlets," will hold good with regard to Browning's "Pauline," and most of his later poems. If I am asked to indicate some broad and universally applicable characteristic of Browning's versification, I should say that his lines contain fewer accented syllables, in proportion, than those of any other great poet. His blank verse has no roll in it, no stately march; but it turns a corner with admirable agility and swiftness. It is often conversational, and always dramatic, rather than epic. Its model, if it have a model, will be found, not in Milton, but in the lighter and more familiar parts of Shakespeare. One of its merits is that even when apparently most disjointed and inharmonious, it resolves itself into correct measure if the accents be carefully placed in accordance with such intelligent emphasis as the sense demands. It follows, therefore, that the reading aloud of Browning's blank verse is a test of three things—your power of intellectual apprehension, your knowledge of metre, and your appreciation of sound and reasonable elocution. It is difficult to give an illustration of this on

the printed page. I can only ask the reader to turn for himself to such a passage as that in "Bishop Blougram's Apology," which begins—

But, friend,
We speak of what is ; not of what might be,
And how 'twere better if 'twere otherwise.

and onward to the line—

That hatch should rustle with sufficient straw.

In lyric measures, Browning was not wholly successful. This was not because he did not thoroughly understand his art, not because he had not a correct ear; it was the result of his deliberately chosen method. In perfect poetry, that upon which we dwell with unmixed pleasure, grammatical construction and metre, sense and rhyme, act and re-act upon each other until a harmonious whole completely fused in the alembic of the imagination is the happy result. When Browning's versification is most harsh, it is because this fusion has only been partially accomplished. I do not presume to say that his mode of composition was actually that which I am about to indicate, but his verses often leave you with the impression that they were written straight off, as a draft, in vigorous and picturesque prose; that the lines were afterwards cut up into proper lengths, adaptation being effected by elision and inversion, and that, finally, such rhymes were added as came most quickly to hand. Of course the strong sense is there, the poetic metaphor is there, but the expression is not that which poetry demands. Let me take an illustration from his last volume. The poem entitled "Reverie" begins thus—

I know there shall dawn a day—
Is it here, on homely earth ?
Is it yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
That Power comes full in play ?

Is it here, with grass about,
 Under befriending trees;
 When shy buds venture out,
 And the air by mild degrees
 Puts Winter's death past doubt?

Now this, although not wanting in touches which are characteristic of the writer, is legitimate verse, and even if it were written as prose its lyric character would still be manifest; but immediately after we come upon the following:—"Somewhere, below, above, shall a day dawn—this I know—when Power, which vainly strove my weakness to o'erthrow, shall triumph. I breathe, I move, I truly am, at last! For a veil is rent between me and the truth which passed fitful, half-guessed, half-seen, grasped at; not gained, held fast." Of this passage two things may be said. A few slight changes would turn it into respectable prose; but no change in the mode of printing can transform it into permissible verse.

Another reason for the peculiarities so noticeable in Browning's versification may be found in the character of his mind. The production of a perfect lyric requires the presence of two seemingly incongruous qualities—impassioned spontaneity and severe restraint. Browning had spontaneity enough, but too little restraint. He could not resist the temptation to follow every vagrant idea, every far-fetched image, every quaint conceit which rose before his fertile fancy. That Browning could, however, when he cared to exercise restraint, and at the same time to sustain the originating lyric impulse, produce verse of the finest character, I should be the last to deny. As instances of this (a few only out of many) I may mention the "Cavalier Tunes"—

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing.—

The "Lost Leader"—

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—

"How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix,"
which is as swift and breathless as the ride which it relates,
and withal as regular in its music as must have been the
sound of the horses' hoofs. "Evelyn Hope"—

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !
Sit and watch by her side an hour—

And the ever-delightful "Home Thoughts from England"—

Oh ! to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England,
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings in the orchard bough
In England—now !

Surely we shall all regret that the man who could give us
verse so exquisitely perfect as is this last citation, should
not have more frequently found himself in the vein for its
production.

I should be sorry to close this brief paper without
acknowledging my deep sense of Browning's unique great-
ness, his unmatched power of mental analysis and intro-
spection, his honesty, his manliness, his unswerving faith
in an age of doubt, and his firm grasp of truth in the
midst of feeble vacillation. He is a man who may be taken
at his own valuation—a mode of appraisement not often to
be adopted—the valuation which he sets upon himself in the
noble "Epilogue" to "Asolando" as one whose courage
would not let him turn his back upon the foe ; whose hope-
fulness was so strong that he never doubted but that the
clouds would break ; who never dreamed that wrong would
triumph, though the right was often worsted ; who held
that we only fall in order that we may rise ; that when we
are baffled it is that we may return to the fight and fight
better than before ; and, lastly, that when all seems to be
over, we sleep only that we may wake to a higher and

fuller life in the great Hereafter. Such was the man; and with all our hearts we answer his touching invitation, and in the midst of the world's noontide bustle, as he wished we should, we greet his unseen ghost with a cheer—

Strive and thrive! Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here!

GEORGE MILNER.

BROWNING AND TENNYSON.*

The simultaneous appearance of two volumes of verse by two poets who have for so long held a chief place in the admiration of lovers of poetry among English-speaking peoples, two poets who have retained their powers of intellect and imagination undiminished to a period considerably beyond the allotted span of life, is in itself an event of the highest interest, an interest which has been accentuated in a melancholy fashion by the immediately succeeding death of the younger of the two. The occasion is a tempting one for essaying the comparison of the work of two men so diversely great as Tennyson and Browning; and this I propose to do very briefly, premising that my acquaintance with Browning is almost altogether confined to his shorter works, though it is on these, as I think it is pretty generally agreed, that a large, perhaps the larger, part of his fame will ultimately rest.

Firstly, then, Browning is a great teacher through the medium of verse; Tennyson a great artist. Browning is occupied primarily with the message he has to deliver; Tennyson with the fashion of delivering it. The matter or the soul of his verse (for in this connection the words are synonymous) is Browning's great concern; the form of

* "Asolando: Fancies and Facts," by Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1890. "Demeter and other Poems," by Alfred Lord Tennyson. London: Macmillan, 1889.

it Tennyson's. Yet though this, broadly speaking, seems a true discrimination, it must not be taken too absolutely. All the *technique* in the universe would never of itself have produced "Rizpah" or "In Memoriam"; whilst, on the other hand, in such pieces as "Evelyn Hope" or "A Toccata of Galuppi's," or many of his shorter lyrics, Browning has touched a point of artistic perfection hardly surpassed by Tennyson. But, with certain reservations, the contrast is a true one; it is a contrast such as we may find between the man who produces pictures finished *ad unguem* and the man who, lacking technical perfection, pours forth his soul on the canvas; or between the musician (be he composer, vocalist, or executant), whose unrivalled *technique* is the boast and envy of his compeers, and the one who, with indifferent aids of skill or voice, yet seems to utter forth his very nature. It may seem a hard saying, but the fact that Tennyson belongs, in the main, to the first of these two classes goes far to explain the sense of something wanting which he inspires, as I have reason to believe, in many of his readers and admirers. It is not merely that he is sometimes trivial, not unfrequently prosaic, and too much occupied with mere prettiness for so great an artist—the cause is a deeper one. Keenly conscious of the exquisiteness of his art at its best, nay, of the high and noble aims to which he has often dedicated his powers, they are not deeply stirred, for no sympathetic glow has passed from the poet's soul to the soul of his readers. In Browning, on the other hand, one hears, even beneath his ruggedest verse, the beating of a human heart; it is a great spirit, a great and noble personality with which one comes into contact through the medium of his art; and hence the exaltation and the profound sympathy which he inspires in those who feel his power.

A second point of divergence, partly implied in the first, is that there are no personages in Tennyson (no men and women which, once beheld and known, live henceforth in the imagination as real beings), while in Browning, taking his shorter poems alone, what a gallery we have! Who can ever forget the sceptical bishop Blougram, or that other bishop of the Renaissance, reflecting its sensuality, its paganism, its classical lore, its Christian superstition, who on his death-bed bids his "nephews" erect him a splendid tomb in St. Praxed's Church? Who can forget the cruel, sensual, superstitious monk of the Spanish cloister, or Andrea del Sarto, or Hervé Riel, or Ivan Ivanovich? Tennyson has no figures to set beside any of them, unless such a photograph of the common-place as "The Northern Farmer" be so considered. In those highly-wrought cabinet pictures (as they have been called), "The Idylls of the King," the figure of the blameless Arthur is but a little more shadowy than those of his knights and their ladies; while of that other blameless Arthur, the friend of the poet's youth, no living image stands out from the prolonged, the artful, the beautiful and noble strains of "In Memoriam." In "Maud," perhaps the most powerful of all Tennyson's longer poems, the passion of the lovers is certainly a very real thing; but neither of Maud nor of her lover can it be said that they live henceforth with the reader as a part of "his study of imagination." Tennyson, to put it briefly, tells us all about his characters, but he lacks in general that vital sympathy with them, that power of entering into their very souls, which could alone enable him to bring those souls by the means of his art into true and living relation with the souls of others.

Thirdly, Tennyson is the poet of law, of order, of the established course of things; while Browning accepts man and the world in their totality, the evil with the good, not

ignoring the fact that it is evil, yet not repelled by it, as believing it will ultimately issue in and be absorbed by the good. The latter's sympathy, in short, is with man as man; Tennyson's with man as moulded by moral and religious culture. He could never have conceived or composed a piece, for instance, like "Porphyria's Lover." Such a story of lawless love, leading to lawless crime, would have had no attractions for him; or if he had told it at all, it would have been done, not dramatically, but to point a moral. Perhaps, however, "The Sisters" may be named as an instance to the contrary, and indeed there is so much in Tennyson—examples of such varied power—that it is somewhat rash perhaps to make any absolute statements about him. He cares not for the wild, the untamed, either in man or in nature; the man who dies for king, or wife, or country; the woman who for devotion to husband or child, dares and endures the worst, these demand and claim his sympathetic interest, as examples of obedience to that duty which is law. He is by nature, I take it, a typical Britisher, whose essential Conservatism and insularity of mind is not seriously affected, though he professes to be an ardent Liberal and a large-hearted lover of his race, and who has little sympathy with any struggles for freedom which outrage his own sense of what is fit and proper. Browning, on the other hand, is a genuine cosmopolitan, not therefore the less a true patriot. It happens a little singularly that in the one instance in which Browning and Tennyson have come into something like direct rivalry, in the twin ballads of "Hervé Riel" and "The Revenge," we should have an illustration of this, Tennyson's naval hero being an Englishman, who defies "the dogs of Spain," Browning's, a Breton pilot who saves the remnant of the French fleet from their English pursuers after the victory of the Hogue. As a

lover of law and order in the material no less than in the moral world, mountain-scenery of the grandest kind does not really attract Tennyson; it is too shapeless and chaotic. His ideal landscape is an English landscape; his ideal home an English home, removed a little, yet not too far, from the haunts of men:

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

To the rapture of Wordsworth as he stands at dawn on some lonely peak watching the sun "arise and bathe the world in light;" to the emotion of Shelley, lingering one June day on the Bridge of Arve in presence of the vision of Mont Blanc nay, to Matthew Arnold's feeling for nature in the poems called "Switzerland," there is not the faintest parallel in Tennyson. He has, indeed, some very picturesque passages on certain effects of mountain landscape as of other landscape, but nothing which ever makes the reader feel that the spirit of the mountains has entered into his spirit. Browning, again, cares little for nature in comparison with man, or save as a background for his being and doing and suffering; but he has a much deeper feeling for the sublime in nature than Tennyson, or at least a much greater power of making his readers feel it. Let any one compare, for example, the opening lines of "Enone" (and a more exquisitely wrought picture of a mountain landscape it would be hard to find in English verse) with those lines from "The Englishman in Italy," which describe a ride on mule-back to the summit of Calvano and the view therefrom, lines in which the poet seems to have caught the very spirit of the landscape he describes:—

God's own profound

Was above me, and round me the mountains, and under, the sea,
And within me my heart to bear witness what was and shall be.

Fourthly, and this is my last point, Browning is a poet

of an assured faith, Tennyson of a struggling uncertain one. That Browning accepted any one of the current creeds I do not for a moment suppose, but he believes in two things; he believes in God, and he believes in man—in man because in God. There is no thought recurring more persistently in his writings than that of the infinite possibilities of the individual human existence. Man's life here is but a link in a chain, a stage in the development of the soul; and in this light failure, imperfection, the pursuit of impossible ideals are better than any so-called successes, because they point to something beyond.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped :
 All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, would'st fain arrest :
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

Thus, believing in God and in the enduring life, the boundless future of the soul He has made, Browning believes in himself and in his art. Not only, as we know from many poems of his, has he been deeply affected by and can nobly interpret the other arts, as music and painting; but his ambition is all embracing, and would claim for itself, ultimately, the whole field of art:—

I shall never, in the years remaining,
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
 Make you music that should all-express me ;
 So it seems : I stand on my attainment.
 This of verse alone, one life allows me ;
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
 Other heights in other lives, God willing—
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love.

With Tennyson it is quite different. His belief in the spiritual world and in a future life does not seem to have come to him by intuition, as with Browning, but by emotional compulsion; and to be only maintained at the cost of a constant intellectual struggle with the direst scepticism. He is thus profoundly troubled by the revelations of science, which seem not at all to disturb Browning, who would have maintained, I doubt not, that a single human soul is a more marvellous and a more awful thing to contemplate than the whole material universe. Neither in "The Two Voices," nor in "In Memoriam," can one resist the conclusion that the poet is forcing himself to believe, against the demands of his intellect, and the impressive poem, "Vastness," in his last volume, points to the same conclusion. He also feels deeply his own insignificance in the presence of the ages and the worlds; his songs, he thinks, will soon pass into the gulf of time, and be lost for ever. Those terrible Muses, Astronomy and Geology, are seated (he tells us in a poem in his last volume) on the twin peaks of Parnassus, and blast the poet's laureate crown with their awful shadows.

In conclusion, I would quote the two poems which close the two last volumes of these great poets, the final volume of one—both, singularly enough, dealing with the thought of death and what may be beyond it, and illustrating remarkably their own respective attitudes in presence of the great mystery. Here is Tennyson's:—

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

Exquisite, indeed ! Perhaps, as a piece of art, an example of a fine, a moving conception, expressed in perfect verse. Tennyson himself has never surpassed it, at any rate in the form of a short lyric. But how solemn a note is struck here, more solemn than when he describes the passing of his own Arthur, of whom ran the weird rhyme, "From the great deep to the great deep he goes." Compare it with the jubilant note, as of a warrior triumphant, the full assurance of faith, in the answering poem of Browning, a poem vastly inferior as art, but which sums up as it were the spirit of the man and his life ; a poem not unworthy of the poet of "Prospice" and "Childe Roland." The impetuous rush of the language forms of itself a fine contrast to the slow, solemn cadences of the other. Here, then, is the "Epilogue" to "Asolando":—

At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
 —Pity me ?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel,
 Being—who ?

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's work-time,
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 "Strive and thrive !" cry "Speed, fight on, fare ever
 There as here !"

C. E. TYRER.

THE MELODY OF BROWNING.

Where is any certain tune
 Of measured music in such notes as these ?

—E. B. Browning.

"The melody of Browning!" I fancy I hear some jesting sceptic exclaim, "better follow the example of the writer of the famous chapter on 'The Snakes of Iceland,' and say there is no melody in Browning, and so make an end of your subject. Your poet does but remind one of the man in the play who is constantly repressing his disposition to song by exclaiming 'Down, melody, down!'" To criticism of such a light and flippant character, however, one does not care in this instance to listen, preferring rather to remind the jester of those lines:—

Vex not thou the poet's mind
 With thy shallow wit,
 For thou canst not fathom it.

Nevertheless, it is a matter beyond doubt that, to the average reader outside the Browning Society, Browning is regarded as an unmelodious poet. Of his obscurity there is no question; even his most devoted admirers must in reading him, especially in poems of the "Sordello" type, have often felt—

Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized.

But that there is much melody in his verse is by no means so readily admitted. If there is any music in him, say some, it is more perplexing than tuneful. To correct such an impression in a critical or analytical way is not pos-

sible within the narrow limits allowed to such a paper as this, and the best one can do in the circumstances must assume merely an illustrative form.

That Browning is a great poet—how great we may not have quite recognized yet—must, I think, be admitted. Now a great poet is of necessity a great singer. That is of the very essence of the case. Deep down in him there must be a sense of harmony, and what we call his poetry is the thought within him moving to music and finding musical expression.

He must, more or less, be one who—

Through long days of labour
And nights devoid of ease,
Still hears in his soul the music
Of wondrous melodies.

The value and worth of the song will depend upon the quality of the soul which produces it. It may be mere rhyme and jingle, but that is not what we want. In that case prose is preferable. As Carlyle, distinguishing between true song and rhyme, says, song is the Heroic of speech. "All old poems—Homer's and the rest—are authentically songs; I would say, in strictness, that all right poems are, that whatsoever is not *song* is probably no Poem but a piece of Prose cramped into jingling lines—to the great injury of the grammar, to the great grief of the reader for the most part; what we want to get at is the *thought* the man had, if he had any; why should he twist it into jingle if he could speak it out plainly? It is only when the heart of him is rapt into true passion of melody and the very tones of him become musical by the greatness, depth, and music of his thought that we can give him right to rhyme and sing; that we call him a Poet, and listen to him as the Heroic of speakers—whose speech is song." We have, in the first place, then to keep fast hold of this idea that the

poet must be a singer. What he is singing about, the value of his song, and his form of expression are subjects for critical consideration. The true singer is one whose message can only be given to us in song, varying, it may be, from rhythmical chant or measured recitative to the sweetest and most melodious combination of words. Of the highest effort of this soul expression Mrs. Browning has said:—

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling, interwound :
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground ;
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air.

Now I am one of those who think that Browning might have used these words himself if he could have found the same form of utterance as his more musical wife, and this leads me to the consideration of the different forms of expression. The music in a poem is not always that which is the result of its construction. There is, sometimes, an inner harmony proceeding from the thought itself, which, though it does not strike the ear may touch the soul, and I doubt not that those whose spirits are attuned to that of the poet may recognize an undertone of melodious sweetness, a "singing in the sails which is not of the breeze"—even in those rugged, inverted, elliptical utterances of Browning which to duller souls seem sometimes to vex the grammar and obscure the sense. After all, given a certain depth of thought and purpose in the poet, the power of recognizing his music is a matter of sympathy in ear and tune. It was no proof that it is not possible to produce the divinest strains from a violin because Dr. Johnson could not recog-

nize it, and said that he would that such music were impossible. On the other hand, old Sir Thomas Browne says in the "*Religio Medici*," that "the tavern music which makes one man merry and another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion." So, in poetry, there are those who find harmony and melodious thought and the subtlest poetical music in that rhyme and rhythm-despising poet, Walt Whitman.

Browning's poetry is like the music of some of the great composers, Wagner, for instance, it is of a complex kind, developing from within and revealing itself with a closer acquaintance and an increased knowledge. Matter, with him, is more important than smoothness of form and expression. The beauty of the idea reveals itself beneath the ruggedness of the utterance, and in his central thought you find the inner melody. He never seems to wed thought to words simply for the purposes of musical cadence as Tennyson does; nowhere in him will you find such sweetness of expression as in that choric song of "*The Lotos Eaters*." You remember it:—

There is sweet music, here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes:
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Nowhere has Browning such melodious songs, commending themselves to the popular ear, as are scattered through the "*Princess*" and the "*Idylls of the King*." Still it would be wrong to say that there is not much music in Browning's utterance, as a few illustrations will help to show. He gives us snatches of sweetness sometimes in

his longer poems, which come like the sweet airs in a long-drawn complex symphony, such for instance as that song in "Paracelsus," which begins—

Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament.

In "Pippa Passes," which, though blank verse is in itself, full of musical cadences, you have such songs as these—

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill side's dew pearly ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

and this—

You'll love me yet !—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing :
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry
From seeds of April's sowing.

I plant a heartful now : some seed
At least, is sure to strike
And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, maybe, like.

You'll look, at least, on love's remains,
A grave's one violet :
Your look ? that pays a thousand pains.
What's death ? You'll love me yet !

Then there are some lines in that poem styled—"In a Gondola," which haunt one with their rhythmical sweetness—

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest ?
The land's lap or the water's breast ?
To sleep on yellow millet sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water lily leaves,
An inch from death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must ;
Which life were best on Summer eves ?

Browning's most melodious verse is of course to be found in his Lyrics. In "Pisgah sights" we have such lines as these—

Could I but live again
Twice my life over,
Would I once strive again ?
Would not I cover
Quietly all of it—
Greed and ambition—
So, from the pall of it
Pass to fruition ?

Then regarding body and spirit, we have these:—

Waft of soul's wing !
What lies above ?
Sunshine and love,
Skyblue and spring !

Body hides—where ?
Ferns of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care !

Of those notes of sweetness which can only be lightly or occasionally touched here, there occur these in the poem "Memorabilia":—

Ah ! did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again ?
How strange it seems, and new !

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world, no doubt.
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about ;

For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather !
Well, I forget the rest.

Some of Browning's sweetest tones are to be found in his "Home Thoughts from Abroad." Who does not frequently, as spring comes round, find himself speaking these lines ?

Oh ! to be in England
 Now, that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees some morning unaware,
 That the lowest boughs, and the brushwood sheaf,
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !
 And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark ! where my pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !

And then there is that other patriotic and melodious
 outburst in "Home Thoughts from the Sea":—

Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the North-west died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay,
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray ;
 "Here and here did England help me ; how can I help England !" say,
 Whose turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray.

He can be rhythmical, too, with something of fine
 scorn mingled with regret, in the "Lost Leader":—

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents
 Made him a pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us, they watch from their graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

How tenderly pathetically musical he can be you have
 evidence in such a lay as that on Evelyn Hope, of which
 these are the first and last stanzas:—

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead !
 Sit and watch by her side an hour,
 That is her bookshelf, this her bed ;
 She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
 Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
 Little has yet been changed I think :
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass,
 Save two long rays through the hinges' chink !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
 My heart seemed full as it would hold ?
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
 So hush, I will give you this leaf to keep ;
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand ;
 There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

How he sometimes can give you a pathetic idea more
 exquisitely expressive as such than the form in which it is
 conveyed you find in " May and Death."

I wish that when you died last May,
 Charles, there had died along with you
 Three parts of spring's delightful things ;
 Ay, and for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps !
 There must be many a pair of friends
 Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
 Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

Only, one little sight, one plant,
 Woods have in May, that starts up green
 Save a sole streak which, so to speak,
 Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That, they might spare ; a certain wood
 Might miss the plant ; their loss were small :
 But I,—when'er the leaf grows there,
 Its drop comes from my heart, that's all.

Browning was unquestionably a musician in soul, but
 something at times came between thought and expression
 to mar the artistic form. Like all true poets and musicians,
 he had that yearning for completeness which comes of the

consciousness of half attained results. What he says of the musician Abt Vogler he doubtless meant for himself. He tells us how that—

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms this conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.

Though in such poems as "Saul" there is often a fine rhythmical chant, it must be confessed that in the majority of Browning's larger efforts the lights are broken, the expression comes, as it were, stammeringly, and the music is disturbed and perplexed. At such times the poet's soul is—

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes.

JOHN MORTIMER.

A POET'S PARTING GIFT.

"Mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream,
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes."

The Flight of the Duchess.

On the morning of Thursday, December 12th, 1889, was given to the world a small volume of poems, gems threaded upon one string, and titled "Asolando"; and while yet the world's readers were eagerly delighting in the gift, their pleasure was saddened by the news flashed on the same evening from Venice that the giver had gone "the way of the roses."

To a thoughtful reader of Robert Browning's poems, this

circumstance invests this, the poet's latest and last work, with a pathetic interest. It is as though a friend giving a token should be taken while it was yet warm with his life-heat, and his words of love and friendship were yet tingling the ears of the receiver. The gift, however humble in comparison with previous ones, would still be valued on account of the circumstances associated with it. But, apart from these, the book under notice is not, compared with its author's earlier work, by any means to be considered humble. If it is not an advance beyond his highest work, it is in no sense retrograde. His sign-manual is upon every page, and the writing thereof is as vigorous, bold, earnest, and manly as it hitherto has been. He has worked with an energy as fiery as ever, whose very fierceness probably burnt itself out while it was yet apparently strong; for the volume contains no mark that might signify, even to any one knowing the writer's physical condition at the time, that it was to be his last. It does not lead us to believe that he had retired—

Apart
With the hoarded memories of the heart,
And gathered all to the very least
Of the fragments of life's earlier feast
Let fall through eagerness to find
The crowning dainties yet behind.

Indeed the Epilogue seems rather to hint that he was in the midst of his work.

The title "*Asolando*" is, in the dedication (dated so recently as October 15th, 1889), declared to be taken from a late Latin word "*Asolare*"—to disport in the open air, amuse one's-self at random; and though, to a man with a mind as incisive as was Robert Browning's, the poems may be amusement, there is yet much in them that requires thought, and thought too of the kind that he insisted upon, that does not "allow one to lie on a couch and smoke meanwhile," as he once said.

He begins with a Prologue:—

The poet's age is sad : for why ?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object but his eye
At once involved with alien glow—
His own soul's iris-bow.

And now a flower is just a flower :
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinct by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began,
Round each in glory ran.

What to his younger eyes was a fiery bush is to his aged ones still a bush—but bare. How is this? Is it he who sees and hears wrongly?

No, for the purged ear apprehends
Earth's import, not the eye late dazed :
The voice said "Call my works thy friends !
At Nature dost thou shrink amazed ?
God is it who transcends !"

Then follow twenty-eight short poems in that dramatic style, the alleged ruggedness and obscurity of which have been productive of so much discussion. There are stories of love, art, music, and religion, each with its message and its clear insight into motive. Of the first and second "Beatrice Signorini" is a fine example, analogous to "Andrea del Sarto." "Flute music with an accompaniment," very suggestive, too, of its title, is a poem which will rouse the ire of a musician whose only music is the classical—the ultra-earthly ; for it is a plea for consideration for those who have learnt enough to please themselves and their friends without a thought of what the masters can accomplish. "The Cardinal and the Dog," "The Bean Feast," "The Pope and the Net," "Ponte dell' Angelo Venice," each give a religious experience, with its reasons and result. For simplicity, sweetness, and passion we may turn to "Humility."

What girl but, having gathered flowers,
 Stript the beds and spoilt the bowers,
 From the lapful light she carries
 Drops a careless bud ?—nor tarries
 To regain the waif and stray :
 "Store enough for home"—she'll say.

So say I too : give your lover
 Heaps of loving—under, over,
 Whelm him—make the one the wealthy !
 Am I all so poor who—stealthy
 Work it was !—picked up what fell :
 Not the worst bud—who can tell ?

And—

A PEARL, A GIRL.

A simple ring with a single stone
 To the vulgar eye no stone of price :
 Whisper the right word, that alone—
 Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
 And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)
 Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole
 Through the power in a pearl.

A woman ('tis I this time that say)
 With little the world counts worthy praise :
 Utter the true word—out and away
 Escapes her soul : I am wrapt in blaze,
 Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
 Lord whole and sole—by a minute's birth—
 Through the love in a girl !

"Muckle-mouth Meg" is a bright and spirited version of the old ballad, and we have a shaft of satire at vivisection in "Arcades Ambo," and another at the slaughter of birds for dress purposes in "The Lady and the Painter," which glances in its flight on the "British Matron."

The last poem in the book is "Reverie," in which the poet from his age looked back and pondered (as he sang in an early poem):—

On the entire past
 Laid together thus at last
 When the twilight helps to fuse
 The first fresh with the faded hues,
 And the outline of the whole
 Grandly fronts for once the soul.

And after considering his life and the conflict of what is called good, and what is called evil, he concluded thus—

Then life is—to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'.

I have faith such end shall be :
From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see ? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play.

A fitting farewell to earth by the poet, whose new day has dawned, and who rests, as he has worked—under the hand of God.

EDMUND MERCER.





AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

BY ALFRED EDMESTON.

OF late within a wood I strayed,
What time rich autumn tints abound;
The yellow leaves bestrew the ground,
And silent all the dark'ning glade.

Without, no reapers' voices ring,
Filling the fields with cheerful din,
For harvest safe is garnered in;
Mute are the brooks, "and no birds sing."

And all about is still as death,
Save tap of leaves that shivering fall,
As though they felt their snowy pall,
Or hast'ning Winter's icy breath.

It is that hour we vainly flee,
When all the past comes surging in,
With all the mighty Might-have-been
That is not, and shall never be.

And thus I muse disconsolate
On love, and friends beyond recall,
On creeping age, the stirring call
To worthy deeds, and all my fate.

Oh withered leaves! Oh withered lives!

What contrast here, what parallel!

The leaves, though sere, are lovely still,
Whilst I—what beauty here survives.

Oh fruitless days! Oh wasted powers!

How rankling is your memory here,
Where harvest glads the ageing year
With plenteous fruits of golden hours.

What sadder irony than this

On man's vain-glory in his mind—

That Nature's self shall quell and bind,
The earth subdue and make it his—

That Nature, working, through a clod

Lacking e'en instinct of the beast,

Still ever at her harvest feast

Lays the meet sheaves before her God;

And man, with high volition crowned—

Promethean fire from heaven rapt—

In idlesse or vain dreamings lapped,

His harvest rotting all around!

Or he—if not of those who sit

Languid 'neath Pleasure's soft caress—

Content perforce with half-success,

Or o'er his work sees "Failure" writ!

Oh wasted powers! Oh shame and grief!

That Nature working through a clod

Her kindly fruits pours on the sod,

And I bring not a single sheaf.

Yet let not vain regrets deride,

The puissant mind, man's noblest dower;

It is a gift of highest power,

And He who gave it still can guide.

The Will, with might supreme impress'd,
No 'prentice hand unskilled can wield;
E'en Nature's self at last shall yield
Obedience to its high behest.

Yet hath her voice some notes of glee
Man's troubled soul with Hope to thrill;
And I would fain that Hope distill
To dream on, if nought else may be.

These shrivelled leaves that crumbling lie,
As seasons roll shall change to store
Of living sap for some bright flower
That lifts to heaven its radiant eye.

So though I bring no garnered grain,
And many wasted hours regret,
Some kindly hearts may bless me yet,
Nor deem my life lived all in vain.





THE PHILOSOPHY IN LEVER'S "BARRINGTON."

BY EDGAR ATKINS.

PHILOSOPHY, like orange-peel, is often stumbled upon unexpectedly. The result from either agency is similar—a sudden change in the immediately precedent chain of thought. In the garden of literature fiction is as plentiful as grass in the field. Although, in consequence of its vast quantity, it may be of small intrinsic value, the soil which it hides is as likely to contain earth's most precious gems, as is that of the choicest flowers or the grandest oaks.

Lever will, doubtless, always be classed as a prolific writer of "ordinary fiction." To demonstrate that he was a philosopher, entitled to rank with Carlyle, Emerson, Spencer, and Kant, is a task not here undertaken or designed.

Unfortunately, for the permanence of his fame, he did not possess transcendental haze—a gift confined to those really great authors who begin to write on a subject, forget what it is, and continue writing. So his fiction is clear; so intelligible in fact that it is needless to make a study of several other volumes (of diverse conclusions) as a prepa-

ration to the understanding of one of his. Readers are not told that "with action appropriate were cast earth's sable jewels to the cremative blast," but merely that fresh coals were put in the stove. How disappointing to those who deem haze only entitled to worship, and the power of clear and graphic expression unworthy of cultivation. This intelligibility is a grave error of judgment on the author's part; it excludes him from any possibility of taking rank amongst poets, whether of the prose or verse order. To-day it is idle to expect such rank, unless an author be able to produce a comprehensive but incomprehensible chaotic combination of caliginous chords completely confounding commentators.

But, whilst disclaiming any intention of unduly exalting Lever, it is proposed by an examination of his novel, "Barrington," to try to show that he had in his own character a true vein of sound philosophy.

In the work the author frequently speaks of the "temperament" of his characters, seemingly using the term in contra-distinction to character, and rightly so. Temperament, it is conceived, is the predisposing influence which impels those actions and thoughts which demonstrate character. It is the fuel; character is the fire it produces. By an inverse process of analysis character may be regarded as the actions which prove the temperament, though, to the casual observer, they may seem in direct opposition to it. Here is an instance in Lever's words: "Gambling . . . is not the vice of cold, selfish, and sordid men, but of warm, rash, sometimes over-generous temperaments. . . . The professional playman is, of all others, . . . least of a gamester in his heart; his superiority lying in the simple fact that his passions are never engaged, his interest never stirred."

Every one will agree that "in all our moral chemistry

we have never yet hit upon an antidote to a chilling reception." Perhaps the nearest approach to it is the accident of temperament. Thus a person of feeble perceptive power may call at a friend's house, and, although shown into a cold room without being asked to sit down, he will remain for an hour providing the whole of the conversation, regardless of the most violent rattling of crockery in an adjoining room. The same person bears himself well in the converse case of a genial reception under a misapprehension. Some few months ago a man called at a house in the suburbs of Manchester and inquired for the master. He was out: the inquirer was asked in: time passed, but Mr. — did not appear. The caller was invited to a glass of ale which, not liking to seem unappreciative, was accepted. Still Mr. — tarried. The supper hour approached; the waiting guest was asked to join the family board. His compliant nature yielded, and his appetite, no doubt, did yeoman service in a manner indicative of a stomach at work and a mind at rest. Supper was barely finished ere Mr. — got home, to receive from the stranger within his gates a document containing a pious reference to the Grace of God, vulgarly called a writ.

It is a pleasant reflection for that portion of mankind—probably ninety-nine per cent of us—who are wanting in any distinguishing ability that that is, in itself, a recommendation, if not for the world's respect, at least for its goodwill. We seldom hear of a genius being a capital fellow to go away from home with, to fetch into your house if the water pipe bursts, or to take a basin of beef tea to your servant's sick mother when the daughter is wanted because company is coming. Lever depicts a man of firm and commanding disposition—without which, in its proper sphere, it is not likely much will be accomplished—and remarks, "It is a fact, and not a very agreeable fact either,

that a man with a mass of noble qualities may fail to attract that kindliness and good feeling towards himself which a far less worthy individual, merely by certain traits, or by the semblance of them, of a yielding, passive nature, is almost sure to acquire."

Critics, competent and otherwise, dispute perennially the proper estimate to be placed on distinguished men; it is generally supposed this dispute is without end, and therefore that it bears some resemblance to a guinea-pig. Lever solves it very simply—"The price a man puts on himself is the very highest penny the world will ever bid for him; he'll not always get *that*, but he'll never—no never, get a farthing beyond it." No doubt there is much truth in this, but as for the vast majority of us, there is "no offer" in the world's auction, we are irresistibly forced to the conclusion that there must be an immense stock of lumber, not likely to be decreased, in a world, seemingly but a nursery, in which it is terrible to contemplate that no suggestion to restrict the output is ever heard.

There is a type of man, whose mouth, when not engaged in the dental prologue to nutrition, operates only as an automatic sluice-gate for the emission of floods of capital "I's." He is called anegotist. Excluding him, there is, amongst men generally, not a feeling of satisfaction with the gifts, if any, which they may possess, but rather a desire that something were added. The consciousness of the power of verse may be accompanied with a contemporaneous deep regret for the absence of music, song, or painting. This feeling is necessary; otherwise each possessor of one talent would be wrapped up in the proud satisfaction it might afford him, and it would preclude striving after anything further, leading to that process of decay which is the punishment of inertia in a life in which there is ever present constant indicia of the necessity for progress. The feeling is an

outcome of a well-known law, of which Lever says "there is a law of compensation even for the small things of this life, and, by the wise enactments of that law, human happiness, on the whole, is pretty equally distributed. The rich man, probably, never felt one tithe of the enjoyment in his noble demesne that it yielded to some poor artisan, who strolled through it on a holiday, and tasted at once the charm of a woodland scene with all the rapturous delight of a day of rest." The concluding lines of the foregoing passage suggest a curious inconsistency. A marked characteristic of the day is its philanthropy, individual and vicarious—chiefly the latter. Amongst the numerous persons so placed that no trade difficulty (unless it relates to gas) can inconvenience them, who are ever ready to foment labour disputes, how few there are who would permit the workmen to walk through their grounds on Sunday. When they quote the Fourth Commandment one feels that their piety is as fixed as are the colours of the chameleon. Surely for them, Lever wrote, "It is marvellous how quickly a kind action, done to another, reconciles a man to himself. Doubtless, conscience, at such times, condescends to play the courtier, and whispers 'What a good fellow you are! and how unjust the world is when it calls you cold, and haughty, and ungenial!'"

Lever seems to have had a very cordial dislike to the masculine woman—the pet "vertical dromedary" of the present day—for he makes one of his characters say—"Manly young ladies are the hardest things in nature. They are as insensible to danger as they are to—" "shame," added the lady referred to. Judged by his writings, he was not wanting in admiration of the sex; but probably, whilst approving the advancement of woman in every possible way, he would have carefully avoided transforming man from her protector to her rival.

There can hardly be any doubt as to the side on which he would be ranged on the recently mooted question "Shall women smoke?" If a merely manly woman were so objectionable to him, how would he have contemplated a smoking mother, rocking her infant and ever and anon stopping to spit over its cradle? From cigarettes to "churchwardens" is not a very far cry.

Just as the grass of Spring hides the fallen leaves of the previous Autumn, new desires, provoked by fresh impressions on the eye or the ear, are incessantly crowding out their predecessors. For the time they may have given such enjoyment that one may be disposed to believe that long desired content has come. A house may have been taken that is everything wished, whilst its situation precludes hope of improvement. A visit to a neighbour, resident five minutes' walk away, annihilates all the charm previously experienced. The former content becomes an unbearable desire to acquire your host's house. Your own ceases to charm; the mind busies itself with wondering if there be a mortgage on his premises, and if the interest is in arrear. The neatly kept walks and faultless glass-houses, indicative of the absence of pecuniary embarrassment, have no power to please.

Pleasure is far less lasting, and incomparably more brittle, than pain. Of this Lever must have been acutely conscious to write "Have you never felt . . . in gazing on some fair landscape, with mountain, and stream, and forest before you, that the scene was perfect, wanting nothing in form, or tone, or colour, till suddenly a flash of strong sunlight from behind a cloud lit up some spot with a glorious lustre, to fade away as quickly into the cold tint it had worn before—have you not felt then that the picture had lost its marvellous attraction, and that the very soul of its beauty had departed? In vain you try to recall the

past impression; your memory will mourn over the lost, and refuse to be comforted. And so it is often in life. The momentary charm that came unexpectedly can become all in all to our imaginations, and its departure leave a blank, like a death, behind it."

This passage is full of philosophic thought. The equally balanced power of the mind, for the reception of pleasant impressions and the reverse, is aptly illustrated. The complete, and, for the moment, supposed perfect beauty of the scene, then the bursting of the sunlight upon it, instantly sweeping away the lesser pleasure of the preceding second, and holding the gaze spellbound, the equally rapid withdrawal of the light, transforming that which had been a source of pleasure into a mere shadow-land—a veritable graveyard of memory, is all impressibly put. The exhilarating effect entirely destroyed, the spirits, perhaps set in a lower key for the rest of the day, the mind, unwilling to lose its hold of the picture, vainly goading the memory to recall the past impression; the brief limit of the period of pleasure, the far more prolonged one of regret; then too, the emphatic nature of the mental blank, "like a death," all these are forcibly suggested.

Lever must have been keenly sensitive to disappointment to write "the memory of our happiest moments ought ever to be of the very faintest and weakest, since, could we recall them in all their fulness and freshness, the recollection would only serve to deepen the gloom of age, and embitter all its daily trials. Nor is it, altogether, a question of memory! It is in the very essence of happiness to be indescribable. Who could impart in words the simple pleasure he has felt as he lay day-dreaming in the deep grass, lulled by the humming insect, or the splash of falling water, with teeming fancy peopling the space around, and blending the possible with the actual? The more exquisite

the sense of enjoyment, the more it will defy delineation." With much of this there is no disposition to quarrel. But are we prepared to concede that "the memory of our happiest moments ought ever to be of the very faintest"? There is a marked distinction between the recollection of a good dinner and that of a happy event. The sensation of the former is probably pathological, and so unpleasant. The exact converse is true of the latter. Recalling happy memories is itself the reproduction of happiness. Immediately the mind ceases to be concentrated on the accomplishment of some additional object it turns its marvellous cylinder—memory; the pleasure of so doing is proportionate to the brightness of the scenes there graven. A life with an ample reserve fund of accumulated pleasure is—if a paradox may be allowed—much further from joyful bankruptcy than one in the contrary condition. It may be objected that a fall to a lower position may be embittered by the remembrance of former greatness. No doubt; but in that case, it is not the possession of the good storehouse which produces the unhappiness, but the fear that it is unlikely to be further replenished. That man's state is truly lamentable to whom at every reverie—

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at "his" breast, and turns the past to pain.

Probably none will dispute the indescribability of pleasure. It is doubtful if any can ever be exactly reproduced—a circumstance which adds greatly to its piquancy. Every reproduction differs in its degree. If incapable of exact reproduction, how much more of absolutely accurate description.

The absence of the power of imaginative memory is, in Lever's judgment, not without compensation. He remarks "for the true luxury of idleness there is nothing like the temperament devoid of fancy. There is

a grand breadth about those quiet peaceful minds over which no shadows flit, and which can find sufficient occupation through the senses, and never have to go "within" for their resources. These men can sit the livelong day and watch the tide break over a rock, or see the sparrow teach her young to fly, or gaze on the bee as he dives into the deep cup of the foxglove, and actually need no more to fill the hours. For them there is no memory with its dark byegones; there is no looming future with its possible misfortunes; there is simply a half-sleepy present, with soft sounds and sweet odours through it—a balmy kind of stupor, from which the awakening comes without a shock."

That is the type of man who will have a hansom, ready at the door, to take him to the cricket match immediately on the termination of a meeting of his creditors; a man of sincere though brief religious creed—*dum spiro spero*.

Dr. Dill, one of Barrington's neighbours, says sarcastically: "How I like to hear about hope. I never knew a fellow worth sixpence that had that cant of 'hope' in his mouth." It will not be supposed the doctor alludes to hope in the sense of belief in ultimately succeeding; it would be idle to suggest that anyone would go from Joppa to Jericho in the fixed belief that his destination had already been destroyed by an earthquake, or begin to build a house having no hope it would be possible to get bricks for it; but the sanguine, hope-overloaded being, who sits in the highway of life, with the "madding crowd" ever pressing by him, content to "hope" that a railway is sure to be made to take him to his desired goal, is certain ultimately to become a repulsive excrescence on his friends—a veritable parasite. Sooner or later he descends to, and is regarded as a godsend by, the philanthropists. But they are a singular lot, and (exclusive of many most honourable

exceptions) are either crafty gratuitous self-advertisers, or individuals with hearts of milk and brains of the consistency of butter when exposed to the heat of the summer sun. Hope, though it animates the resolute and energetic, is never by them permitted to usurp action, notwithstanding that it "springs eternal in the human breast."

"What is easily acquired is little valued" is a trite observation. A generally accepted standard of value is the price paid for possession. Arguing upon that hypothesis, evidence is not wanting that Lever paid his lawyer very small fees, else he would not have written, "I'd rather have the unbought judgment of a shrewd man of the world than a score of opinions based upon the quips and cranks of an attorney's instructions." That may be all very well, but what becomes of the "shrewd man of the world" when opposed to another "shrewd man of the world," *plus* attorney?

The reference to shrewdness, a compound of foresight and common sense, reminds one that the latter quality has never been attributed to any source. If a man have eleven starving children, and another expected; if a drunken engine driver wreck a train; if the mother of six babes go to the theatre dressed in a partial negation of clothes, take cold, and die, each atrocity is beplastered upon a much maligned Providence, which, if the attribution were not utterly unjustifiable, would seem to be guided by imbecility. Who ever heard common sense attributed to the same source?

What's in a name? Hot-pot by any other cognomen would be equally indigestible! Persistent adherence in a course of action is called by those who approve it perseverance, obstinacy by those who disapprove. He who goes on his own way without consulting any one is certain to

gather a few unfavourable critics; yet he is the most likely to achieve success. "Men of a strong temperament," says Lever, "and with a large share of self-dependence, generally get credit from the world for obstinacy, just because the road *they* see out of difficulties is not the popular one." The truth of this is demonstrated daily. The spirit which ridiculed Jonas Hanway and his umbrella and opposed railways is not yet dead; incidents from time to time arising force the conclusion that it is an ingrained part of human nature much comforted by the reflection that—

'Tis well the sun and moon are placed so high,
Or some reforming ass,
To light the world with gas,
Would pull them from the sky.

There are many objects in Nature the benefits of the existence of which are not apparent on the first view. It has been said that, like potatoes, there is every year a fresh crop of fools. Can there be any good in them? Certainly. Is not the result of the deliberations of a body of men, individually fools, "collective wisdom"? It is asserted that men are all fools. As if that were not sufficiently humiliating, one admitted authority, speaking in that state of hurry which is so favourable to the incautious escape of truth, said "All men are liars."

The numerous chained ex-cupids who some time since slipped their matrimonial muzzles and prejudicially interfered with the interest taken in the money market column of the *Daily Telegraph*, would have seized with avidity on the following passage:—

Colonel Hunter finding Mrs. Dill reading "Clarissa Harlowe," an edition seemingly in nine volumes, says: "Take my word for it, madam, nobody could spare time nowadays to make love in nine volumes. Life's too short for it." . . . "Ay, ay," croaked Major

McCormick ; "marry in haste"—"Or" (interposed Hunter) "repent that you didn't. That's the true meaning of the adage." "The major" (remarked Miss Dill) "would rather apply leisure to the marriage, and make the repentance come"—"As soon as possible afterwards," said Miss Dinah, tartly.

If it be true, as Shakespeare writes, that "Love is a smoke raised with the fumes of sighs," it is a mournful scientific truth that the outcome of nine volumes of fumes would more probably be an inquest than a wedding cake. The problem of the cure of this amorous "smoke nuisance" has exercised many minds. Miss Dill, whom Colonel Hunter "held in solution," by a casual remark went a long way towards solving it. Speaking of her, Hunter says: "We were parting—a rather soft bit of parting, too—and I said something about my coming back with a wooden leg, and she said, 'No! have it of cork, they make them so cleverly now.'" We may infer that, as he went on his way, he said to himself:—

'Tis sad to know that woman's heart
So oft is cold and cruel,
And what should be her warmest part
Is but an icy jewel.

Judged by "Barrington" alone, Lever does not appear to be a very subtle analyst of character, but he certainly did not overlook the fact that, as an old Derry woman remarked to him, "It takes a' kind o' folk to mak' a world, and that amongst them are those singular beings whose chief delight is to make themselves miserable. The amusement has one point in its favour, which will commend it to political economists,—it is cheap.

Colonel Hunter and Major McCormick travelled together on a jaunting car. After ten miles of silence, Hunter (an Englishman) remarked to his companion, "Splendid road; one of the best I ever travelled on."

"Why wouldn't it be, when they can assess the county for it?"

"It's a fine country, and abounds in handsome places."

"And well mortgaged, too, the most of them."

"One might imagine himself in England."

"So he might for the matter of taxes. I don't see much difference."

Happily Lever did not pursue the conversation very much further, or it might have terminated like a hitherto unrecorded one—"Go to the devil—" "Sir, I do not wish to meet you again."

In the struggle for existence the victor often finds his crown painful to wear. Hunter had just been appointed to supersede an old friend. His situation gave rise to the following:—"There are few more painful situations in life than to find our advancement—the long wished and strived for promotion—achieved at the cost of some dearly-loved friend; to know that our road to fortune has led us across the figure of an old comrade, and that he who would have been the first to hail our success is already bewailing his own defeat."

Strong physical courage is often co-existent with extreme sensitiveness. The novelist admirably describes that condition. "That combination of high-heartedness and bashfulness, a blended temerity and timidity—by no means an uncommon temperament—renders a man's position in the embarrassments of life one of downright suffering. There are operators who feel the knife more sensitively than the patients. Few know what torments such men conceal under a manner of seeming slap-dash and carelessness."

Easy confidence and real ability are not necessarily allied. There is none more confident than he whose intelligence is not sufficient to show him his own unfitness.

Necessity is the mother of Invention, but Desire never appears to have had the advantage of a parental relation. Barrington and his man Darby were engaged selecting an outfit for the former, who was about to go abroad. "Them's elegant black satin breeches," said Darby, whose eyes of covetousness were actually rooted on the object of his desire. This leads the novelist to remark, "the total unsuitability to his condition of any object seems rather to enhance its virtue in the eyes of a lower Irishman, and a hat or a coat, which he could not, by any possibility, wear in public, might still be to him things to covet and desire." Is this correct? Is not the true inference that desire is provoked, as Kant would say, without any regard to a *posteriori* considerations? The passage serves to emphasise a marked difference between the way in which the English and the Irish estimate their lower orders. The former, when antagonistic, will describe the democracy as shams and humbugs. Those terms indicate anger, and, therefore, that credit is given for some degree of intelligence, for although a man may quarrel with his man-servant or his maid-servant, or even his wife, he would not do so with his ox or his ass; but the upper Irish often seem to regard their own "lower orders" more as quadrupeds than as beings similar to themselves, and apparently treat them with scornful pity.

We are very prone to think ourselves courageous if we pursue a course of action which we know will meet with general disapproval. "It's all brag—all nonsense," says Colonel Hunter. "The very effrontery with which you fancy you are braving public opinion is only Dutch courage. What each of us in his heart thinks of himself is only the reflex of the world's estimate of him—at least, what he imagines it to be. . . . If you want the concentrated essence of public opinion, you have only to do something

which shall irritate and astonish the half dozen people with whom you live in intimacy."

True enough. There is no need to go abroad for public opinion. Let any one who thinks he can paint, and wants to test opinion, submit to his brothers and sisters at breakfast in the morning, a landscape with cattle drinking. Will not Jack say "The animals are rather large for rabbits"? Whilst Tom, who only left school a week since for a surveyor's office, suggests that "the district would look better if it were drained." Then let the artist ask his sister how she likes the picture. "Oh, a picture, is it? Why didn't you get *some one who can write* to put a label on it to say so?" The critics who thus use the scalpel are probably not a whit worse than the generality of mankind. As Barrington says to his sister, "Men do these things every day, Dinah, and there is no harm in it." Mark this philosophical rejoinder, "That all depends upon whom the man is. The volatile gaiety of a high spirited nature, eager for effect and fond of sensation, will lead to many an indiscretion; but very different from this is the well weighed sarcasm of a more serious mind, who not only shoots his gun home, but takes time to sight ere he fires it."

From novel reading to the principles of punishment is a far cry, but Dinah's answer is a crushing blow to nearly every criticism by the lay public on the sentences of trained judges. The differentiation of sentences for seemingly similar offences is in reality an indispensable condition of strict justice. A man of very quick temper may fell another to the ground, be himself instantly overwhelmed with regret, and take every means to succour the fallen. His act is the result of impulse, from which malice may be almost wholly absent. Could the same be said about the cool, placid, immovable individual who would leave his victim on the earth, profoundly indifferent whether he could rise or not?

It could not be directly gleaned from "Barrington" that Lever had ever actually studied medicine; but could anyone doubt that he thoroughly understood the subject after reading, "Sympathy, like a fashionable physician, is wonderfully successful where there is little the matter."

His observations on the dissolution of friendship, which a change of circumstances effects, are worthy of record:—"There is nothing more true, indeed, than the oft-uttered scoff on the hollowness of those friendships which attach to the days of prosperous fortune, and the world is very prone to point to the utter loneliness of him who has been shipwrecked by Fate; but let us be just in our severity, and let us own that a man's belongings, his associates, his, what common parlance calls, friends, are the mere accidents of his station, and they no more accompany him in his fall than do the luxuries he has forfeited. From the level from which he has lapsed they have not descended. They are, there, living to-day as they lived yesterday. If their sympathy is not with him, it is because neither are they themselves, they cross each other no more. Such friendships are like the contracts made with a crew for a particular voyage—they end with the cruise."

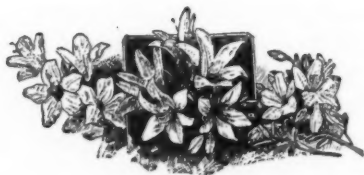
Much has been written about the relations between colonies and the mother country, but (slightly transposed) nothing has excelled in philosophic truth—"Colonies, like children, are only governable when helpless."

"Barrington" is perhaps a very ordinary novel, one in which we should scarcely expect to find gems of wisdom. This paper does not profess to be an exhaustive array of all that can be there found, but it is hoped enough has been done to show that the book contains more than would be observed by the hasty glance usually bestowed on such fiction. A novel is none the less entertaining because of the absence of wise thoughts; but their inclusion is a

distinct advantage, and serves sometimes to implant them in minds which would have revolted from any book containing them in an apparently serious form. The attractive appearance of a pill need not derogate from its intended effect.

It is said what is longest waited for is most appreciated. Upon that principle the conclusion of this paper, because it is the conclusion, will be heartily welcomed. Perhaps it will be agreed it is lamentable it was ever born; but, if so, there will be a consensus of opinion that its epitaph should be—

Confusion, chaos, idle twaddle,
Its sense and meaning naught.
Alas! that any theme should waddle
So far from realms of thought.





LEISURE AND MODERN LIFE.

BY C. E. TYRER.

—We, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours ?
What leisure to grow wise ?

IN a letter addressed by Thackeray to Mark Lemon, which has only recently seen the light, the great novelist, after inveighing against the desire for happiness as a contemptible thing, goes on to abuse leisure. "Leisure," says he, "is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear. The ruin of thousands—aye, and of millions—may be traced to it." A plausible enough view this, one will admit, and a widely prevalent one; but not therefore, even with Thackeray's imprimatur, to be accepted without due deliberation.

It all depends, I grant, on what you mean by leisure. Leisure, in my definition of it, is an outward condition of human life which does not interfere with its inward development; rather which fosters it, and helps a man to live his real life. Many, doubtless, find their real life in action—

on the field of battle, in travel and adventure; some, it may be, even in the mill, the warehouse, and the bank. It is, indeed, hard to believe that the capacity for business, as we understand the word, can ever have been the highest natural gift and endowment of any human being. At any rate, many, perhaps most, of those whose energies have been drawn by necessity or circumstance into the fields of commerce and finance, do not lead their real lives there. Men who do not possess what, as Stevenson says, are "quaintly but happily denominated private means," must perforce, under the existing state of things, give up the best part of their waking hours to some *Brodstudium*, which, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, means drudgery of some kind, and live in the poor residue so much of their real life, the life for which they were born, as in the circumstances of the case is in them to live. "That," says Lamb, "is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live in it, is other people's Time, not his."

So much of their real life, the life for which they were born, as is in them to live: is either the amount or the quality of this calculated to inspire enthusiasm? Men of genius like Thackeray doubtless live their real lives, for genius, as a rule, tramples upon all obstacles; but what of the multitude, who yet perhaps have in their nature some sparks of a divine life, or as theologians say, souls to save? "Most men, even in this comparatively free country (says Thoreau, speaking of the United States, but it is just as true of our own land), through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labours of life, that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy, and tremble too much for that." It is certainly true that

men are so occupied ; but that it is by mere ignorance and mistake is not perhaps so certain. It was a fine thing for Thoreau to adventure boldly upon life as he did, and at the cost of a few weeks yearly work in land-surveying to maintain himself, albeit with Spartan simplicity, and atone for his "plain living" by "high thinking" and the loving observation of nature. But we cannot all be Thoreaus, and build ourselves huts on the frontiers of civilization, in a noble disregard of conventionalities and the remonstrances of our friends. Physically, most of us are unfit for such a life (even Thoreau probably shortened his days by the hardships to which he exposed himself), and the circumstances of our lives prevent it ; but how enormously are we the losers thereby ! A philosopher who paced the dingy depressing thoroughfares of our melancholy city, and watched the crowds hurrying to and fro, those keen, restless, absorbed, sordid, soulless faces, that ceaseless stream of eager life — would he not ask himself sadly and solemnly, "Whence comes this stream, and whither does it go ?"

Hies, ah ! from whence, from native ground ?
And to what goal, what ending, bound ?

In a few years the individual faces of the crowd will be missed from its ranks, but the crowd will still be there, the same crowd, though not the same faces ; still, and still, as though it were a part of the eternal course of things, that restless stream of humanity will be hurrying by. Is it a noble, an inspiring spectacle ? The individual elements of that crowd, as one catches a moment's glimpse of them—do they look as if they lived their real lives, or rather, as if they had any real lives to live ?

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds,
Wherein their souls were buried long ago.

Most of us, in our tender years, were religiously instructed to take to heart the great Dr. Watts's pathetic complaint, how—

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

But, not quite so fast, reverend sir, by your leave. It is not the idle hand, but the empty unoccupied mind, that is mostly the great evil and source of evil. In Mr. T. C. Horsfall's admirable letter in the *Times* of November 26, 1889, on "Pictures in Schools," he states, on the authority of Mr. Oakley, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, that there are children in our densely populated districts, who hardly know what a flower is, who have never seen a primrose or a violet. Their poor little hands are not likely to be idle; they will have to earn their living early enough, and be sharp about it (well if it is honestly done, and not by picking and stealing); but what about their minds, their souls? To grow up in a world of narrow, mean, smoke-ridden streets; to have that as their world, and to know no other; to be early habituated to such things as brutal street fights, and the foul language of drunken women staggering home from the gin-shop at the corner—what a world, what a life! Is not an order of things self-condemned, which renders possible such a development of the lower, with such an entire disregard of the higher nature? Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in his "Apology for Idlers," a delightful paper, a little extravagant, perhaps, and meant to be so, but full of a wisdom which is not of this world, shall tell us of a different class of wasted lives. "There is a sort of dead-alive hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for the desk and the study. They have no

curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they must even stand still. . . .

When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry, and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. . . . They have been to school and college, but all the while they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the while they are thinking of their own affairs. . . . This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life."

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth!—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die,
Perish! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

Everything, in fact, now-a-days, militates against leisure, as I understand it. Milton talks of "Retired Leisure, who, in trim gardens, takes his pleasure." But now, the trim gardens have all been turned into tennis grounds, where each summer evening goes on the new tournament of love and war, and as for "Retired Leisure," why, there is no such person. The man of leisure, so-called, if he be not a mere loungeur and loafer, has a thousand things to do, a thousand books to read, a thousand schemes of politics, or philanthropy, or social reform jostling each other in his poor brain.

There is feverishness in the very air of our cities, and the most thorough-going quietist cannot but in some degree catch the infection. We hardly seem to realise that there ever was a time when men did not trample on each other's toes in the mad rush after wealth, or distinction, or notoriety.

A man indeed may be found here and there who pursues his own course regardless of these things, like the Swiss *savant* mentioned by Sir John Lubbock in his weak and foolish little book "The Pleasures of Life," who, out of an income of £100 a year managed to support a museum of lacustrine antiquities, and who told Sir John, who marvelled that so eminent a man should be content with so little, that he valued his leisure above all things, and would not resign it at any price. Would that men could realise, with Wordsworth, how priceless a boon, beyond all wealth, is "the harvest of a quiet eye," or take to heart the many noble words of a great teacher of our day, who, at the end of "Modern Painters" says—"While I rejoice at all recovery from monasticism, which leads to practical and healthy action in the world, I must, in closing this work, severely guard my pupils from the thought that sacred rest may be honourably exchanged for selfish and mindless activity."

The world is still glorious as of old. Nature still calls man—calls him perhaps more tenderly than in past ages—into those hidden recesses where she unveils her mysterious loveliness, but few have time or inclination to follow her there. How, in the hurry of travel, in which men seek a change from the hurry of business, should they learn to know Nature as she is? Art in poetry, painting, sculpture, music, the drama, still offers men her inspiration, her sweet consoling charm; but now-a-days, with all our material aids, we are badly placed for receiving such

influences as she has to impart. Wearied physically and mentally, as most men are, how should their emotional activities be acute! Hence the love for tidbits and snippets, for books of selections and operative gems. Men still write epics, but who reads them? Perhaps they are not often very good; perhaps their authors might spend their time better than in writing them; but if they were as great as the "Divine Comedy," or "Paradise Lost," their length and dryness would frighten the general reader. They would rather read reviews of them, as they listen to lectures on the great books of the past.

It has, however, not always been so. We know how the strains of Greek rhapsodists, of Celtic bards and Icelandic skalds, were welcomed and applauded in the courts of kings and the huts of peasants, and how the Greek drama was a living drama, because it had a home in the hearts of the people. The great Madonna which Cimabue painted for the altar-piece of Santa Maria Novella in Florence was (so Vasari tells us) uncovered amid the joyous acclamations of the people, and carried from the painter's studio to the church with festive pomp and processions. The Florentines of the thirteenth century were perhaps our inferiors in many respects, but their sense of the beautiful was fresh and unjaded, nor was its development hindered, as with us, by the constant presence of everything that is hideous. Our faculties are too tired either to perceive clearly or to feel keenly; the relish of the fruit has gone before it has been tasted.

Meanwhile, Nature and Art remain for man, and if we cannot make our fellows enjoy them and live in them, some of us, for our parts, can feel, in some measure, the truth of such words as those of poor Richard Jefferies in "The Pageant of Summer:" "The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really

live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable time. . . . Those are the only hours that are not wasted—those hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance." Beside these words, I will place some by a man who had not much, perhaps, in common with Jefferies in his general tastes and sympathies, the gentle "Elia:" "Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down—

As low as to the fiends."

"Leisure is gone," said George Eliot in "Adam Bede," "gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow waggons, and the pedlars who brought bargains to the doors on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them; it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in." "Good old leisure!" "Fine old leisure!" (as the great novelist proceeds to characterise the genuine original article) is he indeed gone from us for ever? Will he never to the end of time "revisit the glimpses of the moon?" I fear he will not. It may indeed be that by the progress of science in providing appliances for shortening and simplifying labour, by the improvement of the condition of the masses of the people in regard to the gross material needs of life, by a natural wholesome reaction against the feverish rush and worry of existence, leisure may again be possible for man. But even if it should, and so far as we see at present the tendency is towards keener and fiercer competition, both in the

mart and the academy, towards a more and more brutal struggle for existence, it will not be the old leisure. Within this century of ours a shadow, hardly guessed before, has passed over the face of man ; he has become self-conscious, distrustful of himself, morbidly apprehensive of those terrible forces and that vast material system in the presence of which he finds himself an atom. Carlyle and Leigh Hunt (to quote a story related by John Cameron) were once walking home on a brilliant starlight night, and Hunt, with the easy-going optimism of his kindly nature, was enlarging on the magnificence of the spectacle, and on the consolatory thought that those distant shining worlds might be the happy homes of untold millions of sentient beings. "Ech, mon!" burst out Carlyle, "but it's a sad sight." And Carlyle spoke truly. The conscious presence of this infinitely vast and awful universe—at once fascinating and defying the intellect—is a terrible burden for the poor frail human spirit. How can we desire leisure if it will only furnish the occasion and opportunity for dwelling on such thoughts? Yet man, as he floats down the stream of time towards its ocean bourne, may learn to feel a majestic consolation in contemplating the scene around him, and the great waters around and the shining heavens above bring peace to his weary time-worn spirit.

This tract which the River of Time
Now flows through with us, is the Plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and short as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the River of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker incessanter line ;

That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the River of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast :
As the pale Waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.





"THEY HAD BEEN FRIENDS IN YOUTH."



“THEY HAD BEEN FRIENDS IN YOUTH.”

A Character Sketch by the late W. G. Baxter.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

A FEW years ago Mr. Nodal performed an acceptable service in placing before the members of the Manchester Literary Club a list of the names of deceased Lancashire artists. It is well to be thus reminded occasionally of those who have contributed so largely to our pleasure in the domain of art. Not that one ever really forgets them, but a spoken acknowledgment for pleasure received is a graceful and grateful duty—grateful to those who undertake the duty, and to those who are the subject of it.

I make no pretensions to being a critic of art subjects, but, like many another man equally modest, I may admit to experiencing at times the truth that “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

I have derived a good deal of pleasure from this sketch of Baxter's. It is one of a series that appeared a few years back in the Manchester periodical *Momus*, now defunct, and is an attempt, a most graphic and successful attempt, in my opinion, to illustrate Coleridge's suggestive line—

They had been friends in youth.

The picture tells its own story, and needs but few descriptive words of mine.

The purse-proud merchant or banker, and his seedy friend of bygone days, are an interesting study; the former fat, sleek, comfortable-looking, and contented with himself, dressed in his well-fitting and fine broadcloth, with the flower in his button-hole. His ample waistcoat covers a paunch of aldermanic proportions. The respectability of his jaunty white hat, toned down with the mourning band round it, is unquestionable. His massive gold guard and seal harmonise with the pillared door of his mansion. Clearly he has thriven in business. He has got plenty of wool on his back. With his hands in his pockets, he fingers the loose cash they contain; whilst the expression of his countenance—with much of the animal in it, and by no means sympathetic—as he glances superciliously at the friend of his youth, is clearly suggestive of the recollection of bygone days in association with that friend whom he now pretends to have forgotten.

Turn now to the other character in the picture—the quondam friend—who, notwithstanding his seedy hat and patched shoes, is as well got up, in view of his present visit, as his limited means would allow. Look at his pinched and ill-fitting coat; it has been carefully brushed, but no amount of brushing could restore its faded colour. His gloves suggest, rather than hide, the scrubbiness of his worn fingers; the shirt collar is faultless—probably he has no shirt to his back—but it does not beseem his other habiliments. There is a woe-begoneness in the twist of his head and the expression of his countenance. His thin locks are carefully combed back over his ears. There is a hollowness about his chest and waist that bespeaks his poverty and his meagre daily fare, and he touches rather than leans against the pillar, as though he felt it a presumption to venture so far.

It is idle to speculate on the causes of his ill-fortune.

Possibly he may have "wasted his substance in riotous living"; or it may be that delicate health and the Fates have been against him. Perhaps he is a poor poet, with his head in the clouds, and with but little aptitude for business. But, whatever the cause, there is no mistaking his present impecunious condition.

The characters are evidently much about the same age, but the circumstances of each in the interval between youth and, say, fifty years, have produced the present contrast. The attitude and expression of both are natural, and absolutely faultless.

The correctness of the drawing is remarkable. There is in the picture a happy blending of the humorous and the pathetic, such as could only have been depicted by a man of varied and extraordinary gifts. Indeed, it is the possession of this quality that is oftenest the indication of the presence of genius.

Taken altogether, the sketch is one of great power, and does credit to the artistic and imaginative faculty possessed by its gifted and now, alas! deceased author.





CONCERNING NATURE AND SOME OF HER LOVERS.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

I ONCE heard the President of a literary club remark that it not unfrequently happened that the title was the best part of a paper, and the remark comes back to me with considerable force now I have written down the heading of this one. When the subject first presented itself to my mind it was as a title, a luminous point, with an atmosphere about it of the haziest kind, which might or might not become clear with the growing time, and with a light that would develop from within. But now, alas, when I come to deal with it, I am confronted with difficulties which did not present themselves on its first inception. How easy it is for us to select texts and how hard sometimes to preach sermons from them. How in the first place am I to deal with Nature? Though I may say with the Laureate, that—

My love for nature is as old as I,

I am no naturalist in the true sense, and have no scientific knowledge of Nature, and were I to set up for an interpreter of her mysteries, I should, as Mrs. Browning says, be—

Thrown out by an easy cowalip in the text.

Nature indeed! Think for a moment of what is conveyed

by the expression. As Emerson says, "Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the soul," so then everything outside the soul of man, his body included, must be regarded as Nature. Though when man deals with the materials of Nature for constructive purposes we call the results art, there is no such distinction in reality, for as Shakespeare says, "This is an art which Nature makes," or "change it rather and the art itself is Nature."

So in my perplexity I am obliged to fall back upon strict limitations, or I shall not be able to get on at all, and here I am reminded of what Mr. Ruskin has said of himself in circumstances which in some respects are similar. Walking one day along a road in Switzerland, which commanded a wide-reaching and magnificent view, he could not understand how it was that in such circumstances he could enjoy nothing; until at last he found that it was the vastness of the view that was too much for him, and that if he turned from the grander objects and confined himself to one thing, and that a little thing, a tuft of moss, or a single crag, or a wreath or two of foam at the foot of a waterfall, he began to enjoy it directly, because, as he says, "I had mind enough to put into the thing, and the enjoyment arose from the quantity of imaginative energy I could bring to bear upon it; but when I looked or thought of all together I had not mind enough to give to all and none was of any value." And so he turned away from the mountains and the grander objects of the scene, and took up with some ants in the road, and watched them trying to convey little bits of sticks, and found great contentment in the change. In like manner do I find a way out of my perplexity and a relief from the overwhelming vastness of my subject, by circumscribing the area in which my thoughts are to be exercised. I propose then in deal-

ing with Nature, to select that aspect of it which is associated with the life of the woods and fields, the flowers and trees. Wordsworth says—

There is a tree of many one,
A single field of all that I have looked upon,

so still further limiting the area of vision, I would say that of all the landscapes I have viewed there is one little nook,

A place of nestling green for poets made,

representative of this aspect of Nature, which presents itself to my mind as an open air study. The good effect of this will be to focus one's thoughts, as it were, and keep them from soaring too sublimely into the general.

There is nothing very remarkable, perhaps, in this nook, which, to some minds, may seem commonplace enough, but a little bit of Nature often suffices for meditation and enjoyment in the absence of larger opportunities, for, as Coleridge says—

No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
No waste so vacant, but may well employ
Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to love and beauty!

I was reading the other day how Richard Jefferies, when living in London, was wont to make a daily pilgrimage to an aspen by a brook, his object being to escape from certain narrowing and mind-clouding influences of the city, and to get out for a little while to Nature and the sun. In like manner for myself has this nook marked the limit of many walks from the city, and so I have conceived an affection for it, and it has come to pass that in all my thinking of what I should say this bit of landscape would come up before my mind's eye continually and would not be shut out.

It is a long narrow strip of woodland which fills a groove of the land, with sloping fields on either side,

and it lies in a favourite region of mine, some miles away from the city, which I like to call my Pleasaunce. There are many paths through the broad fields that lie about, but there is one which leads to the clough, along which my feet frequently stray. This path crosses the woodland dipping down to it suddenly, to rise again still more steeply on the opposite side. A brook babbles between, winding about among the trees, and is spanned by a bridge consisting of two rough-hewn logs laid side by side. The lover of Nature who may come here may wish to leave the path and wander through the leafy covert, but a white notice board, with a black legend inscribed thereon, which the squire has caused to be placed high up on the grey-green bole of an ash tree, will warn him that if he does so stray it will be at the risk of grievous penalties. But if he is a philosopher he will not be troubled by this. He will have no quarrel with the squire for wishing to shut out trespassers and preserve his game, and the less so because the woodland is so open that he can see much of the interior, and may let his imagination wander into dim distances where his footsteps may not tread. He will, perhaps, remember, too, that there is in every landscape something which the proprietors thereof cannot hold exclusively. As Emerson says: "The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. . . . This is the best part of these men's farms, yet in this their warranty-deeds give no title."

Here, then, to this green hollow I have often come to muse on Nature's doings. There is a sense of seclusion, because the green banks seem to shut out the world beyond. If you go up to the ridge above you can see

over a great tract of country to the bordering hills, but standing by the bridge, the view is limited to the trees and the tangled underwood and the open spaces of grass that lie between. So hidden are you in the hollow that Lampe, the hare, seeking the covert, will not see you until his whiskered face appears upon the verge of the slope, a few yards away, and, moving in that direction yourself, you may startle a pheasant from the grassy margin of the brook. There is much bird life about, and the cooing of the wood-pigeons, high up on firry boughs among the remoter trees, will come to your ears with a sense of soothing in the sound.

The woodland is a flowery place, and in the spring I go there to find the early celandines and the gentle wind-blown anemones. Here, too, clumps of pale primroses may be found, though sparingly. The red campion is less rare, and in its season reddens the woodland everywhere. The marsh-marigold, too, flames out from many moist places, and the margin of the brook is whitened with the flowers of the wood garlic. Then, in their turn, come the hyacinths that—

Ring their purple bells
Into the drowsy ear of fragrant May,

and high above them the untrimmed hedgerow is white with hawthorn, and there, too, among the wild roses,

The red honeysuckle sits aloft.

Following these in turn come the proud foxgloves—

That wave their crimson wands
In solemn beauty o'er the summer woods.

And, as they fade, the feathery meadow-sweet,
With undulating censers prodigal,
Drugs the warm breezes with its potent breath
Through all the leafy shrines ubiquitous.

In the late summer the willow-herb mingles with the meadow-sweet, and here and there from among its sheaves of sword-like leaves the golden iris unfolds its flowers.

In winter, when all the flowers and tall grasses are dead, the leafy nook is bare enough, the firs only among the trees remaining green, and then the water in the brook has a wan look, and seems to flow with a sad complaining. When I went to visit the place on a late November day, the sallowness of winter was obtaining among the withered grasses and tall umbelliferous plants, the last leaf was fluttering on the willow, and only the trailing brambles showed any greenness of foliage among the tangled underwood. No flower was there to be seen, save beneath an outer hedgerow, and there I gathered some dwarf blooms of the wild pansy—heartsease they call it—typical of thoughts, and a fitting text flower for one who was thinking of Nature and of those who love her. The brook was in spate after recent rains, and the flood water in its flow washed the leaves of a close clinging plant, still looking green and glossy, in which I recognised the liver wort. I remember being told in my youth that its leaves resembled the organ whose name it bears, and that it was good, in a medicinal sense, for complaints in that region. Seen here, it reminded me that it has been said, that what is called a love of Nature may in some of its manifestations be traced to no loftier source than a disorganised condition of health. Lowell, for instance, tells us that a great deal of the love of Nature in these days is sentimental, and as such is a mark of disease—that “it is one more symptom of the general liver complaint.” Regarding the disposition in these days to indulge in descriptive writing, he says, “If matters go on as they have done, and everybody must needs blab of all the favours that have been done him by roadside, and river brink, and woodland walk, as if to kiss and tell were

no longer treachery, it will be a positive refreshment to meet a man who is as superbly indifferent to Nature as she is to him." The moral of all which is, that when a man finds himself getting sentimental over a specimen of liver wort, it will be well to consider whether an inward application of it is not desirable to clear his mental vision. Such a reflection comes like a ghost to trouble joy; but we will not be discouraged by it, but try to look at Nature honestly, and with a healthy, open mind.

When I wander by the woodland side or sit on the green bank above it, on a summer day when the sky is blue and all the trees are in leaf, and the green carpet beneath is dappled with flowers, if I try to realize my position amid all these beautiful and beneficial influences, I am carried back to that definition of Emerson's, and am conscious of the fact that Nature is everything outside the individual soul. That inward me, that mysterious Ego, comes from an unseen source of life, and is individualized, as it were, within its own environment, which I call myself. From that same source of life this material woodland upon which I am looking has been developed, and the expression of it fixed in its varying forms. If then I consider that behind this outward matter there is a creative life, and that every manifestation of that life in the natural world is a veil hiding that source of life; that the individual soul is an emanation from the same life, and behind it is also a mystery, I can understand to what profound depths of speculation the sight of the simplest expression of that outward life may lead. It exists there, a material creation between two mysteries and two eternities. It follows therefore that those who have regarded Nature most seriously have had the sense of this mystery most distinctly before them. But as there are all sorts and conditions of men, so there are all sorts of souls, some of them being but little removed above the animals in their sense of natural surroundings.

Wordsworth and "Peter Bell" are fair samples of the two extremes. To the potter, as everyone knows, the primrose was only a natural yellow primrose, not unacceptable to his eyes, perhaps, but bringing no message, and rousing no reflections. To the poet it brought thoughts too deep for tears, and it was his aim in looking at it to try to get at its essence, as it were, to the creative thought behind it, and to shape, if possible, some hopeful religion from the fact of its existence. Between these two extremes there are all sorts of ways in which men look at Nature. Illustrations of these extremes come to one in odd forms sometimes. I was walking the other day through a mill where flannel weaving was going on, and had to make my way carefully among crowded looms where the shuttles were busy flying to and fro. When I had reached the limits of the room, and came to the window places, I found that some of the workers had put there pots of choice ferns and plants. It was a pleasant surprise to come upon evidences of a love of Nature in such an unexpected place, and as I passed by, I rubbed the leaf of a scented geranium lightly between my fingers, and got from it a fragrance that was grateful in that warm atmosphere. Now I might do these lovers of Nature an injustice in supposing that their object in placing the plants here was only the gratification of a botanical taste, or some sensuous enjoyment of the beauty of them, but I could not help wondering if these weavers knew anything of that deeper thought to which Goethe has given expression, and in which Nature is represented to us as a weaver at the loom of time. You know the poet says in "Faust" that the Earth Spirit is at work weaving the living visible garment of God. The *Erdgeist* says:—

In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave, in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;

A seizing and giving

The fire of Living:

'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,

And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by.

In contemplating my bit of woodland I may be a potter or a poet—may see Nature through the eyes of Peter Bell, or those of Wordsworth or Goethe, or through any medium that lies between those two. It is one of the mysteries of this relation of the soul to the outer world that what we look on will receive its light and colour from the seeing power within. In the well known words of Coleridge this is very truthfully expressed. The poet says—

O lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, over anxious crowd,
Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

So according to my nature I may deal with that other Nature. If I am sensuously disposed, I may gather the flowers and enjoy them for their scent and beauty, and having so enjoyed them, may throw them away, as children do, to wither on the path. If the attitude of my mind is purely scientific, I may take the flowers to pieces, and examine into the mechanism of their construction with a cold intellectual scrutiny, and be of those who—

Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.

If I am a natural philosopher, as Oersted was, I may speculate upon the life-giving power manifested in the flower or plant and recognize therein an embodiment in

material forms of spiritual ideas—may see what is called generally a soul in Nature. If I am a poet who is trying to get at the essences of things in another way, I may associate these flowers with the emotions and passions of life, its hopes and aspirations and tender musings, and in the blending of this soul-life with that other may achieve some new creation of ideas.

Then, too, looking at Nature through the medium of my own nature, I shall be influenced variously according to my moods. To go back to the Coleridge idea, I shall receive but what I give. Or, to put it in another way, "Nature," as Emerson says, "always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has lost a friend. The sky is less grateful as it shuts down over less worth in the population." So I may come some day to the woodland and find nothing joyous in it.

This spirit of mine, which is independent of it, something apart from it, may be thrown back upon the sense of its own sorrows. You remember perhaps how this experience is conveyed in one of the saddest passages in our literature. It is Mr. Ruskin who gives utterance to it, and it is eloquent as to the insufficiency of a love of Nature where human loss is concerned. He says: "Morning breaks, as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh that some one had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood, in the dews of morning, should be completed; and all my thoughts be of those whom by neither I was to meet more!"

On the other hand, relief from pain and sorrow elicits joy from natural objects. As Gray says:—

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost ;
And breathe and walk again ;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

As one cannot help looking at flowers, and trees, and all natural things through the medium of other men's thoughts, one is naturally led to think at times of those who have loved Nature, and to what ends they have loved. Most people love Nature in some fashion and according to their several tastes. This affection may go no deeper than a sense of pleasure at the sight of green fields, and the restfulness and beauty associated with them. Horace could not be called a lover of Nature in the special sense, but he often sighed for the quiet of his Sabine farm. In Rome, feeling that he was losing the sunshine of his days, he would say—

Oh, when again
Shall I behold the rural plain,
And when, with books of sages deep,
Sequestered ease and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion—blissful balm—
The busy cares of life becalm.

Most people love Nature in her floral aspect. Flowers enter into all the conditions of life. They are found in the hands of children, in household places, at marriage feasts, and on the graves of the dead. As Ruskin says, "They seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasures, and in the crowded towns mark as with a little

broken fragment of rainbow the windows of the workers, in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace." But it is of some special types selected from the multitude of lovers that one has visions in these woodland places. Affection for Nature may vary through infinite degrees. It may exist devoid of all human sympathy. When I look on Nature I have in my mind a lover of the observant kind, whose affection goes no deeper than scientific research. A botanist of such a type coming to the woodland may tell me all the names of the trees and plants, their various properties and uses, and the conditions of their lives, but may display no further interest in them. What he has got to impart may be very valuable; it may add to my knowledge, but it does not touch me in the finer sense. This observant regard of Nature may exist, however, with something suggestive of a deeper love. Dear old Gilbert White, of Selborne, was of this type. No one will doubt for a moment that he was a true lover of Nature; his love, however, was of the observing, rather than the emotional, kind. He was not troubled with any anxious "questionings of sense and outward things," and you will search in vain for any transcendentalism in his epistles. He looked on Nature with the eye of a naturalist, and nothing there was unworthy of his regard. He was quick to recognise the existence and importance of the humblest link in the chain of Nature, and anticipated Darwin in dealing with earth worms. You will remember that well known letter of his on the subject, in which he tells us how the humble worms do their share in renewing the soil, and how unwise and shortsighted gardeners and farmers were in dealing with them. In his own modest, unassuming way he gives the results of his observation, in order, he says, to set the inquisitive and discerning to work. Gilbert White explores his lawn by candle-light, to watch the earth worms at

work, and in the later time Darwin does the same with his lamp, and we seem to see the inspiring cause of a recent most interesting book of the later naturalist in the remark of the earlier one, that "a good monograph of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a large and new field in natural history." You can see that he is deeply interested in every living thing that comes under his notice, and that there is a strain of tenderness and affection in his nature; but he is not demonstrative, and his love is marked by much practical, homely common sense. To illustrate his way of looking at Nature, I must anticipate a little, and contrast him with a lover of the later time, Richard Jefferies. They are both regarding the common rush that grows there in the ditch. Says Jefferies, in his "Pageant of Summer": "Green rushes long and thick standing up above the edge of the ditch, told the hour of the year as distinctly as the shadow on the dial the hour of the day. Green and thick and sappy to the touch, they felt like summer, soft and elastic, as if full of life, mere rushes though they were. On the fingers they left a green scent, . . . some of the sweetness of the air had entered into their fibres, and the rushes—the common rushes—were full of beautiful summer." Now Gilbert White has a letter devoted to rushes, but it is not the poetical or beautiful aspect that strikes him, but the uses to which they may be put to provide cheap lights for the poor folk that engages his attention, and he is most minute in his instructions how to make rush lights. Another illustration may be given of his way of regarding flowers and the order of their procession through the year. It has struck him as one of the strangest things about plants that they should have different times of blossoming. He says, "Some produce their flowers in the winter or very first dawns of spring, many when the spring is established, some at midsummer,

and some not till autumn." He selects the wild crocus of the spring and autumn as curious examples of this law of blossoming. These crocuses do not grow in my woodland place, but may be gathered not far away. Regarding their times of flowering he says, "This circumstance is one of the wonders of the creation, little noticed because a common occurrence; yet ought not to be overlooked on account of its being familiar, since it would be as difficult to be explained as the most stupendous phenomenon in Nature.

Say what impels, amidst surrounding snow
 Congealed, the crocus' flaming bud to glow?
 Say what retards, amidst the summer's blaze,
 The autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?
 The God of seasons; whose pervading power
 Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower,
 He bids each flower His quickening word obey;
 Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

You see that in a simple, believing, child-like way he is content to refer all the mysteries of creation to the great creative power, and there rest satisfied.

As the vision of the historian of Selborne fades, there comes up that of another country clergyman, like White, a bachelor, and who also loved Nature in his own way, which is a typical one. Parson Herrick was a poet who lived for a long time at Dean Priors, in Devonshire. There he sang in pastorals the praise of country life, but it is very doubtful whether there was not more than a suspicion of affectation in his singing. Gilbert White was born, lived, and died in Selborne, and could never at any time be tempted to leave it. On the other hand, Herrick fretted and fumed and was discontented with his condition, or affected to be so. Yet he must have loved the flowers, I imagine. He did not study them as a naturalist, but dealt with them as a poet, allying them to all sorts of quaint conceits and pathetic fallacies, toying with them in

a playful way, grieving over their withering, and never so happy as when associating their beauty, sweetness, and perfume with some lady of his love—Julia, Corinna, Althea, or Silvia. He loves the roses, but there is no rosebush like his Julia's cheeks.

One ask'd me where the roses grew—
I bade him not go seek,
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud on either cheek.

The daisies are asked not to close their eyes till Julia closes hers.

Shut not so soon : the dull-eyed night
Has not, as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows yet appear :
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye ;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live, or die.

The loiterer who muses by field or woodland must needs often have Herrick in his mind with his quaint fancies about the flowers and their origin. This is the way he tells us how violets became blue—

Love on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violet should excel
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue.

And this is how the rose became red—

'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among
The gods he down the nectar flung ;
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

The serious, tender, reflective element in Herrick is shown in his regret at the sense of decay and death in the too quick withering of his favourites. Says he—

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying :
And this same flower, that smiles to-day ;
To-morrow will be dying.

And of the blossoms, he asks—

What ! were you born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.
But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave ;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you—a while, they glide
Into the grave.

No one with a knowledge of English poetry surely ever sees a daffodil without thinking of Herrick, who divides with Wordsworth the honour of being the flower's poet. He says—

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet, the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong.
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along !
We have short time to stay, as you ;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything :
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick may be taken as a type of a sensuous lover of Nature, whose love has a human reference, full, as we have seen, of poetical exaggerations. His soul was touched to fine issues by contact with Nature, but not very deeply or seriously.

Now these poetical lovers differ from the naturalist observers in trying to get at what they call the essence of Nature. They are not so much interested in the vegetable life as that other life which is the product of the contact of natural things with their own spirits. A flower lives in another sense and assumes another form when it is so dealt with. This essence is called the real life of Nature. The craving for identification with it is very forcibly expressed in a passage from Maurice de Guérin. He says, "I return, as you see, to my old brooding over the world of Nature, that line which my thoughts irresistibly take; a sort of passion, which gives me enthusiasm, tears, bursts of joy, and an eternal food for musing; and yet I am neither philosopher nor naturalist, nor anything learned whatsoever. There is one word which is the God of my imagination, the tyrant, I ought rather to say, that fascinates it, lures it onward, gives it work to do without ceasing, and will finally carry it I know not where; the word *Life*."

Keats is an example of the sensuous lover of this type, one who for a long time lived in sensations, emotions, and tendencies that came to him from contact with the natural world, without any attempt on his part to crystallize his feelings into human reference or moral interpretation.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, was a lover who was not content with sensuous enjoyment, but who realized the sense of the inner life of Nature in a deeper degree, and took upon himself the duty of interpreting it and giving it human reference in the profoundest sense, to the extent even of formulating a religion from it. He says—

On Man, on Nature, and on Human life,
 Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
 Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
 Accompanied by feelings of delight,
 Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed ;
 And I am conscious of affecting thoughts,
 And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
 Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
 The good and evil of our mortal state.

He believed, as you know, that the mind was exquisitely adapted to the external world and the external world to the mind, and by the action and reaction of these a new creation was accomplished by the poet. As clearly as any pagan did, or Goethe in later times, he in another sense realizes the presence of a spirit in Nature, and in the lines written above Tintern he tells us how this influence comes to him. He says—

And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime,
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

So keen is the sense of this soul in Nature that he sometimes seems to lose the consciousness of his material life in its presence. He tells of moods in which we are led gently on—

Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul.

And it is at such times that he is enabled, as he says, to see into the life of things. This consciousness of the presence of a soul in Nature is not an affectation in Words-

worth, and is to be specially regarded as a phenomenon of emotional love. Elsewhere, in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," he speaks of—

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized.

When asked one day what he meant by those lines, he said that he was sometimes so withdrawn in spirit from outward things that he had to grasp some material substance to assure himself of the actual world in which he was. He is avowedly a worshipper of this soul in Nature, a mystic indeed, who recognizes, as he says—

In Nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart,
And soul of all my moral being.

One cannot say, perhaps, that one has realized so deeply as the poet has done this inner life of things ; but remembering what he has said, one cannot look upon a bit of woodland beauty without in some sense feeling that there is a spirit in the wood, and that possibly if one could feel all its influences the impulse from it might—

Teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

Believing, as he did, that "the gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul," and that there is, if we will look for it, a central peace at the heart of endless agitation, his Gospel of Nature was of the quiet, trustful kind. In this woodland nook, as I have said, you may sometimes hear the cooing of the wood-pigeons coming from the remoter trees. This was a music dear to the poet, and he uses it to illustrate his love for peaceful things. He has been describing the song of the night-

ingale, with its fiery heart and fierce tumultuous harmony suggestive of passion and unrest; a sort of music dear to the heart of Heine and many another poet, Keats included. Afterwards he goes on to say—

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed, and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed.
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee,
That was the Song—the Song for me!

Many other lovers of Nature there are upon whom one would like to dwell, but time and space are pressing. There is, for instance, the transcendental lover, of whom Emerson is the purest type, who seeks for the finer effluences of things, the idea behind the material fact, and finds all sorts of occult meanings in Nature. Then there is the lover of the hermit type, of which Thoreau, Emerson's disciple, is the chief example; he who went out from the society of Concord and built himself a hut under the pine trees by Walden Pond, and there cultivated the closest relations with all living things. He tried in his eccentric way to get back to first principles, and formulate a criticism of life from the companionship of Nature. He was a sort of monk, who left the world for a time to worship in an oratory of his own in the great cathedral of Nature. He was an ascetic, and it turned out in his case, as in many others, that asceticism, whether in a love of Nature or in any other form, is not the true life of man. He was a compound of the naturalist and the poet. There was nothing too minute for his observation in outward things, and the same microscopical investigation was applied to himself. As Lowell says, "Trifles are recorded

with an over-minute punctuality and conscientiousness of detail. He records the state of his personal thermometer thirteen times a day." But one cannot linger over Thoreau, but would turn for a moment to a lover of a later time, with whom his name has been associated, but who touches us closer than the New England devotee. No loiterer by field-path or woodland side in these days should be unacquainted with Richard Jefferies. If ever there was a passionate pilgrim lover of nature it was he. I often think of him when I walk the woodland ways and gather the wild flowers, because many of the experiences he has recorded seem to be so similar to one's own. How closely does this confession come home! "Before I had any conscious thought it was a delight to me to find wild flowers, just to see them. It was a pleasure to gather them and to take them home; a pleasure to show them to others—to keep them as long as they would live, to decorate the room with them, to arrange them carelessly with grasses, green sprays, tree bloom—large branches of chestnut snapped off, and set by a picture perhaps. . . . All the world is young to a boy, and thought has not entered into it. . . . The various hues of the petals, placed without any knowledge of colour contrast, no note even of colour save that it was bright, and the mind was made happy without consideration of those ideals and hopes afterwards associated with the azure of the sky above the fir trees. . . . A fresh footpath, a fresh flower, a fresh delight. The reeds, the grasses, the rushes—unknown and new things at every step—something always to find, no barren spot anywhere, or sameness. Every day the grass painted anew, and its green seen for the first time; not the old green, but a novel hue and spectacle like the first view of the sea. If we had never before looked on the earth, but suddenly

came to it, man or woman grown, set down in a summer mead, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the shapes, the song, the life of the birds; above all, the sunlight, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the mind would be filled with its glory, unable to grasp it, hardly believing that such things could be mere matter and no more."

Emerson says that as we grow older we care less for the flowers. He says, "Flowers so strictly belong to youth that we adult men soon come to feel that their beautiful generations concern not us. We have had our day—now let the children have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we are old bachelors with our ridiculous tenderness." But says Jefferies of the wonderful charm of flowers as seen in later life:—"So it seemed to me as a boy, sweet and new like this each morning; and even now, after the years have passed, and the lines they have worn in the forehead, the summer mead shines as bright and fresh as when my foot first touched the grass. It has another meaning now; the sunshine and the flowers speak differently, for a heart that has once known sorrow reads behind the page, and sees sadness in joy. But the freshness is still there; the dew washes the colours before dawn. Unconscious happiness in finding wild flowers—unconscious and unquestioning, and therefore unbounded."

Like many other lovers of Nature, Jefferies did not display a scientific attitude of mind. Wordsworth was no botanist, and Thoreau maintained that to look on Nature scientifically was to have one's heart turned to stone. Jefferies says, "I will not permit myself to be taken captive by observing physical phenomena, as many evidently are;" and his eulogiser, Mr. Besant, says: "I do not gather from any page of his works that he was a scientific botanist, entomologist, or ornithologist;" nevertheless, he observed

as minutely as Gilbert White, and with this difference also, that he sought a kind of sympathetic identification with Nature. We know in how matter-of-fact a way the historian of Selborne kept his chronicle. When Jefferies was laid aside by sickness, and could not get out into the fields, he enquires pathetically, "I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me—how they manage, bird and flower, without *me* to keep the calendar for them; for I noted it so carefully and lovingly day by day." Keats was not more sensitive to grace and beauty, to all delightful sensations of sight, and sound, and fragrance. His soul seemed literally to hunger and thirst for all that was beautiful in the material world.

Those who would know how Jefferies loved Nature should read "The Story of My Heart." Wordsworth's love was calm, cold, and philosophic, when contrasted with his. He craved for even a closer affinity with Nature than the poet expresses. Could any poet, pagan or other, yearn for a closer affinity than this? He has gone up into a hollow of the hills to commune with his love. He says, "Sometimes on lying down on the sward I first looked up at the sky, gazing for a long time till I could see deep into the azure, and my eyes were full of the colour; then I turned my face to the grass and thyme, placing my hands at each side of my face so as to shut out everything and hide myself. Having drunk deeply of the heaven above and felt the most glorious beauty of the day, and remembering the old, old sea which (as it seemed to me) was but just yonder at the edge, I now became lost, and absorbed into the being or existence of the universe. I felt down deep into the earth and under, and high above into the sky, and further still to the sun and stars. Still further, beyond the stars into the hollow of space, and losing my separateness of being, came to seem like a

part of the whole. Then I whispered to the earth beneath through the grass and thyme, down into the depths of its ear, and again up to the starry space hid behind the blue of day." Then again he says, "I used to lie down in solitary corners at full length on my back, so as to feel the embrace of the earth. The grass stood high above me, and the shadows of the tree branches danced upon my face. I looked up at the sky with half-closed eyes to bear the dazzling light. Bees buzzed over, sometimes a butterfly passed, there was a hum in the air, greenfinches sang in the hedge. . . . I was plunged deep in existence, and with all that existence I prayed."

The object of all his passionate yearning was a higher soul life. He felt his own individuality of soul as something distinct from Nature, with infinite possibilities of beautiful life for it. He wished to reach at some idea beyond Nature, even beyond Deity, he says. He tried to get at this fuller life through Nature, but he found himself face to face with a Sphinx, and he found also that with all her graceful and beautiful gifts Nature was calmly indifferent to him and his yearnings. But he believes in the soul-life still, as something more sublime and real than Nature herself. He says: "I need no earth, or sea or sun, to think my thought. If my thought part—the psyche—were entirely separated from the body and from the earth, I should of myself desire the same. In itself my soul desires, my existence, my soul existence, is in itself my prayer, and so long as it exists so long will it pray that I may have the fullest soul life." Like Wordsworth, Jefferies regarded humanity and its interests as more important than aspects of Nature. Wordsworth's great gospel was "what one is, why may not millions be," and Jefferies craved for a perfection of physical and spiritual beauty in mankind.

Often when walking by the woodland side I think of these and many other lovers of Nature, who, like last year's flowers, are dust again—

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees ;

and so thinking, I remember how some of them contemplated the end of the pilgrimage, and of the loving.

Says Emerson, sounding the same note of faith in Nature which Wordsworth did when he said that she never did betray the heart that loved her—

For nature ever faithful is,
To such as trust her faithfulness—
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die.
Then will yet my mother yield,
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover,
The clay of their departed lover.

Says Thoreau : "For joy I could embrace the earth ; I shall delight to be buried in it." Says Heine : "A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the north. It will be a linden, and on summer evenings lovers will sit there and caress ; the greenfinch, who rocks himself on the branches, will be listening silently ; and my linden will rustle tenderly over the heads of the happy ones, who will still be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when, later, the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone, and read the inscription. 'He loved the flowers of Brenta.'"

But we know, alas, that in whatever way men may love Nature, as a matter of fact she is indifferent to their loves.

The lovers come and go, they sing their songs, and then in a little while they are silent, and are laid in the flowery lap of earth, but Nature remains calm and inscrutable as a Sphinx, ever renewing her beauty, and ever finding new wooers to replace the old loves. When Wordsworth lay dead, Matthew Arnold, sitting in his boat on the moonlit lake, and looking on the mountains, which the poet loved so well, with their peaks seen standing out clear above the valley mists in the pure June night, spoke thus—

Rydal and Fairfield are there;
In the shadow Wordsworth lies dead,
So is it, so it will be for aye,
Nature is fresh as of old,
Is lovely: a mortal is dead.

Then occurs to him the question—is it, after all, this Nature or the lover's soul which gives the charm to what is seen?

For oh, is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains that fill us with joy,
Or the poet who sings you so well?
Is it you, O Beauty, O Grace,
O Charm, O Romance that we feel,
Or the voice which reveals what you are?

Nature replies—

"Loveliness, Magic, and Grace,
They are here—they are set in the world—
They abide—and the finest of souls
Has not been thrilled by them all,
Nor the dullest been dead to them quite.
The poet who sings them may die,
But they are immortal and live,
For they are the life of the world.

Race after race, man after man,
Have dream'd that my secret was theirs,
Have thought that I liv'd but for them,
That they were my glory and joy—
They are dust, they are changed, they are gone—
I remain."

And so, whether I go to the woodland again or not, the flowers will be there in the spring, and the brook will babble on its way as of old among the trees, and my presence or absence will be of little account in the expression of life there. The consideration of this indifference, this want of response to my affection, need not trouble me. The flowers and trees come and go as men do. It is not they which abide, but the principle of life in the whole which is permanent. Sufficient for me be it if contact with this other manifestation of life has brought some sense of peace, some thrill of joy. The association with my woodland place will not have been in vain if I have only been able occasionally to gather a little heart's ease there to cheer the discontent of a wintry day.





WILLIAM HAZLITT.*

BY GEORGE MILNER AND JOHN MORTIMER.

MR. IRELAND'S "Hazlitt," recently published in "The Cavendish Library," is a boon to his generation. Human nature is so often perversely occupied in doing the thing for which it is ill-fitted that we may be thankful when a man sets himself the task for which he seems pre-ordained. There are probably few men in England more competent to deal with Hazlitt and those who were his friends than Mr. Alexander Ireland. He knows his subject with an absolute thoroughness. He is an avowed and ardent admirer, but his love is tempered with judgment and his praise is never fanatical. The student of literature has a prejudice against "selections," but the present volume is entirely justifiable. It is more than that—it was needed. Hazlitt's published writings extend to about thirty-five volumes. The collected edition, edited by his son, deals only with about half of these, and is itself in seven volumes. It must be admitted also that Hazlitt is an unequal writer. He invites selection and compression. The casual contemporary reader, flooded as he is with an ever-increasing stream of books, probably knows Hazlitt only as a name,

* William Hazlitt, *Essayist and Critic*. By Alexander Ireland.

and is not likely to make intimate acquaintance with him in his original dress. For him the volume before us will be adequate and sufficient. Its five hundred pages will introduce to his notice some of the finest criticism of which the English language can boast, and will make him the possessor of passages whose eloquence and personal charm have made them the life-long delight of an earlier race of readers.

The great merit of Mr. Ireland's selections lies in the fact that they are clearly the outcome of long and loving familiarity with his author rather than of set intention to bring together so much as would make a desirable volume. He has also wisely given some of the best and most famous essays without abridgement. Among these are the "Character of Hamlet," in which Mr. Ireland thinks Hazlitt's own idiosyncrasies are repeated side by side with those of Shakespeare's creations. "My First Acquaintance with Poets," "On Persons one would wish to have seen," and "On Going a Journey." Almost the whole of the fine "Introduction to the Study of Elizabethan Literature" is also given, and, at least, one essay which has not been previously published—"The Sick Chamber"—which was written only a few weeks before his death. No extracts are given from that strange production, "*Liber Amoris*, or the New Pygmalion," but the singular circumstances under which it was composed are sufficiently set forth in the admirable Memoir and Critical Estimate which precedes the volume. The reader who is not already familiar with Hazlitt's wonderful power and versatility should peruse first the essay on "My First Acquaintance with Poets," and should then turn to the paper written in 1822, and descriptive of a prize fight. Mr. George Saintsbury, in a recent paper, concludes Hazlitt to be our greatest English critic. If we take into account his extraordinary range of

subject, we shall probably admit the correctness of this judgment. He worked in every vein—books, pictures, morals, manners, religion, even pugilism—nothing came amiss to his facile pen, or left his hands untouched by literary grace and something, at least, of the distinction of genius.

GEORGE MILNER.

I am commencing these rough notes as I rest against the side of an old boat drawn up on the shingle of the sea-shore, from which, were there not just now a dim haze obscuring the view, I might have sight of that opposite shore from which Mr. Ireland has dated the preface to his latest volume. That volume is beside me now, and wandering along by the sea I have spent some pleasant hours in reading the memoir of Hazlitt, and in renewing my acquaintance with those familiar essays which Mr. Ireland has included in his admirable selections. Such comparatively close proximity to that Southport shore seems to bring me within touch of the editor and critic of Hazlitt, and enables me in some sense to enter into the spirit of his work. The association of ideas carries me still further back, for, in the friend of Leigh Hunt, I seem to find a living link with the group of essayists of which Hazlitt was one of the most brilliant. Perhaps there are few men amongst us just now in whom the spirit of that time survives so strongly as it does in our esteemed friend whom we are glad to count amongst the members of the Manchester Literary Club, and it is interesting in this connection to be reminded that, to a paper read by Mr. Ireland to that Club, we may probably trace the origin of the present volume.

When Mr. Ireland deals with a theme which he has made peculiarly his own, he does so in the spirit of an enthusiast; but it is an enthusiasm tempered with a fine

common sense. He never allows his admiration to cloud his mental vision, or warp his judgment. In his Memoir he has given us a graphic outline of Hazlitt, in which his faults and foibles are placed side by side with his better qualities. It is easier to pull down than to build up; but, like a true critic, Mr. Ireland has not set himself to the work of destruction, but rather that of rearing some abiding edifice of excellence from materials of the worthiest kind which he has found in his favourite author.

I have described the book as Mr. Ireland's Hazlitt, and have used this term advisedly. We have given to us here, Hazlitt, as that author has presented himself, and taken shape, in Mr. Ireland's mind. No two men have exactly the same view of an author. In the mind of the reader there are always processes going on of a critical, selective, and creative kind, with, consequently, varied results. In like manner, no author is quite the same both in his books and his personality. It is often better to know a man only as he presents himself to us in his books, and leave the personal knowledge of him unknown; for, after all, the man as we find him in his books is the man we have to deal with. He has written himself down there, at his best or worst, as far as his literary personality is concerned. We find Hazlitt himself discoursing on the identity of an author with his books, and doubtless it is with something of a personal reference that he says—"An author, I grant, may be deficient in dress or address, may neglect his person and his fortune—

But his soul is fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen!

He may be full of inconsistencies elsewhere, but he is himself in his books. . . . An author's appearance or his actions may not square with his theories or

descriptions; but his mind is seen in his writings, as his face is in the glass." So in this case we have Hazlitt, the man as he presented himself to his friends and acquaintances; Hazlitt, the author, as we find him in his books; and, in the volume of selections before us, we have Hazlitt as he has shaped himself in the mind of his latest editor and critic. The better Hazlitt of the two first is the one we have in his books. This seems unquestionable, as Mr. Ireland, with all his sweet reasonableness and desire to present his subject in the fairest light consistent with truth, seems compelled to admit. One of the most charming essays in this volume is the one "On persons one would wish to have seen," a subject suggested by Charles Lamb at an evening party. Now, though we might have some curiosity to see Hazlitt, it would appear from the evidence of reliable witnesses, that it was not as desirable to know him. One of his critics, whom Mr. Ireland quotes, says—"Hazlitt must have been one of the most uncomfortable of all English men of letters, who can be called great, to know as a friend;" but, on the other hand, he goes on to say that, "He is certainly to those who know him only as readers one of the most fruitful both in instruction and delight," an opinion which many of us will very heartily endorse.

From the descriptions of him which Mr. Ireland has gathered together in his Memoir, we get the portrait of a handsome, dark, eager-eyed, unkempt, slovenly, slouching, ill-regulated, irascible man, who had need, as Lamb hinted, of "something of a better temper," if not of "a smoother head of hair." In his domestic affairs he was not happy. His first wife was, by her own consent, divorced from him, being quite willing to separate. A second wife, after a journey on the Continent, left him to find his way home alone, and afterwards sent a message to the effect that she

desired to see him no more. His loves were erratic, though in justice it should be said that they appear to have been platonic. He went more than three-parts mad over a tailor's daughter of no particular mental or outward attractions, and wrote and talked of his love in a manner which suggested mental aberration. He quarrelled with his friends, was wilful and wayward in his temper, and at times appeared spiteful, and all this without, it would seem, being a man of vicious intention, in evidence of which we find Henry Crabb Robinson, while noting in his diary the fact that he had finally cut Hazlitt, appending this qualifying remark, "I have heard Lamb say 'Hazlitt does bad actions, without being a bad man.'"

Mr. Ireland's presentation of the man Hazlitt is singularly fair and discriminating. He has blended the lights and the shadows of his portrait with conscientious and artistic truthfulness. He has dwelt upon whatever was attractive in Hazlitt with the eagerness of a thoroughly genial-minded critic, and what he has said of Lamb's estimate may be said of his own. He tells us that "Lamb, with his fine sense of the weakness, no less than of the strength of human nature, always made allowance for Hazlitt's errors and inconsistencies, treating them with a wise and just consideration. . . . In canvassing his faults of character, he always bore in mind, and called to mind in others, the rare and admirable qualities by which they were accompanied, and with which they were probably naturally linked."

Hazlitt, as we find him in his books, is a many-sided man. He is at once a critic of art and literature, an original thinker of a philosophic kind, and a powerful political writer. His political writing is of minor interest to us now. It is as an essayist and critic that he will live. There is much agreement of opinion in this direction.

Confining ourselves to this view of him, we find that he has a strong claim to the title of a nineteenth century Montaigne, and what he has said of the earlier essayist may be said of himself—"He had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man, and as courage is generally the effect of conscious strength, he was probably led to do so by the richness, truth, and force of his own observations on books and men. He was in the truest sense a man of original mind; that is, he had the power of looking at things for himself, or as they really were, instead of blindly trusting to, and fondly repeating what others told him that they were." It was in the region of the humanities that he excelled. He may have created animosities, but, as Mr. Ireland reminds us, Wilson has said, "the animosities are mortal, the humanities live for ever." In his literary criticism, as Mr. Ireland has pointed out, Hazlitt's method was a new one. His effort was directed to the exposition of an author, the presentation of him and his subject from what was written, rather than the formulation of a criticism of his own from outside. He seems to possess the faculty of catching an author's spirit and communicating it in an illustrative way to others. You recognise this disposition as pervading his essays, and along with it the evidences everywhere of a keen, subtle insight. In this literary criticism, too, his attitude is from choice, appreciative, and everywhere you are struck by his desire to deal impartially and hold the balance fairly. He might quarrel with Wordsworth for political reasons, and say things of him which pained the poet's friends; but that does not prevent him saying also that "Wordsworth is the most original poet now living," with much else of a highly eulogistic kind. Then how sharply he hits off characteristics, as when he describes Gray as "a looker-on at the game of human life," himself living a life which was a luxurious

thoughtful dream; or, when having dwelt on Swift's splenetic strength, he says that, "in other respects, and except from the sparkling effervescence of his gall, Swift's brain was as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Of Cowper he says, "There is an effeminacy about him which shrinks from and repels common and hearty sympathy. With all his boasted simplicity and love of the country he seldom launches out into general descriptions of nature; he looks at her over his clipped hedges and from his well-swept garden walks; or, if he makes a bolder experiment now and then, it is with an air of precaution, as if he were afraid of being caught in a shower of rain, or of not being able, in case of any untoward accident, to make good his retreat home. He shakes hands with nature with a pair of fashionable gloves on, and leads his 'Vashti' forth to public view with a look of consciousness and attention to etiquette, as a fine gentleman hands a lady out to dance a minuet." After his walks he is glad to get back to the drawing-room, the ladies, and the loud hissing urn. But for all that, Hazlitt hastens to tell us that Cowper is a genuine poet, and deserves all his reputation. How happily, too, he hits off characteristics of style, as when in illustration of that of Coleridge he says: "One of his sentences winds its 'forlorn way obscure' over the page like a patriarchal procession, with camels laden, wreathed turbans, household wealth, the whole riches of the author's mind poured out upon the barren waste of his subject. The palm tree spreads its sterile branches overhead, and the land of promise is seen in the distance." How kindly, too, he talks of Dr. Johnson, who was one of his heroes, saying of his prejudices: "They are not time-serving, heartless, hypocritical prejudices, but deep, inwoven, not to be rooted out but with life and hope. . . . I do not hate, but

love him for them. They were between himself and his conscience, and should be left to that higher tribunal, 'where they in trembling hope repose, the bosom of his Father and his God!' In a word, he has left behind him few wiser or better men."

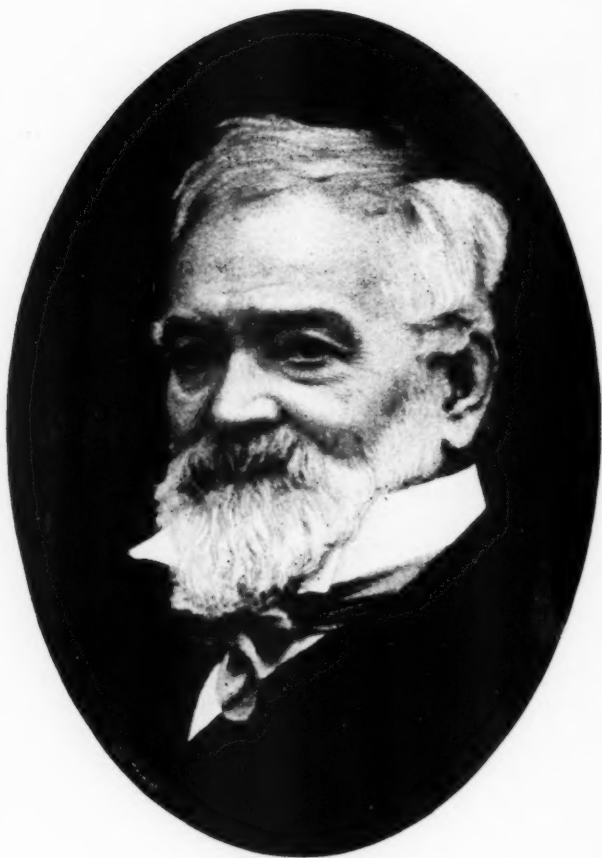
When Hazlitt leaves the domain of criticism and enters upon that of constructive literature dealing with the humanities, he is many-sided and brilliant. He can give you graphic and charmingly descriptive sketches like that "On going a journey;" or insights into men and manners as they presented themselves in the coffee-houses or the taverns; can describe with equal vividness a picture, a play, or a prize-fight, and turn from the latter to discourse beautifully to a schoolboy on "The Conduct of Life." He can play the part of the moral philosopher in such essays as "Living to One's Self," "Thought and Action," "On Good Nature," and "On Religious Hypocrisy." Very charming also he can be in the glimpses he gives us of the characters and manners of the men of his time, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and the rest. To look down the list of subjects which Mr. Ireland has included in his selections is to recognise the variety and versatility of his pen. Of his own style it may be said that it is terse, epigrammatic, sometimes paradoxical, and generally piquant and picturesque. When he is bitter his bitterness is extreme. Take, for instance, his letter to Gifford, which begins in this way:—"Sir, you have an ugly trick of saying what is not true of anyone you do not like; and it will be the object of this letter to cure you of it. You say what you please of others; it is time you were told what you are. In doing this, give me leave to borrow the familiarity of your style: for the fidelity of the picture I shall be answerable. You are a little person, but a considerable cat's-paw, and so far worthy of notice. Your clandestine

connection with persons high in office constantly influences your opinions, and alone gives importance to them. You are the *Government critic*, a character nicely differing from that of a Government spy, the invisible link that connects literature with the police."

In concluding these brief notes on Mr. Ireland's book, it may be said that he has given us a most comprehensive view of Hazlitt, leaving no feature of his character or work untouched. That the Hazlitt of Mr. Ireland is the true one most of us will, doubtless, be ready to admit. Whether he will succeed in the excellent purpose to which he has devoted himself, that of drawing attention to a somewhat-neglected author, remains to be seen. The work he has done is a seasonable and fitting one, and if he does not command success, he has, at least, deserved it.

JOHN MORTIMER.





EDWIN WAUGH.

(Taken shortly before his death.)

From a Photograph by Paul Lange.



EDWIN WAUGH.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

STANDING beside the open grave of Edwin Waugh, on that lovely spring day, the 3rd of May, amid the hurry of fond and tender recollections aroused by the terribly significant words of the burial service, one thought would assert itself, that the homage then being paid was not merely the world's, but was, in truth, heaven's own justice. The tribute of respect, honest, earnest, tender and true, was just. The very representative men clustered about his grave were his old and dear friends. They sadly and sincerely mourned his loss. How many wealthy and worldly prosperous men attain the honour of being so mourned! The eternal principles of truth asserted themselves, and reverence was being paid to the last remains of one who was in his way an honest craftsman, true as steel, without a thread of sham or imposture in web or weft. There was no pretence either in the sense of bereavement and loss. A *man* had died—there are not many human beings who can strictly claim this lofty title—and people who revered his teaching, his principles of labour, the solid value of his work, were there to confess their sense of obligation, and in spite of his death in the fulness of time, the reality of the world's loss.

THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. No. XXXV., JULY, 1890.

Personally, although by no means inclined to enthusiasm, and believing reckless praise to be rank poison, I think Waugh entitled to much higher honour in his vocation as a poet than he has ever received, or is likely to attain for some years to come. He was a genuine bard. A man of the people, who shaped the best thoughts, aspirations, hopes, and love of Lancashire men in words. In this sense he was a Burns, or a Béranger. In spite of a limited recognition, and the disadvantage he laboured under of writing in a dialect, much of his verse may claim not merely to be poetry, but poetry of a very high order of art, natural, melodious, dramatic, and real. No comparison is made between Waugh and Burns, and the lion flamboyant need not erect its mane; but there are several ballads of Waugh's that would stand but little behind all but the best of Burns. In true tenderness and affection, perfect melody, kindly humour; in dealing with the pure and simple affections of honest, virtuous, simple folk, there are few ballads, ancient or modern, to beat some of his best. Waugh wrote for bread, and, like all who write under such conditions, wrote too much, for equal verse or to maintain uniform excellence. A great deal of his work was for the day and of the day. But the best dialect poems of so skilled a craftsman as the Laureate—"The Lincolnshire Farmer"—are less perfectly natural and spontaneous, and apparently real, for all poetry is but seeming, than are "Gentle Jone," "Tickle Times," "Little Willy," "The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine," "Come whoam to thi childer an' me," and many others. He had none of the fierce earnestness, the swift vehemence, the intense, and, in spite of lowland birth, the Celtic fire and enthusiasm of blood of the Scottish national poet; but in pure unstinted sympathy, in that tender sensibility to and with human sorrow and suffering, and with all those lowly virtues that

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST DRAFT IN PENCIL OF
 "COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN ME."

Ow we mended up th' fire w a cot,
 Owd Rodale has brought thi new shoon,
 Thy brews are waitin' oth hot,
 An' a whot ale-prosser o' th' o'or.
 Aw've brought the top-curt; does to
 For know
 Et th' rain's comin' down very dree;
 Thi hair's gone as white as new snow;
 Come whoam to thi childer an me.
 when aw put little Fally to bed,
 Tho' cried, 'cos her feather weren't
 There.
 So aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw
 at thae'd bring her a ribbon ^{said} for th'
 An' aw put her ^{fast} still under her ^{untied} feet
 an' aw kissed her again; but how and
 at Ioo wanted to kiss thee an' o'.

aw in one-by when thae
 are in- there.

Couldn't say in so weel 'bout
 his clack.

God bless thee me lass aw'll
 And aw'll kiss thee an' children
 around,

Love is my pocket

But, aw think a chap's done what he best
 He needn't be sturt in his gait
 So he's put the wangle thru his hat
 For he's a bit gimmered
 This morn'g he's doin' my bother
 An' takin' the needle on
 as he's goin' up the stair;
 aw'll be prayin' for him
 that'd bring him a drum,

From the "Manchester Weekly Times."

blossom like wild flowers amid the stormy paths and upon the bleak moorland of the city peasant's life, he is more than his equal. There is no grain of affectation or cant in his voiced expression of the starving weaver's misery during the cotton famine, with all his clothes in pawn, the cupboards bare and without a crumb, silently and slowly and without complaint starving, growing leaner and leaner, despair looking out of his hungry eyes upon his suffering little ones clustered about him. There is not an atom of pretence about it, or of sentiment, or fine imagery; it is too real for that.

But when a mon's honestly willin',
And never a stroke to be had,
And clemmin' for want of a shillin'
No wonder that he should be sad.
It troubles his heart to keep seein'
His little birds feeding o' th' air;
And it feels very hard to be deein',
And never a mortal to care.

A good many people would not understand this as poetry at all. It has no loves and doves, nor prettily-turned phrases; it is inferior in melody to much of his verse. But then they have never starved by inches, and cannot judge. It has a gasp of misery in it that must have been felt to be understood.

This reality of true feeling and sentiment welled up in all he wrote. The sincere and puritan grit of the man, his love of truth in all things, was the key to his singular accuracy of thought and of verbal expression, as well as of his love for the purest domestic and home virtues, and that intense purity of idea and sentiment which marked all he wrote. He could not lie in his work, when he was seeming most. He appeared to feel, perhaps did feel, all he wrote. On this account, as a discriminating and rarely just critic wrote a few weeks since in the *Saturday Review*, his prose story of the Cotton Famine is worth tons of blue

books; it epitomises the sufferings, the sorrows, the struggles of the manful folk among whom he had been reared and lived. It is an Iliad of their great war with disease and hunger and death, of their long fight and their ultimate triumph. What a bitter story it is, even in mere narration, and what must it have been to endure. What heroism and pathos is enshrined in its grand feats of privation meekly and uncomplainingly endured, of families stripped to the bare ground of all worldly possessions, of their furniture and clothing sold piecemeal, bitterly and sadly, to keep bare life within the walls of their emaciated bodies. Families out of work for seventeen weeks, and having short time for months before. A dreary story in its monotone of misery, with touches of brightening humour and noble faith, beside which Ugolino's pales its horrors as being but a disordered dream.

Son of a shoemaker—cobbler, if you will—he was neither ashamed of his parentage, nor his class, nor his father's craft. On the contrary, he turned with fondness, even love, to the joys of its career. "Heigh, ho, for Cobblers," and "The Lapstone Song," are instances. These were part of the simplicity of the man, of his truthfulness and naturalness. He had no taint of the slightest imposture, and he hated pretence, or cant, or sham in any form as poison. George Eliot's actual pride in her joiner father, stripped of affectation and the desire to make him appear as a reputed land surveyor, was not one whit more sincere than Waugh's love of his father's calling. He could not act lies even in jest. This reality is, in part, the measure of his Muse. He aspired to no classic themes. He had not, like Burns, Clarindas and Sylvanders, Strephons and Chloes, Damons and Phyllises. If the "vision and the faculty divine" were his; his rhyme has "no figures and no phantasies." His muse was no "eagle soaring and screaming in the teeth of

the storm." It neither soared nor screamed. It aspired to no visions of purple and fine gold, to no beatific visions of the splendour of Attic life, or of the glamour of the *Ægean*, or to those classic glories, which he could neither realise nor understand; his honesty taught him that the false doctrines of taste live for a brief season only, but that accuracy in art makes "the productions of genius live for all time."

In truth, the best aspects of an ordinary and commonplace but loving and trusting humanity on its heroic side, when trampling on unforeseen calamity and overcoming evil, were his themes. He in no sense "lived in the rainbow, or played in the plighted clouds." His soul moved not "amid the regalities, but the humanities of life," not commonly or meanly, but with a true sense of manhood's elevation and sterling nobility. In this sense his nature was subdued, and "touched to fine issues." He had learned in suffering what he taught in song. Man proudly, silently, manfully, without "whimpering," wrestling against unmerited misfortune, sorrow, and chill penury, the bleak moorland of town manufacturing life, where there is no room for pleasant verdure, where no visions of Prospero's enchanted isle, no yellow sands, no pleasant noises, no aerial graces, no dainty loveliness of elfin beauty to intrude; nothing but a boggart, a few tufts of heather, and the green moss, but where there was still room for the lark.

Though we livin o' th' floor same as layrocks,
We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing!

These were his sources of inspiration, the key to his philosophy and teaching, to what is genuine poetry in his writing, and to so much of his native folk-talk as will live for evermore.

I cannot claim for Waugh any very exalted place among the great ones of the earth, the true bards, who have dignified and elevated the ideal of a nation's life. He

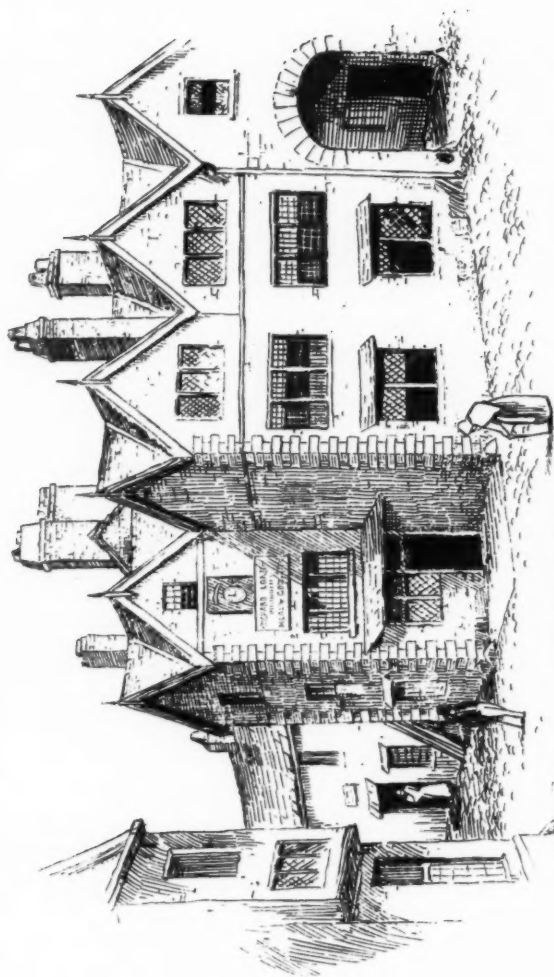
did not aspire to such honour. He himself would have been the last person to claim it.

. . . . His rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right nor varnish wrong.

His poetry was simple song for simple folk, but it was good. Its philosophy and theme was a genuine belief in God's goodness as an actual thing, in spite of clouds; in the eternal verities; that virtue is better than vice—nobler, sweeter, more lovely; that home affections—sincere love of husband and wife and of children, a well-swept hearth, a cosy ingle-nook, with loving and gleeful faces about it; an occasional spree or burst from the dreary monotony of squalid bread-winning labour—that these were all good in their way. I am afraid this also gauges its extent. It is no better and no worse than the aspirations of many thousands of his class the world over. It may not be elevated, nor sublime, nor highly reasonable, but it is true. As far as it goes it is sound to the core. This is the value and worth of his song. It is healthy in sentiment, even if poor in wisdom. It is cheerful, hopeful, resolved; resolute to suffer in silence, hating "snivelling" and "knuckling under," or any mean thing; claiming freedom, the mountain breezes, the wildness and gloom of the moorland, with something of its sadness and solitude, and finally, when he died, rest on and near the moor, as being as much as he could hope or claim as an unthriftly peasant in this hard life.

Oh, lay me down in moorland ground
And make it my last bed,
With the beathery wilderness around
And the bonny lark o'erhead:
Let fern and ling around me cling,
And green moss o'er me creep,
And the sweet wild mountain breezes sing
Above my slumbers deep.

Poetry is the most occult of all the arts, else how came all the Laureates and their present oblivion? Who can run



The Old Clock face Rochdale

WAUGH'S BIRTHPLACE.

From the "Manchester Weekly Times."

them over from memory? Daniel, Davenant, Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Southey, Cibber, Eusden, Pye, Whitehead, and the rest. How came Daniel and Jonson to be preferred to Shakespere, or Byron to think poorly of our national poet, or Voltaire to call him a drunken savage? These are but instances of the caprices of fashion, of the "wild vicissitudes of taste." The preposterous laudation of Walt Whitman, Browning, Montgomery, Tupper, Lloyd, Close, or a dozen other poets of their time, is the like momentary breath of the untutored mind. Lord Palmerston, who ruled this nation, and was considered wise, believed the poet Close to be a great poet. What more can be said? I may be wrong in my estimate of Waugh as "one of the immortals," but hold to my belief. He penned much that the world "will willingly let die," as what man who writes for bread does not? His verse, simple and clear in its dialect expression, with an almost mathematical accuracy of phraseology, harmonious, felicitous in its humour and sweet kindliness, cannot all be dignified by being considered poetry at all. But of which of the minor order of poets may not this be said? On the other hand, how much in his songs is truly dramatic, apprehensive, and based on thorough knowledge of humanity, as well as exquisitely descriptive and melodious—in a phrase, true poetry?

Apart from its epigram of diction, how much of Pope rises above the intensely common place? How unequal were even such fluent masters of "harmonious numbers" as Dryden, Wordsworth, Shelley, or even Byron. The Rochdale bard does not always rise to the height in sentiment and expression of "Come whoam to thi childer an' me;" but when he is dealing with moorland scenes, with home pictures of suffering and privation, with the natural dignity of the labouring man, he is always at his best. His model hero was a man who kept a stout heart in

calamity, loved his children and did no mean nor untrue thing. Here are his words:—

God bless him that fends for his living,
And hounds up his yed thro it o'.

He is a sterling nobleman
Who lives the truth he knows ;
Who dreads the slavery of sin,
And fears no other foes.

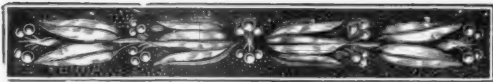
Who scorns the folly of pretence,
Whose mind from cant is free ;
Who values men for worth and sense,
And hates hypocrisy.

Who glows with love that's free from taint,
Whose heart is kind and brave ;
Who feels that he was neither meant
For tyrant nor for slave.

Malice can never mar his fame,
A heaven-crowned king is he ;
His robe a pure immortal aim,
His throne eternity.

I am not sure that these verses can be dignified as poetry at all ; but they are an index of the character of the whilom compositor, of one who in his verse had written nothing to make him ashamed to stand before kings, and who to me is best remembered as deserving that high praise accorded by Hamlet to Horatio, as he appeared always—genial, light-hearted, simple, and brave.

. . . . For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks : and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases : Give me that man
That is not passion's slave and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.



SOME PHASES OF LANCASHIRE LIFE.

BY BEN BRIERLEY.

THERE are people, and a numerous family of them too, living outside the County Palatine, who have somehow got it into their heads that the natives of Lancashire are only a degree removed from the brute creation—that their language and manners are rude and uncouth, and their society entirely unfit for persons of cultivated tastes. This, in many instances, may be true. The collier may be charged with a certain degree of rudeness, for which the rough nature of his employment ought to be held responsible. The uncouthness of his speech, so different from that of any other working man, may be caused by his having to lie on his side when hewing coal. He cannot articulate his words with the precision of a schoolmaster, hence “potato-pie,” is rendered as “paw-pie.” How these *savants* have got their heads soaked with the idea that Lancashire people are more rude and unmannerly than the natives of any other county I cannot say. It cannot be from personal contact with them, or from any deep study of their character. Perhaps it may be derived from a manifestation of independence that will not permit them to take off their hats to a “cad” because they can distinguish that kind of animal from a gentleman.

But there is this to be said of a Lancashire man that may compound for many things that are thought to be rude. You may find a soft heart under a seemingly rough exterior; and a hard hand that can smooth the pillow of affliction with the gentleness of a mother, and you may find samples of bravery not to be found on a battle field, and in men who wear not clasps, nor other decorations. If culture does not prepare men for these duties; if it does not soften their hearts, and incline their hands to do something more than the fitting on of a glove; if a musical training unfits their ears for anything except Italianised airs; if they cannot find a delight in listening to a right merry strain of old England, I say a fig for your culture. Take it into the drawing-room, and breathe its essence into the ears of the simpering madam whose hardest work is toying with an ugly pet dog. I can remember one time being at Blackpool early on a Sunday morning, and listening to a blind man playing a flutina. He had a fine ear, and a delicate touch; and played nothing but sacred airs, the effect of which was charming. A collier—I knew he was a collier by the blue marks upon his face—was one of the auditory. For a full hour he stirred not; and every time the hat went round he dropped in his penny.

People passed, and repassed without stopping to listen; some bearing a clerical appearance, who talked loudly, as if the public ear was made for them. I left for a stroll, and on my return, I observed the collier still drinking in the music; the remembrance of which, if it would not be a joy for ever, would be a source of pleasure for a long time.

There are evidences of the representative Lancashire man growing out of his coarse tastes and vulgar habits. He no longer delights in cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and prize-fighting. He is content to leave these refinements

to the cosmopolitan nobility. There can be no doubt that he would abandon other objectionable things if he were not led on by the example of those who are supposed to dwell in a higher sphere. But there have been pioneers at work that the world knew not of; men who have silently opened the track for others to follow. We have no means of estimating the good they have done, or caused to be worked out by others. But I can give you an instance of application and self-denial that is worthy of remark, and that shows what men are capable of doing without any aid, beyond the exercise of their mental powers, and a strong will to support them.

This is one of the principal phases of a Lancashire man's life, his fortitude when struggling with difficulties. You would almost think it was to him a source of enjoyment. I speak now of things as they existed 60 years ago; before our working youth had begun to be wrapped in cotton-wool by a multitude of philanthropists, and when every boy who aspired to rise above the surface of society had himself to find the ladder by which to ascend. He cared not for a little starvation nor coarse fare, for he knew not what luxury meant. Porridge three times a day, so that he got plenty of it, was enough for him. On this fare he could pursue studies that have since borne good fruit. A number of youths—my brother's companions—met nightly at my father's house, and pursued their studies within the sound of the looms. Two of this band rose to be mill-owners, one is a retired superintendent of police, and a fourth is a Town Councillor. The rest are dead, but did not die before they had made their mark. One was for many years head-master of St. John's Schools, Gartside Street, in this city, and the sixth was an employer of labour in Shudehill. The foundation of all these successes was laid in my father's house, for which he paid the

enormous rental of half-a-crown per week. What think you of that, ye advocates of extravagance in School Board buildings?

What incentives had these young men to pursue the paths they did? I leave the question to the psychologist. But it shows the grit there is in the representative Lancashire man when he sets out in life, with nothing but a stern determination to work himself upwards—a defiance of every obstacle that may be thrown in his way. Had the road been smooth and easy to his feet, he might not have trod it. He has too much of the “Mark Tapley” in his nature to pause at a ditch.

There are instances of Lancashire men, of the very humblest origin, raising themselves to a position which even the nobility could hardly dare to aspire to. John Wolfenden, a handloom weaver, living in Hollinwood, was reputed to be the greatest mathematician of his time. His acquaintance was sought by scholars from all parts of the kingdom. But John, through his having opinions of his own regarding religious matters, was looked upon as an unbeliever; and this, with his great learning, caused his society to be avoided by the “rigidly righteous” of his neighbours. His ideas of that religion which teacheth charity may be expressed in the language he is supposed to have uttered at the death-bed side of the father of a poor pupil whom he is teaching gratuitously. Several of the neighbours are expressing their sorrow over the man’s death, when old Wolfenden delivers himself as follows:—

“Sorry, do you say? I wish it may be my lot to dee like him. Joe never did wrong to man, woman, or child. As hapless a being as he wur he lived for somebody beside hissel’, an’ he dee’d for ‘em. As grand a martyr lies there as ever wur sainted. He may not ha’ pined i’ prison, or bin burnt at th’ stake for not unsaying things he’d said

before; but he's done more. For t' lift one poor mite of a bein' more helpless than he wur; to do unto others more than he'd have done for him he's clemmed hisselt' to death. You may turn up your e'en, an' look shocked; but what I tell yo's true. Jo's bin' clemmed to death. He's suffered martyrdom, I say again; an' as sure as yo'r here that sacrifice shall be canonised, an' by a greater priesthood than this world can boast; a hierarchy that does not buy or sell, nor grip at carnal things, but finds 'ith nooks an' byways o' life the brightest jewels in His crown."

Samples of stoicism in the Lancashire man need not be sought. I have heard one whistle when his loom-gearing was in a blaze, and the earnings of months of hard toil have been swallowed up in smoke. But the strangest instance I have known I met with in a weaver who was noted for a little eccentricity.

This weaver lived in my native village, and in his early married life had to bring up a family on a very small income. The possession of a golden sovereign was to him the "El Dorado" we read of. It was a coin he rarely handled. But an advance in the price of weaving a certain class of goods entitled him to the receipt of over twenty shillings for the piece he had woven; but he had been more than a fortnight in earning that sum. A part of his wages was paid to him in a sovereign, which he clutched with a grip you would have thought he would never relax. He had left his family starving; and when he reached home, and saw his children "yammering" for food, his heart was touched. Still he gripped the gold, and vowed he would not part with it for just one hour, "chus heaw." But when his eyes met the appealing looks of his eldest daughter, the stoic gave place to the parent. He threw down the sovereign, and retired to wash away the harsher feelings in tears.

But there are other things that Lancashire men have distinguished themselves in, apart from their courage under difficulties, and their endurance when steeped in poverty. They can earn honours in any profession they choose to adopt without asking assistance from others. I especially recall to mind the Thorley family, the eminent musicians. They were hand-loom weavers when I first knew them. Since then they have earned a name, not only in their native county, but throughout England. There was no noise made about their setting out in life—no foreign or professional names attached to their identity. The plain name of Thorley was sufficient to establish their reputation. The only member of the family that could not follow the profession is now one of the best violoncello makers in this country. I remember, not long ago, seeing a picture in the Arts Club, painted by John Houghton Hague, that attracted some attention. The subject was "The Fiddle Maker," at his work in an old loomhouse. I at once recognised in the portrait the features of old Tom Thorley, an acquaintance of mine of sixty years ago. These were all self-made men; and the secret of their success lay in the fact that they each possessed a share of the "grit" that, more or less, is mixed up in the composition of a genuine Lancashire man.





GEORGE SAND.

BY J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

IN his essay on George Sand, Matthew Arnold expresses the fear that the number of her works may prove a hindrance to her fame. Henry James finds it impossible to read her novels more than once; and her latest French biographer, M. Caro, commences his book by admitting that she is no longer read. But all three are agreed that a certain portion at least of her work will live; and that although readers are hardly likely to turn again and again to her stories, they will be read once by most people who chance to make their acquaintance. The reason for this general hesitancy as to her future popularity, is not far to seek. George Sand belongs to the number of writers whose personality contends for interest with their writings, and this not necessarily because the literary power is of second-rate importance, but because the writer, carried away by eager passions, sympathies, and opinions, neglects the scrupulous demands of literary perfection. George Sand's mental and moral constitution was of no ordinary type, and everything she has written bears the impress of her peculiar genius. Her books have a peculiar flavour which is always stimulating and refreshing, and it is

for this flavour that we read them, and not primarily for their conclusions and definite presentments of life and character. It is always pleasant to say to oneself "I have not read any George Sand lately, what shall I get that I haven't read already?" and he will surely feel distinctly poorer when the long list of her writings gives out, as the longest lists do, who finds, as so many seem to find, that the greater number of her works will not bear re-reading. However, it is somewhat of comfort to feel that a few of them will refuse to come into this general category.

Her treatment of some of the most burning of questions has not conduced to her wide popularity in this country; on the contrary, it has caused the danger signal to be run up, and the line blocked against her. Mrs. Browning appealed to her, "Beat purer, heart, and higher." Ruskin, though finding her always beautiful, found her, alas, often immoral; while to Carlyle, she was bluntly a bad woman, and "the incoherent George Sandisms" of Mazzini helped to lessen the puritan philosopher's appreciation of this Italian patriot. With such unpromising reception in the high places of English seriousness, we need not wonder that in many lower places the door has been somewhat rudely closed.

It is not difficult for us to turn to a passage in her writings which will give us a clue to the general tendency of her thought and speculation. Matthew Arnold for this purpose quotes her words: "The sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall some day know it." But these words seem to me inadequate for the purpose, because they say nothing about the quality of that ideal life. However, in the introduction to "*Ma Sœur Jeanne*," we find a passage that will supply this lack: "That fidelity to spontaneous instinct, in despite of reason and positive interests, is not to be dis-

dained. Wild inspirations have their greatness." Impatience of rules and confidence in the emotional instincts is the guiding motive of all George Sand's life and thought. If as life went on she had to learn the truth of her own saying, "that youth subsists on theories, age on the accomplished fact," and her period of revolt was followed by a period of acquiescence, it was but acquiescence, not approval, and in her latest works she thought and wrote, one might almost say, as if the Ten Commandments never had been, or at any rate never ought to have been written, or at least had better be put away and forgotten with other childish things, and our futures be trusted to those "dangerous guides, the feelings." It needs no proving that this temperament brings us in danger of that "lubricity" which the critic already more than once referred to has declared to be a besetting weakness of the French as a nation. But it is the weakness of their strength, and their strength is as real and more prevailing than their weakness, and we have a larger measure of the strength than of the weakness in George Sand.

Surely we may expect from a woman of such temper of mind, and gifted with extraordinary literary power, some at least charming, though it may be often unreal stories. A nature which always seeks for beauty, harmony, elevation of feeling—and if elevation be impossible, at all events feeling, not dull routine—cannot but write with interest, and adding to this an intense love of nature and wonderful facility in interpreting and describing nature, and we have all that is needful to explain the long succession of books which she steadily and without intermission produced when once her vocation had become plain to her.

In this article I shall have at least as much to say about the writer as about her books, and shall use the writer to

explain the books, and the books in turn to illustrate the writer. It is no part of my purpose to give a *catalogue raisonné* of her works, or to follow any one or more of her characters through the vicissitudes of their career, or submit them to psychological analysis. Her strength does not lie in consistency and complexity of plot, or in scientific delineation of character. I purpose to tell briefly the story of her life and of her works, and let the thought and writing of the different periods of her life throw light upon each other.

Not the least interesting part of her life-story is that of her early years, and to understand these years we must go further back still, and trace her ancestry. — Never surely was there greater need to keep in mind the antecedents of a remarkable character than in the case of George Sand. None of her stories, no story ever written, is, perhaps, more romantic than the tale of her ancestry and early years.

The most striking features of her pedigree are its curious minglement of what would ordinarily be called very high and very low, and its want of conventionality. Her great-grandfather was the famous Maréchal Maurice de Saxe, and we trace the unconventionality so far back, he being an illegitimate son of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, by a beautiful mistress, Aurora, Countess of Königsmark. The want of conventionality continues, and we next find Maurice father, by a celebrated actress, of a daughter, Marie Aurore, who, when half-way through her teens, became the wife of the Comte de Horn, himself an illegitimate son of King Louis XV. The Count, not long afterwards, was killed in a duel, and his widow, venturing a second time on matrimony, became the wife of a certain M. Dupin de Francueil, who was of so great age at the time of the marriage that Marie Aurore

was soon again left a widow, this time with an only son, eventually the father of George Sand. On her mother's side George Sand had to be too proud to care from whence she came. But this was never difficult to her. She rejoiced in being of low as well as of high descent; and we need not surely wish for a much greater extreme from the heights we have just left than the depth of a bird-seller in the Parisian market; for of such humble calling in life was George Sand's maternal grandfather. And, alas! we have to face unconventionality again in her immediate parentage. The bird-seller, Antoine Delaborde, had a daughter, a veritable child of the people, to whom Napoleon was a hero, and of whom one of Napoleon's officers was the lover, followed by his mistress on one of the Italian campaigns. Here the grandson of the Maréchal de Saxe, himself serving in the army, fell in love with her, and married her to save their offspring from the stain of illegitimacy. Such is the story of the ancestry and the parentage of George Sand, and surely there is here enough of "fidelity to spontaneous instinct, in despite of reason and positive interests," and if heredity goes for anything in the determination of character, we have by this time full explanation of George Sand's possession of those qualities which on their weak side tend to lubricity.

The romance does not end with birth. The *mésalliance* contracted by her son was a severe blow to the widow, first of the Comte de Horn, then of a wealthy farmer-general of finance. She had lost nearly all her fortune in the Revolution, but enough remained to enable her to purchase a small estate at Nohant, in the Canton de Berry, since made world-famous by her grand-daughter. She was at heart a royalist, a child of the *ancien régime*, and at first refused to have anything to do with her daughter-in-law and grand-child. But the child having been introduced to her by a

ruse, intercourse with the mother, of necessity, followed, and the young Dupin, with his wife and child, found a home at Nohant. But before the young Aurore was old enough to know the meaning of death, and could only stare in bewilderment at the signs of grief around her, her father was killed, thrown from a too spirited horse. She tells in her biography, "L'Histoire de ma Vie," how she tried to comfort her weeping mother, but only succeeded in raising a fresh storm of grief by saying, "But when papa has finished being dead, he is sure to come back to see you." Between the mother and grandmother there had never been any closer relation than an armed neutrality, which broke out into open feud when the son and husband, the sole security for peace, was no longer there; and during her early years, George Sand was the witness of, and her mind and heart were troubled by, this alienation of the mother, whom she passionately loved, from the grandmother, whom she revered. The mother, however, deemed it to be to the interest of her child to leave her to be brought up by her grandmother, and accordingly withdrew from Nohant. Here, then, under the guidance of the lady of the *ancien régime* and an old pedagogue Deschatres, the girl's education was accomplished. The pupil was not of the most docile. Indoor teaching of the stereotyped character we can well understand was little to her taste. "I studied, however," she says, "arithmetic, versification, Latin, a little Greek, and some botany into the bargain." Botany, as her pedagogue understood the word, she detested; but botany as a love of flowers, and a delight in watching their growth and gathering them, and learning, not pedantic Latin names, but the simple names the country folk called them, was a constant delight to her. History, geography, music, and literature were her favourite regulation studies, and she

believed, that had her grandmother, who began, continued her musical education, she would have developed into a musician," "for," she says, "I was well qualified to be one; and I enjoy the beautiful, which in this art more than in any other moves and arouses me."

Her walks, rambles, and scrambles were perhaps her chief joy. The country about Nohant awakened and developed in her that love of nature which, with her wonderful power of description, is one of her happiest gifts. How many readers of her works have not longed to see for themselves the country which could so inspire her. Alas! the inspiration varies with the mind of the observer rather than with the differences of natural scenery. When one of George Sand's characters complains of the dulness of her surroundings, the reply is made that probably the country which Scott describes would look tame to one who had not lived in it. "Do not think," she says, "it is necessary to have seen many great things to have a true idea and sense of what is great. There is greatness in all things for those who carry it within themselves, and it is not illusion that they foster; it is a revelation of that which is more or less manifest in nature. To dull senses vulgar manifestations of power and sight are necessary. That is why so many people going into Scotland to search for the scenes described by Scott cannot find them, and say that the poet has overrated his country." I have still to content myself with the hope of seeing Berry and Nohant, and the Indre and the Creuse—a hope well nigh formed into a purpose, but still only a hope. I cannot, therefore, describe it at first hand. Matthew Arnold, however, paid a hero-worshipper's visit to Nohant, and has little to say about the country that sounds particularly interesting. We may easily conclude that anyone to whom a yellow primrose was not much more than a yellow

primrose would not find George Sand's country anything out of the ordinary. One has not, however, to spend much time hunting through her works to find what it was to her.

First we may note how keen was her interest in all the old legends and superstitions in which no country is wanting, and of which hers had full store. "My little brain," she tells us, "was always full of poetry. The princesses and the kings of fairy stories were for long enough my great delight. The fairies and the genies! where were they, those beings who, with a wand-wave, could transport you into a world of marvels?" She falls out with her hero, Rousseau, about the effect of fairy tales on children. "I do not agree with Rousseau," she says, "in wishing to suppress the marvellous as a tissue of lies. Reason and doubt come quite soon enough, and without any urging. . . . Children should have the food best suited to their age. As long as they enjoy the marvellous, let them have it; when they begin to grow out of it, then beware of prolonging the error, and of retarding the natural development of their reason."

The following is but the natural sequel to her early pleasures. "Berry, covered with dateless ruins of mythical days, with tombs and dolmens, seems to have preserved in its legends hints of a worship anterior to the Druids, perhaps of those gods, who, according to our antiquaries, precede the appearance of the Kymri on our soil. Human sacrifices are shadowed, like a haunting recollection, in some of the apparitions, wandering corpses, mutilated phantoms, headless men, arms or legs but no body, people our heaths and old-abandoned roads. Then come the more definite superstitions of the middle age, still dreadful, but with a touch of the ludicrous; unheard-of animals, whose grinning faces we see in the

sculpture of the Romanesque and Gothic churches, wander living and crying around graveyards or among ruins. The spirits of the dead still knock at the house-doors. Troops of wild imps, personified vices, fly, screaming, in the storm-cloud. The dead all live again, everything death had destroyed, even the beasts find voice again, and movement, and visibility; furniture made by man and violently destroyed, re-makes itself, and clatters on worm-eaten legs. The very stones get up and speak to the affrighted traveller; he hears the night birds singing with horrid voice of the day of death, which, never staying, always passing, still slays not finally, thanks to the belief in the strength of which all creatures and all things inanimate resist extinction, and, hiding in the region of the marvellous, illumine the night with ill-boding gleams, and people the solitudes with ghostly faces and mysterious voices." In an early acquaintance with such beliefs, we can trace the origin of that fantastic description of nature and life which we meet with in so many of the novels, as "*Pierre qui Roule*," "*Spiridion*" and the "*Countess of Rudolstadt*," and in the "*Rustic Legends and Tales of a Grandmother*." But she could also see nature by day, when all ghosts, good and evil, are absent. And the most commonplace material suffices her for a charming picture. Describing Nohant, she says, "Those furrows of rich brown soil, those great round walnut trees, those narrow shady lanes, those untrimmed hedges, the grass grown churchyard, the little porch of rough cut wood, the ruined elms, the peasants' cottages in their pretty gardens, their bowers of vine and their green hempfields, all this becomes sweet to the sight, and dear to the thought after long years of life in the midst of its silence, humbleness, and calm."

Nothing gladdens her more than a wide-reaching prospect. She thus describes a view from the edge of a

plateau:—"A wide extent of goodly country spread out from beneath her feet, till it met the sky in circles of wooded horizons, pale violet in colour, and broken by the golden rays of the setting sun. There 'are few lovelier scenes in France. The vegetation, when seen close to, is by no means remarkable. No broad river meanders through the fields in which the sunlight gleams on no lordly roofs, no picturesque hills, nothing striking or extraordinary in this quiet landscape; but a vast wealth of well-tilled country, an infinite division of fields and pastures, of copses, and wide open roads, yielding an abundant variety of forms and tones, in an all-embracing harmony of sober green; a confusion of well-cultivated closes, of cottages nestling amid the fruitful orchards, of screens of poplars, of rich, low-lying pastures, of barer fields and straighter hedges on the uplands, contrasting with the neighbouring luxuriance, and finally, an unbroken harmony for fifty leagues around, which, with one glance, the eye takes in from the cottages of Labreuil or Corlay."

With the life of the country also she was in complete sympathy. The most charming of her works are the three stories of village life, written in days of peace succeeding times of uttermost distress. They are also, perhaps, most perfect as works of art, and assuredly we may hope to turn again with pleasure to renew our acquaintance with François de Champi, la petite Fadette, and with the good people who lost themselves by the Devil's Pool.

One of her poems, of which the following is a rough translation, is a charming illustration of her more ideal treatment of country folk and life.

Three woodmen in the spring time,
In a quiet forest glade;
(I hear the little nightingale)
Three woodmen in the spring time
Sat chatting with a maid.

The second of the three said,
 (The one who had a rose),
 (I hear the little nightingale)
 The second of the three said,
 "I love, but daren't propose."

The eldest of the three said,
 (The one with axe in hand),
 (I hear the little nightingale)
 The eldest of the three said,
 "Where I love I command."

The youngest of the three said,
 (He had an almond flower),
 (I hear the little nightingale)
 The youngest of the three said,
 "Be mine, I seek not power."

"You shall not be my love
 You who have a rose ;
 (I hear the little nightingale)
 You shall not be my love
 Too timid to propose.

"You shall not be my lord,
 You with axe in hand ;
 (I hear the little nightingale)
 You shall not be my lord,
 Love aways without command.

"But you shall be my love,
 You with the almond flower ;
 (I hear the little nightingale)
 Yes, you shall be my love,
 Brave lover scorning power."

But to her grandmother's mind, her education could not be properly finished elsewhere than in Paris, and to the sacrifice of the feelings of both, now really attached to each other, the girl had to change the fields of Berry for a city seminary, a certain Couvent des Anglaises. But the Catholic Church was not without the power of gaining a strong hold upon her imagination, and the girl who could charm the birds into friendliness, and revelled in all that was strange and uncanny in village lore, soon became an austere devotee, abjuring society, enduring many a self-imposed penance, and amazing her superiors by the excess

of her zeal. Speaking of these experiences, she says: "My devotion had all the qualities of a veritable passion. The heart once conquered, reason was shown the door with a sort of fanatical joy." But an enforced return to Nohant, occasioned by the death of her grandmother, broke the spell, and we, at any rate, may be thankful that she did not take the veil, but became a novelist instead, and wrote "*Spiridion*," instead, where doubtless are revealed to us many of her own aspirations and doubts and disturbances of faith. But though she wandered far away from the quiet cloister life into the mad whirligig of the sinful world, as the book just mentioned abundantly proves, those convent hours never lost their influence. But her religiousness is peculiarly her own. It must be free, joyous, unconstrained to her or nothing. There must be no Ten Commandments, there must be no mere adherence to "duty" righteousness; there must be perfect freedom of love or nothing.

Having returned to the world, there followed an inevitable reaction. She read the "*Génie du Christianisme*" instead of the "*Imitation*," and turned to Byron, Hamlet, and Philosophy, to the great distress of her heart, bewilderment of her mind, and depression of her spirits. In fact, to such a pass did things come with her that she not only contemplated suicide, but once actually attempted it, riding her horse into the deep stream "with a nervous laugh and delirious joy." But, fortunately, the horse had not been first a devotee and then a philosopher, and swimming strongly, brought her safely to shore.

The years immediately following her convent life were also rendered miserable by differences between herself and her mother, and then, as is so well known, she accepted a marriage of convenience, as, in her fond hope, a lesser evil, and became the wife of a certain M. Dudevant, whose sole

claim to the world's notice is that he drove his wife to leave him, even though in so doing she deprived herself of all her fortune, including her well-loved Nohant, and had to support herself and her two children by her own labour. A sad conclusion this. Marriage was to have been to her an end of strife and turmoil, and it proved but the beginning of far greater sorrows. And this creature of passionate instincts and radiant genius, capable, none the less, of the most faithful service to one worthy of her love, was driven into rebellion against the accepted social creed, and fires of love being quenched, up sprang the fires of hate.

We are here brought face to face with the great problem of her life and character. It is not my wish to dwell long upon it, to debate it, to give the *pros* and *cons* for my own conclusion about it. Certainly to me George Sand was no mere bad woman. If we had to base ethical judgments on objective results, a method not unknown in these latter days, and were to consider the immediate results of her life, perchance the verdict might tremble in the balance, but basing our verdict on the subjective motive, and remembering how often the false rights of human convention have made even the saintly seem to sin, and noting, also, the many changes of thought rapidly gaining widespread acceptance to-day, I approach such a life and work as that of George Sand full of confidence, and leave it, easily crediting her with more worth than she seemed to possess, and laying her errors not wholly to herself, but in part to the charge of our as yet imperfectly-developed humanity.

Although her husband does not seem to have been at first more than merely insupportable to a wife utterly different from himself, life together became intolerable. They separated by mutual consent, and Madame Dudevant, taking with her her little daughter, went to seek her

living in Paris. Economy was a first consideration, and she established herself in the garret of a house on the Quai Saint Michel, and—what a situation to choose!—facing the Morgue. Those were troublous times in France, and fighting in the streets of Paris was no uncommon thing. It is a familiar story how, for the sake of the greater freedom it would give her, and the wider experience she could thereby gain, she donned masculine attire, and passed for a young student of the Quartier Latin.

Her efforts to support herself and child had necessarily to begin with experiments, and flower painting on fans and portraits at fifteen francs each at first divided her attention with literature, but literature was strongest in her affections, and promised also to be the most remunerative, and to it she finally entrusted her fate. At Nohant she had seen and found much in common with Jules Sandeau, and they met again in Paris, where Sandeau introduced her to Delatouche, himself a Berrichon, and then editor of *Figaro*, and he employed her to write for his paper. Delatouche was a severe and unsparing critic, and drilled his pupil thoroughly, yet kindly, regularly encouraging her by saying, "I prophesy that you will finish, or rather begin, by writing a good romance." And this he at length enjoined upon her to attempt, in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. The romance was written and published under the title of "*Rose et Blanche, ou la Comédienne et la Religieuse*," and was signed "Jules Sand."

Shortly after this incident she had to pay one of the visits to Nohant, which, for reasons affecting her property, the law rendered obligatory upon her so long as she was not completely divorced from her husband. This visit was full of bitterness to her, and her outraged feelings found a vent through the opening which her experience in Paris

had prepared for them; and she wrote then the first of her works of revolt, "Indiana." Returning to Paris, there arose the difficulty of a *nom de plume*. She wished the book to be signed Jules Sand, but Sandeau objected, as he had had no share in the writing of it. She therefore decided on the signature George Sand, the publisher wishing the latter name to be retained, and she selecting George as a link with the country, and therefore with Berry, and the book, to become a stumbling block to some and a corner stone to others, and the name to become so famous, were launched together.

What is the book? Briefly, Indiana is a delicate, sensitive Creole, married by her father's command to a rich colonel, Baron Delmare, many years older than herself. Her Indian maid, Noun, has a lover, who is shot by M. Delmare, who takes him to be a robber, and Indiana nurses him. He falls in love with her, and is loved in return. But she discovers him to be worthless, and leaves him, suffering terribly by the sacrifice this is to her. But her cousin, Sir Ralph Brown, steps into his place, and both he and Indiana are strengthened and bettered by a genuine and generous affection—the husband, of course, in the meantime being left to his own devices. The book was a pronounced success, the writer's position was assured, and having once found her vocation, she pursued it with a persistence and facility alike remarkable. Her pen, once taken up, was not laid down again until the close of her life. Her works number over one hundred volumes, and were written within unvarying limits of time. It is related that Alfred de Musset made it a grievance that at Venice she persisted in producing each day its proper quota of "copy." At Nohant, after spending much of the day in the open air, she regularly began to write when the rest of the household had retired to rest, and continued

her work into the early hours of the morning. How difficult a task it is to estimate this woman's character in detail may be gathered from various criticisms passed upon her, for while to some her name is a byword of reproach, others discern in her a strong *bourgeois* element, and some find her insufferably moral! Perhaps we may trace here the influence of the lady of the *ancien régime*. Albeit, George Sand was a hard worker, a thorough housewife, and a devoted mother, and that the moral element was not wholly dormant in her, we may gather from this sentence in Leone Leoni, which we may well believe to have originated in her own experience, and to be in part a rejoicing in her own achievement, and in part a lament over her own failure:—"You do not know, Juliette, how easy life becomes to those who make rules for themselves, and keep to them."

Between the completion and publication of "Indiana," this steady application to work had produced another novel, "Valentine," while yet another, "Lélia," had been commenced. "Valentine" is another story of unhappy marriage and of fatal rebellion against it. "Lélia" is a strange, wild poem, revealing the inward struggle through which she was then passing, a period of doubt and denial. She calls it in her preface, the work of doubt, the cry of scepticism, and names in the same breath Réné, Werther, Oberman, Konrad, and Manfred.

Novel followed novel with bewildering rapidity; it would be useless merely to name them, impossible here to do much more. All bear the same stamp. "Jacques" is a story of ideal love, "André" of a sweet simple girl in love with one too weak to love strongly in return. In "Leone Leoni" we have a woman relating to a present lover the story of her miserable infatuation for the worthless but fascinating man her auditor has succeeded. "La dernière

Aldini" is a charmingly written story of Venice, but a noble lady falls in love with a gondolier, and her daughter is blindly infatuated with a singer. In "Mauprat," a woman takes a man morally and in education far beneath her, and by her patient love raises him to her own level. All these are but variations of the same subject—love. It may be happy or wretched, high or low, anything so long as it be passionate and free. Her experience of love in bonds was a bitter one, no less bitter than to the unbound lovers of her novels were the sorrows they suffered; and what wonder that a woman such as she, devoted to her children, and able to maintain and educate them, tied to a husband capable only of thwarting her, in the bitterness of her strife with him, and the darkness of distressing doubts, praised love at any price and of any quality. We must admit that this often goes too far, as when Jacques says: "I have never forced my imagination, to arouse or re-awaken in me a feeling not already there, I have never made a duty of constancy. When I have felt that my love has grown cold, I have always said so without shame or remorse, and have obeyed the Providence which was leading me elsewhere." While we may admit, with King Arthur's recreant knights, that we love but as we may, that it seems as if Providence does for mysterious reasons limit many a one's capacity for love, and that then it is, perhaps, utterly unavailing to endeavour to force the imagination, still we must protest that the extinguishment of love, here so readily accepted, ends in no true new birth; that love must grow and change into higher forms, or it ceases to be love; and that he who, time after time, replaces one passion with another of the same kind, no more truly loves the object of his passion than a man loves the wine he drinks. One of George Sand's shorter stories, "Metella," might have taught her this. Count Buondelmonte no longer loves his mistress, once the most

beautiful woman in Florence, but now showing signs of growing years. In any true sense of the word, he never has loved her, but only himself through her, and now he almost hates her, except when some other man pays attention to her, and jealousy then awakens an echo of his earlier passion. But this kind of thing, with George Sand, apparently passes for love, and is, therefore, to her, as praiseworthy in its degree as the most ideal and unselfish affection she ever depicts. What shall we say? M. Caro tells us that nowhere else have piety and adultery been so hopelessly mixed as in her works, and he writes as an admirer! We can only say that here is a soul on its way to deliverance, and its earliest steps, like those of another pilgrim, are through a slough; this is her time of negation, her everlasting No. When we think of her ancestry, of her early training, of her passionate faith passing into despair, of her unhappy marriage, is not this only what we ought to look for? Is it not natural history, full of interest and instruction, and suggestive as we also work at the problems which so perplexed her, and which are yet awaiting their solution? Not any kind of passion of love we must say will do; perhaps any kind may be better than none at all, than cold and calculating, or cruel and fraudulent, egotism; but here, as in all things, our goal must be the best.

After a weary struggle she obtained a complete separation from her husband, and the care of her children was committed to her, and her property, including the château at Nohant, remained her own. This was a great weight removed, and the change is evidenced in her writings. At leisure from herself, from her sad broodings and heart burnings, her attitude is less and less one of mere revolt—more and more one of enquiry and of effort to forecast the better, happier life of the future. But the thunder rolls along the sky, when the centre of the storm has passed

far away; and the confusion of love with absence of restraint darkens many a later page of George Sand's writings. We read a charming story of country life, and quaff with delight the refreshing draught; but there is a dead mouse at the bottom of the tankard. Why, on almost the last page, need she send one of the younger villagers away into voluntary exile, because he finds he cannot refrain from loving the wife of his friend?

In this quieter period of life was written her longest novel, "*Consuelo*," with its sequel, "*La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*." The book is too long, but the close of the period of tension, and an awakened interest in social questions, then as now so keenly debated, weakened for the time her artistic sense of proportion, and both this work and another, "*Le Meunier d'Angibault*," written shortly afterwards, suffer from the unforgivable sin of prolixity. Yet that which has faults the artist may not forgive, the reader can none the less enjoy, and "*Consuelo*" is deservedly one of the best known of George Sand's works. The two names are linked together in our minds. *Consuelo* herself is pure and faithful in love throughout the story. On one of the earliest pages we read that, simply and naturally, she raised her pure voice under the lofty roof of the cathedral, which had never before echoed notes so sweet. And as her voice so was her life, "calm she was as the water of the lagoons, and active as the gondolas which lightly plough their surface." It is mere delight to follow the fortunes of this simple girl, amid the stormy vicissitudes of her artist career. Around her are jealousy, suspicion, meanness, sensuality, and she maintains her radiant purity and gentleness amid it all. To escape importunate lovers who distress her, she leaves Venice, where the story opens, and goes to take the place of companion and music teacher in a nobleman's family in Bohemia. Eventually, after many a

strange adventure, she becomes the wife of the head of this house, Count Rudolstadt. We are taken in this book through a medley of scenes, of wanderings, of incidents grotesque, uncanny, horrible, of secret societies and courts and prisons, of town and country and amid the desolate mountains; and in all this *Consuelo* is to the soul of the Count, whose mind hovers between genius and madness, and, indeed, to any one good enough to be influenced by her, a voice of consolation, and health, and calm. He has a clear head and faithful memory indeed, who, after having but once read the five volumes, retains for long more than a faint impression. Faint, that is, as to the details, but as a total impression, how strong and unfading, like the impression we retain of some mighty Gothic cathedral, when the details of moulding, sculpture, and colour are lost, but the solemn sense of power and awfulness and inscrutable mystery remains.

For the mere charm of it, there is one part of this book which surely every reader delights to remember, the Journey of *Consuelo* and Haydn, on foot, from the Böhmer Wald to Vienna, where the former, to avoid difficulties by the way, donned, as the writer of the book had already done, a masculine garb. Never was the story of a sentimental journey more beautifully told. All George Sand's knowledge and love of the country, and her own walks and journeys, here come to her aid. Many a fear is caused to the young travellers by rude villagers, ill-favoured smugglers, and more dangerous fine gentlemen, should her disguise be found out. Their sleeping accommodation was of the simplest; *Consuelo*, one night, sought refuge in what she took to be an empty shippon, where "she lay down in a straw covered stall, whose warmth and cleanly odour were delightful to her. She had just fallen asleep when she felt a warm, damp breath on her fore-

head, which withdrew with a startled snort and kind of smothered imprecation. Her first fear over, she saw in the dim light of the breaking dawn a long face, surmounted with two formidable horns; it was a fine cow, which had put her head over the rack, and having given one frightened sniff, had drawn back in terror. Consuelo crouched in the corner, so as not to disturb the cow, and soon slept soundly, heedless of all the unwonted noises of the shippon—the creaking of the chains in their rings, the lowing of the heifers, and the rubbing of the horns against the partitions between the stalls; and she still slept on when the milkmaids came to let out the cattle. The shippon was empty—the darkness of the corner where Consuelo was lying had screened her from sight—and the sun had risen when at last she opened her eyes.”

In this book and in others succeeding it, such as “The Miller of Angibault,” and “The Sin of M. Anthony,” love and socialism fight for precedence; but the socialism is no more satisfactory than is often the love; it is too much of the wild instinct order, and we fear that these inspirations need taming and harnessing before they will do the world’s allotted task of humdrum work. One of the most interesting figures in the “Sin of M. Anthony” is the carpenter, Jean, too much a man of genius to work easily a given number of hours per day. In this story George Sand fully writes up to the “sentiment of the ideal life,” which Matthew Arnold finds to be her characteristic note. Only one of the principal characters, M. Cardonnet père, an enterprising capitalist of the worst Lancashire type, ready to sacrifice himself, his wife, and his son to the amassing of useless wealth, lives in the world of realities, or, at any rate, of actualities and popular middle-class beliefs. He and Jean develop a dire animosity, and his son’s affection for the quite ideal daughter of a decayed gentleman of title is only

sanctioned by the money-blinded father because a neighbouring nobleman, not decayed, but possessed of immense wealth, though a convinced Communist, declares his intention of bestowing his wealth on the young Cardonnet, himself also an ardent Communist, and who is to found a Commune with the wealth, a condition of the bequest being the marriage so much desired by the faithful lovers. Alas! here also there is the distant rumble of the storm of unconventional love; only an echo, yet the more audible because a quite unnecessary one, the sin of M. Anthony being entirely useless to the development of the story, and inserted, we cannot but feel, only from force of bad habit.

I have already mentioned the trio of tales of the country, written when, in the stormy years of 1848, George Sand sought a refuge from anxious thought in the simple pathetic lives of the peasantry she knew and loved so well. Each is perfect as a work of art, and beautiful in all its details. Nor is there any false sentiment about the country, its life is by no means depicted as an earthly paradise; there is plenty of hard work for poor pay, the farms are often heavy on the farmers' hands; the people are neither very moral, nor very immoral, they have something about them which seems to bring them very close to the animals which are their care; but they are as simple and as gentle as the farmer's horse and his cow, and they have into the bargain plenty of the stupidity of the geese which the heroes and heroines of the stories tend while young, and the air is redolent of superstition.

Another story of somewhat the same kind, "The Master Pipers," written later, may be named now. We find ourselves here among ruder people, but still with good hearts, among the woodcutters and charcoal burners, and the still wilder smugglers; while the bag-pipers give us a striking picture of the love of art which is not confined to the rich,

nor is a creature of civilisation, but of which there is a perennial fountain springing up amongst all sorts and conditions of men. George Sand could recognise a true love and understanding of art under the rudest conditions, and where the execution was furthest from perfect. In another story, of similar title, "The Master Mosaic Workers," we have the rivalries of the two families of artists at Venice, who in the days of Titian and Tintoretto wrought the glowing enamel on the walls and ceilings of St. Mark's. And we are shown that art is as much art among the pipers of Central France as among the consummate craftsmen of Venice. She is very bold in her advocacy of the artistic claims of the people. "There are certain Breton laments," she tells us in the introduction to "François le Champi," "sung by strolling mendicants, which, in three couplets, are worth all Goethe and Byron, and which prove that appreciation of the true and beautiful has been more spontaneous and complete in these simple souls than in those of the most famous poets." Jean François Millet has taught us, or reminded us, in his pictures, how full of beauty and pathos is the peasant's life. Wordsworth, in his poems, has done the same, and many another might be added to the list, but none have done it more beautifully, and yet truly, than George Sand. The painters only give us hints—object lessons; the writers open to us the breathing, struggling, loving life. One might safely say that George Sand does this particular work even better in some respects than Wordsworth. He wrote partly as a theorist, she merely as a loving observer, anxious to tell others what she saw; anxious to feel and think, if she could, somewhat as the peasant does. "I," she says in the introduction to "François le Champi," already mentioned, "try to enter into the heart of this mystery of country life. I, who am so highly

civilised, who cannot enjoy by mere instinct, and who am always tormented by the desire of accounting to others and to myself for my thought and meditation."

Her later novels ring the changes on what has gone before—Love, Religion, Socialism, The Peasant, The Country—these to change conveniently the metaphor, are the stock colours of her palette. That she does not always blend and contrast her colours well, that she never works them into a complete harmony, what is this but to say that though she lived in the nineteenth century, there are, as yet, no signs visible, to most people, that the nineteenth century is to be the last, and that the resources of the power manifest in the development of our race are exhausted. "It is a grand century," she says, at the close of the "*Histoire de Ma Vie*," "though suffering somewhat from ill-health, and the men of to-day, if they do not the mighty deeds of the close of the preceding one, think of them, dream of them, and can prepare for greater ones. This they profoundly feel to be their allotted task." Of what use, we may ask, are the novels of George Sand to any one, striving thus to live beyond the mere deeds of the hour—one should rather ask, of what use are they not, in instruction and inspiration and warning?

I have said nothing as to the exact years during which she lived, though I have hinted enough to leave the reader ignorant of the facts, if such we have, in little doubt—but I may as well briefly state the bald fact—that she was born in 1804 and died in 1876; a period fraught with many changes for France. The last terrible crisis, of 1870 and 1871, was a heavy blow to her. She lived too to see a complete change in the manner and spirit of her art. "The Old Troubadour," as she loved to sign herself in her letters to Flaubert, looked with little satisfaction on the rising school of realism. She could not

understand that an artist should not reveal himself in his work ; this, to her, was the purpose of art. To merely photograph, with whatever beauty of arrangement, the facts as she found them, unless the facts themselves were beautiful ; to be a mere chronicler, historian, scientific observer, writing the natural history of individuals or of families, this was quite foreign to her conception of the functions of art, which, she says, is "not a study of actualities, but a search for ideal truth."

Of her friends it is sufficient to say that they included all who were in the first rank in art, and literature, and public life in her day. Flaubert, Balzac, Chopin, De Musset, Michelet, Lamennais, Louis Blanc, and Mazzini. Such are the names we look for and find in her letters and the "*Histoire de ma Vie*."

Her chief convictions and theories have incidentally been mentioned in what has already been said. Perhaps a few quotations may be ventured on by way of clearer exposition of some of her views of life.

Of history she says: "In the theory of progress, God is one as humanity is one ; there is only one religion, one truth, older than man, co-eternal with God, and whose varying manifestations in man and by man are the relative and progressive truth of the different phases of history. Nothing is simpler, nothing greater, nothing more logical. With this thought, this guiding thread, in one hand—humanity eternally progressive ; with this torch in the other—God eternally revealing and revealed, it is impossible to drift and lose one's self in studying the history of mankind, since it is the history of God himself in His relations with us." With such a vision of life, we are not surprised to hear so true an artist say: "Art for art's sake is a foolish phrase ; art is for the beautiful and true," nor that she rebels against the enslavement of the workman

by modern industrialism, and urges industrialism to seek better things, sees that it is seeking them, that "it tends to disengage itself from every kind of slavery, to make itself all powerful, to become in later days moral and worthy of power by means of the association of the workers as of brethren." This accomplished, another dream of hers may come true, and "a day dawn when the workman also shall be an artist, able, if not to express (which will then matter little), at least to enjoy, the beautiful." Is there not here the charity which covers a multitude of sins?

Of her style, which for lack of all trace of planting and of nearly all trace of growth, we might think to have been born with her, what can we say but that had expression not been so easy to her, and her wealth of fancy and ideas, her overplus of theorising and idealism, not been quite beyond restraint, her style would have been perfect, her observation true, her characters living; but her enthusiasm and idealism were excessively strong, and overweighted her other by no means feeble literary powers, so that, as her critics say, she too often lacks truth. Her characters, she herself admits, lack light and shade; they play in the midst of her rich painting, bold theorising and ardent sympathy, passion and hate, somewhat the part of figures when wisely inserted in landscape paintings, they are essential to the story as the figures to the full meaning of the landscape; but they are hardly of primary importance.

Still I have a lurking feeling of not quite doing justice to her characters, and having read her works with delight, and owed to their heroes and heroines many hours of pleasure, I would not willingly be unjust even to these fictitious men and women. Perhaps the illustration I have just used is true enough for the general impression her books leave upon us, for that general impression is certainly of thoughts

and passions rather than of persons, the dramatic element is mostly wanting. But as we read each book, of course the characters are there: they live; are tall or little, dark or fair, rich or poor. Should we say they are sketches? Hardly. Sketches may be very good portraits, and she gives us but little portraiture. We might compare them to harp strings, upon which the artist plays her music, always beautiful, chiefly wild and passionate, but sometimes soft and peaceful. Only it is the music of human thought and passion she wishes to utter, and the strings are sufficiently humanised and individualised to allow this music to be played. But they remain strings; she is the player; the music is of her choosing, the work of her passion, thought and fancy—not of theirs. It is useless to give even a short list of writers whose characters are—pardon the vulgarity—in business on their own account; but it is Hamlet not Shakspeare who soliloquises. The Antiquary is a pedant, not a description of pedantry by Scott. I am afraid I cannot, after all, claim flesh and blood reality, or a near approximation thereto, for George Sand's characters.

However, they are an agreeable company of ghosts, and if Hades has such another the land of shades will not be without its pleasures. Of course there is a goodly number of Bohemians; in particular, a travelling company of actors and actresses, whose adventures by land and sea, in civilised and semi-civilised countries, and the pleasures and troubles of love, to which even actors and actresses are liable, occupy the two volumes of "*Pierre qui Roule*" and "*Le beau Laurence*." Her Venetians are charmingly, romantic, and quite as true to life as Mr. Luke Fildes's. Nearly all these people, painters, poets, actors, singers, ladies, gentlemen, men, women, can say fine things in eloquent words, those who are not educated generally making up

for their deficiencies by remarkable natural gifts. Altogether a most interesting company of shadows, thrown by this mistress of the literary lantern across the printer's page, which is her screen.

I can think of nothing better with which to compare her language than the flow of a stream which has left the mountain behind, and is pursuing a rapid unhindered course where the hills die away into the plain—a stream which is bright in the sunshine, and in the shade is beautiful with quiet colour of its own. We drift without effort along the current of her words as we would drift down such a river. Undoubtedly she is one of the easiest writers in a musical language. The very landscape of France seems to avoid hard lines and contours, the dress of the people and their figures avoid our angular stiffness; their architecture has its peculiar grace; in thought and speculation they instinctively seek for that which is ideally perfect; they cry "Liberty, equality, fraternity," where we have more coldly made our appeal to stability, order and justice; and language is the child of the man, and his manners and of the land he lives in, and we can read George Sand's prose and enjoy it as so much music, and hardly stop to care about its meaning.

I attempt nothing here in the way of comparative criticism, thankfully pleading the excuse that this paper is already long enough. I have also an excuse taken from George Sand herself, who says, "Beauty is what it is, and when we lose ourselves in comparisons, we criticise, that is to say, we scatter ice on burning impressions." Perhaps, however, I may venture on this much—George Sand, as a woman and as a thinker, was a comparative failure, while other women, in many ways inferior to her, seem to have succeeded, because she tried to harmonise qualities which the others have almost, without exception, regarded

as hopelessly antagonistic. She was a magnificent failure amid many a common-place success. She ventured to state the problem of life more completely than any other woman had ever tried to do, and failed to solve it either in her works or in her own life. But her failure is the failure which gives birth at last to success, their success is one which leads to nothing more. May we not say of success as she says of happiness, "it is relative to the idea we have of it," and that true success, like the only true happiness, "consists in the constant aspiration to the highest pleasures of the mind and heart." And towards this goal, though, at times, she took what proved to be a devious path, her face was always set.





MY CABIN WINDOW.

BY THOMAS KAY.

S.S. Gwalior, from Venice to Alexandria,

February 18, 1888

“WILL you take coffee?” says a voice in my ear, as I start in my berth from a deep sleep. There is a dim light of early morning in my cabin, and I find myself confronted with a great lens-like eye, staring steadfastly down into my weary optics and overcoming them with its force. I shrink away and close my eyelids tightly to shut out the glare. Still I see it, as the field of a great microscope covered with waves of the sea, just as I once saw the ripples of the Irwell in the old camera obscura of Pomona many short years ago—for the older one grows the shorter they seem—and I remember that the floating image of a boatman pulled across the disc, and the reflection of the sun on the dancing water made happy laughter for a childman of long ago. In a like manner I see the waves of the Adriatic rolling over my visionary field, as our good ship rolled in the squall we passed through yester eve, when the rain beat upon the deck tent and the shuddering folds of canvas repeated the roar of the elements, and the keen wind from the snow-clad Albanian mountains sent us shivering to the warmer shelter of our cabins. And how, on stepping outside the tent when the squall had passed,

the deep blue of "the floor of heaven was thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and the moon, with her crescent horns, was emerging from a bank of clouds to the west, and I think of how we had left Venice the same afternoon, and two figures stood on a bridge near the public gardens; and there was weeping, kissing, and waving of handkerchiefs, and then the campanile in the piazza stood high above the ducal palace, and the minarets of San Marco slowly descended towards the horizon. Then San Giorgio appeared with its graceful, ruddy campanile and its church—an outline on the landscape as sweet as the profile of the chubby-faced child being kissed by its mother on the distant bridge under the bare trees, where the alcoves and music pavilions stand in their rosy tints against the leafless yet dusky shrubs.

The Lido appears on our left, the eastern fringe of a circlet of emerald isles which surrounds Venice—the central jewel. Here, in the warm days of summer, with "beauty at the prow and pleasure at the helm," light laughter, loving hearts, and homely fare, "the dinner of herbs," of the Psalmist, "where love is," the young Venetians in the noontide of life are wafted over the waters by a gondolier, whose charity is as wide as the lagunes upon which he floats, to the breezy Lido, where happy festas of love and frugality make joyous memories that "colour the whole future life with gold."

We next glide past the asylum, whose bare and ugly walls rise out of a lonely island where all is still and silent, and nothing is seen to move, and we are fain to hope that it is void of life. We glide on, and find ourselves followed by an orange-coloured butterfly-winged cross-sailed craft, which skims the water like the petals of a flower dropped from the bouquet of a goddess, a gigantic papilionacia; order, Navicula; variety, Venetiensis.

We proceed along the wide lagune, our course mapped out by banded stumps which rise from the watery plain, like those projecting above the snow to mark the pathway across a British moor, and we see the shallow waters in planes of different colours, some covering banks of brown clay with a garden of "ocean's gay flowers" only a foot beneath the surface, and between them the turquoise tint of the deep canals can be traced for miles.

Adown one of them another giant papilionacia (order *Navicula*, variety, *Chioggiensis*) is coming, and it furls its tall wings in order to tack by Palestrina, where little houses, little churches, and little campaniles are on little islands. An ugly round fort of earthwork guards the lagune at Malamocca, our exit into the Adriatic. Malamocca is a grim portal to this sanctuary of artistic loveliness. So we bid farewell to Venice as we start on our travels, with admiration and increased veneration for a people who, some hundreds of years ago, upon the mud-banks of a slush-pool, by the aid of piles of timber set carefully and laboriously one beside the other, like the stones of an inlaid mosaic, raised a city of churches and palaces, whose every façade is a study of artistic constructional beauty. These delight the eye more than can be expressed by one accustomed to meagre Manchester forms and the dull obscurity of its atmosphere.

Addio, Bella Venezia! I leave thee, in the winter of thy discontent, for Afric's sunny clime, like a migratory bird of the season. "Age, with stealing steps," beckons us away. Thou hast shown me a panorama of love and life, love and passion, love and death, which has ended at the portals of Malamocca. The life and light of Venice has faded, and is blended in its background of Alpine snow, whose hoary clouds meet the portals of heaven, and, as an aged couple blend their white locks in a loving embrace, so hast thou

become as one with the highest form of natural beauty and stateliness the earth affords to us, absorbed as thou art in the white mountains, which are her grandest monuments. Adieu ! may I see thee again.

* * * * *

The screw of the vessel has stopped its revolution, and I feel that we must have arrived at Ancona, but the great Cyclopean eye again stares at me, and withers me with its glance, and I turn round and wonder at its weird influence.

The basilisk's eye charms its victim, or rather chills it so with fear, that it closes its own, ignorant in its simplicity that it is destined to be a reptile's food by the Almighty Power which has created appetites, and passions, and long-suffering, and the great mercy of oblivion in the jaws of death.

I am minded by my cabin window of the feeling I had, when a boy, of looking at a bright disc set in a copper coin preparatory to mesmerism, and I remember its influence, upon an intense and prolonged gaze, as if the power of reason was in danger of being annihilated, and I threw it away lest I should have had to regret it all the days of my life ; and so I now decide to remain no longer entranced by vain dreams begotten by Aurora in the morning light. I therefore jump out of my berth, "shake off dull sloth, and with the sun" commence to run another day of luxurious ease : to bask in its rays when able to do so, and to enjoy an atmosphere free from pollution.



GLEES AND GLEE WRITERS.

BY W. I. WILD.

THE subject of Gleees and Glee Writers is one so purely national in its character that no excuse is necessary for its advancement. So early as the thirteenth century part-music was produced, of little merit, it is true, but in such measure as served to indicate the growth of a taste for a combination of vocal harmony expressive of the ideas of the time. The oldest piece of secular part music known in the world is "Sumer is icumen in," ascribed to John of Fornsek, a monk of Reading, about A.D. 1226, but not until many generations subsequent was anything of the same character produced in any other country. In the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century part music was produced, gradually progressing in harmony, merit, and style. In the sixteenth century the principal forms of such composition were known as motets and madrigals. Of these the madrigal alone was set to words of a secular character, and this form of music writing was, to all intents and purposes, the original parent of the glee, which is only another form arising out of the former method, although separated from it by a long interval of years.

Little is known of the original history of the glee. In the most ancient of our chronicles we read of gleemen and glee maidens; wandering minstrels, who sang pieces of vocal harmony in the taverns and hostleries of the day, sometimes unaccompanied, but frequently to the music of

the gittern or the lute, and even our own writers of the present day differ greatly in their interpretation of the meaning of the word. "Chambers' Encyclopædia" says: "Glee, the English name for a vocal composition for three or more voices, and in one or more movements. The style of music of the glee is peculiar to England, and quite different from the part songs of Germany."

John Hullah, LL.D., in Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music," says: "The word 'glee' in no way describes or characterises the kind of composition to which it gives a name. It is simply the Anglo-Saxon *gligg*—music. A glee is not, therefore, necessarily of a cheerful character, as the name might seem to imply." The "*gligg man*," according to Warton, was identical with the "*joculator*;" but the words of a glee may be mournful or sprightly, and the music such as will express them becomingly. The "*serious glee*" is no more a misnomer than the "*cheerful*." Both terms have been used by glee composers again and again. The glee proper is wholly independent of instrumental accompaniment. "The Popular Encyclopædia" says: "'Glee,' a vocal composition in three or more parts, the subject of which may either be gay, tender, or grave. Instrumental accompaniment is illegitimate; but with unsteady vocalists a piano lightly touched may be of advantage to aid them in keeping time and tune." Other authorities, such as the dictionaries of W. Nicholson, Webster, Stanier, and Barrett; and encyclopædias such as the "*Globe*," Knight's "*English*," and "*Brittanica*," all differ only in minor points as to the meaning of the word. "*Who shall court my faire Ladye?*" by Dr. Robert Fayrfax, is one of the earliest known glees. One of the most eminent madrigal writers of the sixteenth century was Wm. Byrd, born about 1537. His principal madrigals and pieces number seventy-nine,

but this represents only a small portion of his work. As specimens of his style may be enumerated "When the bright sun" (S.A.T.B.), "Lullaby, my sweet little baby" (S.S.A.T.B.), and the glorious canon "Non Nobis Domine." He died in 1623, and in a notice of his death he is spoken as "A Father in Musick."

John Dowland (1562—1626) was another writer of the sixteenth century. In 1597 he published the "First Booke of Songes or Ayres of four parts, with Tablature for the Lute, Orpherion, or Viol de Gambo." This work became so popular that four subsequent editions appeared in 1600, 1603, 1608, and 1613. He published the "Second Booke of Songes or Ayres" in two, four, and five parts in 1600, the third in 1603, and a fourth in 1612. He is alluded to in one of Shakspeare's sonnets in the "Passionate Pilgrim," beginning "If music and sweet poetry agree," printed in 1599 (previously printed in a work by Richard Barnfield) and proceeding—

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.

Dowland's gems in part songs are "Now, O, now," "I needs must part," "Awake, sweet love," "Go! Crystal tears," all for S.A.T.B., and nearly seventy others.

Thomas Bateson was another of the great madrigalian composers of the Elizabethan period. He published his first set of madrigals in 1604, and he compares his compositions to "young birds feared out of their nest before they be well feathered." He was organist of Chester Cathedral until 1611. He published another book of madrigals in 1618. His works contain many gems, among which may be named "Oriana's Farewell" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Sister awake, close not your eyes" (S.S.A.T.B.), replete with fresh melody and beautiful harmonies.

John Bennett (born about 1570, died 1615) was the

composer of twenty-four madrigals, amongst which are "Thyrsis! sleepest thou" (S.A.T.B.), and "All creatures now are merry minded" (S.S.A.T.B.).

Thomas Ford (about 1680—1748) wrote "Since first I saw your face," "There is a lady" (both S.A.T.B.), and several others.

Michael Este (born 1575), died 1638) composed "How merrily we live" (T.T.B.) and seventy-seven other madrigals.

John Ward (born about 1580) left us twenty-eight madrigals. "Die not, fond man" (S.S.A.A.T.B.), "Hope of my heart" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Upon a bank" (S.S.A.T.B.), and others.

Thomas Weelkes (born about 1578), died 1640, organist of Chichester Cathedral, in 1608, published five sets of madrigals between 1597—1608, containing nearly one hundred pieces, all of them abounding in beauty, and as compositions, greatly in advance of any work of his predecessors, entitling him to be called one of the founders of the madrigalian style.

To John Wilbye (born about 1564,) died 1612, we are indebted for some of the most lovely madrigals we possess. He settled in London as a teacher of music; his first collection was published in 1598, the second in 1609, and include the following:—"Sweet honey-sucking bees" (S.S.A.T.B.), and its sequel, "Yet sweet, take heed," "Flora gave me fairest flowers" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Die, hapless man" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Draw on, sweet night" (S.S.A.T.B.), "The Lady Oriana" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Stay, Corydon, thou swain" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Happy streams whose trembling fall" (S.S.A.T.), "Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting" (S.S.A.T.T.B.), and nearly sixty others.

John Playford was born in 1623, died 1693. From him we have twenty-five glees and many important works. In Hilton's "Catch that catch can," published in 1652, "Turn, Amaryllis, to thy swain," by Thomas Brewer, is found in

the second book; it was afterwards set for three voices (S.T.B.), and called a glee, this being the first time the word is used to denote a musical composition. "The most ancient collection of vocal music in which glees are specially mentioned was published by John Playford, in 1673, called the 'Musical Companion,' in two books. The First Book containing Catches and Rounds for Three Voyces; the Second Book containing Dialogues, Glees, Ayres, and Songs for Two, Three, and Four Voyces." Whilst his son Henry, in 1698, was the publisher of "Orpheus Britannicus," by Purcell.

Dr. Orlando Gibbons (born 1583, died 1625) is spoken of as one of the greatest musical geniuses of our country. His published works are given in full in Grove's Dictionary, and comprise forty-one books, etc., of sacred music, twenty-one madrigals and motets, and many instrumental pieces. "The Silver Swan" (S.A.T.B.B.), and "O! that the learned poets of our time" (S.S.A.T.B.), are madrigals expressive of his fine taste and genius.

The name of Dr. Arne (born 1710, died 1778) is so familiar to the ears of music lovers that it is hardly necessary to repeat his praises; he produced numerous glees (thirty-three,) catches, and canons, seven of which obtained prizes at the Catch Club. Thirteen glees, ten catches, and six catches are published in Warren's collection; the best known are "Come, Shepherd, etc.," and "Sweet muse, inspire" (both for A.T.T.B.)

Joseph Baidon (born 1727, died 1774) was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and Lay Vicar of Westminster Abbey. In 1763 he obtained one of the first prizes given by the Catch Club, for a catch, and in 1766 was awarded a prize for his fine glee "When gay Bacchus fills my breast" (A.T.B.); besides these, "Adieu to the village delights" (A.T.B.), and nine others, were his contributions to the part music of the day.

The numerous and beautiful glees of Dr. Benjamin Cooke (born 1732, died 1793), entitle him to one of the first places among glee writers. He wrote fifty-nine of these compositions, and by these he is best known to posterity. For seven of these he obtained prizes; he published a collection of his glees in his lifetime, and a second collection appeared in 1795. The best known are "Hark! hark! the lark!" (S.A.T.B.), "How sleep the brave?" (S.A.T.B.), "As now the shades of eve" (S.S.A.B.), and "In the merry month of May" (S.S.T.B.). He was organist at Westminster Abbey, and on his death, in 1793, he was buried in the cloisters there.

Jonathan Battishill (born 1738, died 1801) published two collections of songs for three or four voices. Several of his twenty-seven glees are in Warren's and other collections, all of which bear ample testimony to the combined elegance and vigour of his fancy.

One of our finest and most effective glee composers was John Stafford Smith (born about 1746, died 1836). All the glees of his composition which are known to have received prizes are of excellent ability. He published sixty-three glees, a collection of anthems, and edited two folio volumes of ancient music. His best known glees are—"Blest pair of Sirens" (S.S.A.T.B.), "Let happy lovers fly" (A.T.T.B.), "While fools their time" (A.T.T.B.), "Return, blest days" (A.T.T.B.), "As on a summer's day," and "Hark, the hollow woods resounding" (A.T.T.B.), all of which will gratify the glee lover.

Harriet Abrams (born 1760) was one of the few lady glee composers; in 1787 she published a collection of songs and glees, principally Scotch.

A considerable number of glees were the work of John Danby (born 1757, died 1798), the author of "Awake, Æolian lyre" (S.A.T.B.), and "Fair Flora decks" (A.T.B.). He

published three books of glees during his lifetime, and a fourth was issued after his death. Of the ninety-two glees he wrote, besides the two named, "The fairest flowers" (A.T.B.), "Sweet Thrush" (S.A.T.B.), and "The Nightingale" (S.A.T.T.B.), are equally tuneful and pleasing. Eight of his glees obtained prizes.

Richard Wainright (born 1758, died 1825), the son of a Stockport organist, is best remembered by the well-known glee, "Life's a bumper" (A.T.B.).

The successor of John Stafford Smith as organist of the Chapel Royal was Thomas Attwood (born 1765, died 1838), who distinguished himself in many of the departments of musical science. Of his sixty glees the best remembered are "The Curfew" (S.S.B.), "Hark, how the sacred calm" (A.T.B.), "In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed" (S.S.B.), and "To all that breathe the air of Heaven" (S.A.T.B.B.). He was a pupil of Mozart, and acquired much of his style.

Reginald Spofforth (born 1770, died 1827) was an excellent and popular glee composer. He wrote several prize glees. His best known numbers are, "Hail, Smiling Morn" (A.T.T.B.), a glee universally known throughout the kingdom, "Marked you her eye" (A.A.T.B.), "Come, bounteous May" (A.A.T.B.B.), "Health to my dear" (A.T.B.B.), and "The Spring, the pleasant Spring" (S.A.T.B.). His glees and part songs amount to ninety-three.

The first glees as glees date from the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the finest specimens of them were produced during the seventy-five years between the middle of the last century and the end of the first quarter of this.

Vocal compositions by masters of the latter part of the seventeenth century are sometimes found in collections printed after their decease to which the word glee is appended. These are not glees in the now accepted sense of the word, but simply airs of those masters, harmonised subsequently for three or four voices.

In enumerating the names of composers, attention has so far been given only to those who were eminent for their ability in the earliest stage of glee writing, but with the close of the eighteenth and the dawn of the nineteenth centuries there was to rise up an army of musicians and musical composers who were destined to raise the popularity of this class of music to its highest level. Many of the old composers have not been given in this brief notice: the true lover of glees has invariably some favourite composer amongst the last century musicians but although some glees and glee writers of surpassing merit have been omitted, enough has been said to denote those who at this period were above their compeers in the number and quality of their works.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club was formed in 1762 for the encouragement of the composition and performance of canons, catches, and glees, and the first meeting took place in November of that year; many noble and distinguished men were amongst the original founders, royalty itself lending the prestige of its name to the roll of members, whilst among the professional element were such men as Beard, Battishill, Arne, Hayes, Atterbury, Paxton, S. Webbe, and afterwards Stevens, Callcott, Danby, Horsley, Goss, and others.

In 1763 the club offered prizes for glees, and these prizes were annually offered until 1794. They were discontinued from 1794 until 1811, and after two years' renewal were again withheld until 1821, when a gold cup was substituted for the old form of prize. In 1861 this club celebrated its centenary, and it still flourishes, the meetings being held fortnightly at Willis's Rooms, from Easter to July.

In 1787 "The Glee Club" was instituted at the Newcastle Coffee House. The meetings of the society were largely frequented by the best musicians of the day,

amongst others by Samuel Wesley, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn. It met for many years at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was finally dissolved in 1857, and its extensive library sold. Another glee club, formed in 1793, had amongst its members Shield, Johnstone, Charles Banister, Incedon, Dignum, C. Ashley, and W. T. Parke.

From the year 1760 the glee rapidly found favour with all classes of the English people; its style of music being such that it commended itself to the affections of the music lover, and both in country and town societies were formed for the singing and practising of glees.

Although Callcott wrote glees introducing the treble voice as a component part of the composition, it was not until the works of Bishop became popular that we find ladies joining in glee singing, such parts having up to then been invariably sung by boys. Dr. J. W. Callcott (born 1766, died 1821) was such a prolific glee writer, that (as he himself remarked of his great fertility) "to show if deficient in genius he was not wanting in industry," he sent in over one hundred compositions to compete for one year's Catch Club prizes. One hundred and sixty-six of his glees are published, and it is said he wrote three times that quantity. None of the many eminent glee composers of England can be said to be so popular as Callcott. He agreeably improved the quality of the glee as an independent musical form. "In the lonely vale of streams" (S.S.T.B.), "Forgive, blest shade" (S.S.B.), "Peace to the souls of the heroes" (A.T.B.), "Queen of the valley" (A.T.T.B.B.), are a few amongst his many gems.

The latter years of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth, were remarkable for the production of glees of surpassing excellence, raising the standard of such works far above the ideas and conceptions of the earlier composers.

Joseph Corfe (born 1740, died 1820) was a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. In 1793 he published three sets of glees and nine vocal trios (in all forty-six), all of them harmonised and adapted.

William Horsley (born 1776, died 1858) published five different collections of glees, respectively in 1801, 1806, 1808, 1811, and 1827 (in all one hundred and twenty-four). His works have rarely been equalled and never excelled, and he is said to be in the same rank as Webbe, Callcott, and Bishop. "By Celia's arbour" (A.T.T.B.), "See the chariot at hand" (S.A.T.B.), "Mine be a cot" (A.T.T.B.), "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue" (A.T.T.B.B.), and "O Nightingale" (A.T.T.B.), will long continue to hold a foremost place in the hearts of glee singers.

Richard Clark (born 1780, died 1856) in 1814 published a volume of the poetry of the most favourite glees. This publication was remarkable because it was the first issue of any collection of the words only without the music of the many glees then in use. A second edition of this work appeared in 1824.

Dr. John Clarke-Whitfield's sixty-six glees are, many of them, set to the words of Sir Walter Scott. Some of them are familiar enough, such as "Red Cross Knight," "Know ye the land," "Wide o'er the brim" (A.T.T.B.), and "Is it the roar of Teviot's tide?" (A.T.T.B.).

"Awake, sweet muse" (S.S.A.T.B.), "In the pleasant summer day," "Come let us join the roundelay," are specimens of the style of William Beale (born 1784, died 1854). His three hundred and nineteen glees show that he was a composer of great vigour and originality, whose pieces are graced with all the refinement and artistic skill which such works demand.

Dr. William Crotch (born 1775, died 1847), although the author of only some fourteen glees, has left sufficient

to immortalise his name, among them being his fine ode "Mona on Snowdon calls" (S.A.T.B.B.).

Dr. Edward Dearle has been a voluminous composer, his fourteen glees forming but a small part of his productions.

John Davy, known to fame as the composer of "The Bay of Biscay," has written twenty-six glees of more or less merit.

"Night, lovely night" (S.A.T.B.), and seventeen others, are the work of Francesco Berger; exceedingly graceful and popular numbers. Of Mazzinghi's sixty-three glees, nearly all are now forgotten, yet he wrote a vast quantity of glees, songs, and pianoforte pieces. His duet, "When a little farm we keep," once popular enough, is sometimes sung; as are also his glees "Wake, Maid of Lorn" (S.S.B.), "When order in this land commenced," and "The Wreath" (S.S.B.).

The name of Samuel Webbe (born 1740, died 1816) is one that never fails to excite enthusiasm in the breasts of all glee students. Of glees alone he published two hundred and eleven, and so many of these have been widely known and popular that to attempt anything like a list of them would be tedious, yet a few well known numbers may be cited: "When winds breathe soft" (S.A.T.T.B.), "Swiftly from the mountain's brow" (S.A.T.B.), "Breathe soft, ye winds" (S.A.T.B.), "Come live with me," are all glorious pieces of music. The second conveys as graphic a description of the break of day as can be conveyed through the medium of vocal music. Webbe was the secretary of the Catch Club from 1794 until his death in 1816, and on the establishment of the Glee Club in 1787 he became the librarian, and wrote and composed for it his glee "Glorious Apollo" (A.T.B.), which during the whole existence of the club enjoyed the distinction of being performed at every meeting. His works will maintain their position as long as the taste for glees shall endure.

The genius of Mendelssohn is of too world-wide a character to need any embellishment in word. His part songs are any of them illustrative enough of the talents which he possessed. From "Oh! forest deep and gloomy" (S.A.T.B.), and "Vintage Song" (T.T.B.B.), through the whole list of eighty-two there is abundant evidence of the sweet melodiousness which was his most distinguished characteristic, and his close acquaintance with so many of the glee writers of his day, enabled him to excel even the finished masters of glee writing, although in a style peculiarly his own.

Thomas Oliphant (born 1799, died 1873) was distinguished alike as a composer of twenty-one glees, editor, and musicographer. For about forty years honorary secretary to the Madrigal Society, he became afterwards president. Besides works on glees, he wrote "An Account of Madrigals from their Commencement to the Present Time," 1836, and in 1837 "La Musa Madrigalesca," being the words of about 400 madrigals of the Elizabethan period.

Stephen Paxton (born 1735, died 1787) was a glee composer of elegant taste and refinement. He gained prizes from the Catch Club in 1779, 1781, 1783, 1784, and 1785. Of his twenty-three glees, "How sweet, how fresh" (A.T.T.B.), and "Upon the poplar bough" (A.T.T.B.), are among his best.

John Sale (born 1758, died 1827) succeeded Samuel Webbe as Secretary to the Catch Club, in 1812, and was also conductor to the Glee Club. He issued "A Collection of New Glees, composed by John Sale"; London, 1812.

George Hargreaves (born 1799, died 1869), twenty-eight glees, "Lo! across the blasted heath" (A.T.T.B.), "Joy! we search for thee" (A.T.B.), "The poet loves the generous wine" (A.T.T.B.).

Sir John Lomas Rogers (born 1780, died 1847), seventeen glees—"Archly smiling, dimpled boy" (S.A.T.T.B.), "Oh, how sweet 'tis in the spring" (S.A.T.B.).

William Shore (born 1791, died 1877), nine glees, "Come, sweet mirth" (A.T.B.), "Willie brewed a peck o' maut" (A.T.B.).

Sir John Andrew Stevenson (born 1761, died 1833), one hundred and seventy-three glees, "See our oars" (S.S.T.B.), "Buds of roses" (A.T.T.B.), "'Tis love that murmurs" (S.S.B.), and "Alone on the sea-beaten rock" (A.T.T.B.B.).

Thomas Forbes Walmisley (born 1783, died 1866), fifty-nine glees, "Island of bliss" (A.T.T.B.B.), "When should lovers breathe their vows?" (S.S.A.T.B.), "The leaf that falls" (A.T.T.B.), "Do you, said Fanny" (A.T.T.B.), and "At summer eve" (A.T.T.B.B.).

Of Sir John Goss (born 1800, died 1880,) it has been said, "His music is always melodious and beautifully written for the voices, and is remarkable for a union of solidity and grace, with a certain unaffected charm, which ought to ensure it a long life." Of his twelve glees, "There is beauty on the mountain" (S.A.T.B.), "Kitty Fell" (A.T.T.B.), and "Ossian's Address to the Sun" (A.T.T.B.B.), are the best specimens.

"From Oberon in fairy land" (S.A.T.B.), "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind" (S.S.T.B.), "Sigh no more, ladies" (S.S.B., also S.S.A.T.B.), and "It was a lover and his lass" (S.S.A.T.B.), are some of the sixty-three glees of Richard John Samuel Stevens, who died in 1837; many others by this author are worth perusing.

Sir G. A. Macfarren's glees and part songs are constantly being performed; equally at home in every description of music, his works are acceptable everywhere. His contributions to glees and part songs number one hundred and ninety-six, whilst his literary works on music are most numerous and valuable.

To enumerate the glees and part songs of Sir H. Bishop (born 1785, died 1855), one must be prepared to cope with a series of three hundred and twenty-six in number, and yet his glees form only a very small portion of the works he left behind him. He published six original English glees, words by Mrs. Hemans, Baillie, etc.; afterwards twelve glees, and in 1839 eight volumes of a complete collection of glees, trios, quartettes, etc.

One writer says of him: "In his vocal music Bishop shows his full powers; his glees are, in the highest sense of the word, art songs." "Blow, gentle gales" (S.S.T.B.B.), "Where art thou, beam of light?" (S.A.T.B.), "Up, quit thy bower" (S.S.T.B.), "Sleep, gentle lady" (A.T.T.B.) are musical gems viewed from any standpoint.

Michael William Balfe (born 1808, died 1870) wrote so much, and his name is so connected with music of a different character, that it seems difficult to realise that his part songs and glees exceed one hundred and twenty. "Hark! 'tis the huntsman's jovial horn" (A.T.B.B.), "Trust her not," "Excelsior," are examples of his work. He had an almost unlimited and ceaseless fluency of invention, with a felicitous power of producing striking melodies.

Robert Lucas de Pearsall (born 1795, died 1856) was an amateur musician and composer of very great ability. Ninety-seven of his madrigals and part songs are published, most of them since his death. "The hardy Norseman's house of yore" (A.T.T.B., also S.A.T.B.), "O! who will o'er the downs" (A.T.T.B., also S.A.T.B.), and many others equally fine in composition and melody.

Most of the works mentioned were written and published prior to 1850, up to which period the palmy days of glee singing may be said to have existed. The glee was then a necessary part of almost every concert, and the societies

who met for glee singing were at all times in request for public entertainments. Whilst the cultivation of singing amongst the masses had reached a high standard of excellence, the nature of the glee had changed from grave to gay, for the melodies were more frequently of a lighter and inspiriting character than the quaint conceits and studied harmonies of the older writers. Part singing was practised to a great degree, and many households were able to boast as good a glee party as could be desired. Glee literature, and the newest productions in glee music, were anxiously sought after, and hence the practising of glees became a bond of social union, productive alike of musical culture and of genial and friendly intercourse.

The musical geniuses of the day, many of them men of the highest attainments, and whose names lent a glory to their country, excelled themselves in productions which have never been eclipsed. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, the sun of glee singing had reached its meridian, and from being the one enthralling musical passion of the day, it began to decline in popular favour, until it became a rare thing to find in many country towns those glee societies, whose end and aim it had been to practise the glorious melodies which had, for over a hundred years, been the work of our finest musical composers.

The latter half of the nineteenth century has been rich in the possession of talented glee writers. Their works have become well known and popular, simply because they have in so many instances been alike clever musical compositions as well as tuneful harmonies. It is a debatable point whether they will, as a whole, bear comparison with the bulk of the musical gems of past generations, but they are none the less acceptable creations, suited to the taste of the day. The number of modern composers from

1850 to 1890 is so great, and their work so varied in its character, that it is impossible to enumerate more than a few of them.

Sir Julius Benedict (born 1804, died 1885) has had a remarkable career as a composer, conductor, and pianist. Of his ninety-five part songs, many are well known and popular, as "Blest be the home" (A.T.T.B.B.)

Franz Wilhelm Abt (born 1819, died 1885) is famous by his numerous songs for one or more voices. Without pretence to any great standard of excellence, they are prime favourites for their elegance and easy intelligibility; his productive powers have been so great, that over three thousand of his pieces have been published.

Considerable popularity has been gained by the thirty-three part songs of George Benjamin Allen; he is styled by some musical critics one of the best and most thoroughly English composers living. "Far from din of cities" (S.S.A.T.B.B., also S.A.T.B.), "I love my love" (S.A.T.B., also S.S.A.), and thirty-one other glees are some of his productions.

J. P. Hullah, LL.D. (born 1812, died 1884) was one of the foremost men in promoting musical education. His seventy-five part songs and glees are as successful as his songs. He edited "The Singers' Library" of concerted music, secular and sacred pieces, in six volumes, and two ample collections of glees, madrigals, and part songs, beside numerous works on music and methods of teaching singing, and had the gratification of having conferred upon him a pension from the Civil list.

Mrs. Ann Shepherd Mounsey Bartholomew is one of the few female composers of real merit. The glees "Shun delay," "Tell me where is fancy bred" (both S.A.T.B.), and thirty-eight others, are all fully qualified to please the lover of harmony.

"It is the hour" (A.T.B.), "Come to the sunset tree" (S.A.T.B.), "Call the lovers around" (S.A.T.B.), "Come from the cloud of night" (A.T.T.B.B.), "The Bells of Aberdovey" (S.A.T.B.), and sixty-four other glees are written by David Baptie, and are original and melodious in style, attesting the taste and skill of the composer. He has also a large number in manuscript.

As a vocal writer who adapted his style to the popular ear, John Liptrot Hatton (born 1809, died 1886) was one of the foremost in England. If it be true that the glee as a thoroughly English species of composition, is daily receiving less attention, the 213 part songs and glees of J. L. Hatton ought to have at least done much to win back the popular favour. "Come live with me" (S.A.T.B.), "When evening's twilight" (A.T.T.B., also S.A.T.B. and S.S.A.), "Good night, beloved" (A.T.T.B., also S.A.T.B.), "Over hill, over dale" (S.A.T.B.), "The belfry tower" (S.A.T.B.), "The tar's song" (A.T.T.B.), "The sailor's song" (A.T.T.B., also S.A.T.B. and S.S.A.), and many others have been given thousands of times.

The twenty-nine part songs and glees of Dr. Henry Hiles are excellent and tuneful compositions. In 1878 he obtained a prize from the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club for his fine glee, "Hush'd in death the minstrel lies" (A.T.B.B., also S.A.A. and T.T.B.B.).

No less than twenty-three works on glees and madrigals were published by Dr. E. F. Rimbault (born 1816, died 1876). He wrote 124 glees, etc., rescued from obscurity much of the best work of the old English masters, and gathered together one of the finest musical libraries, which was sold soon after his death.

Many other names of glee composers might be given. Dr. H. C. Allison, 31; Dr. G. B. Arnold, 10; Thomas Anderton (one of the most successful amateur composers), 5. Joseph Barnby, author of forty-three of such quality as

"It was a lover" (S.A.T.T.B.B.), "Sweet and low" (A.T.T.B., also S.A.T.B.), "Lullaby" (S.S.A.A.T.B.). John Francis Barnett, "It is not always May," "'Midst grove and dell" (both S.A.T.B.), and fifteen others. Jacob Blumenthal, 12; Dr. J. F. Bridge, 12; A. J. Caldicott, 43 (winner of a prize at the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club in 1878), who has written several comical glees—gems in their way. J. B. Calkin (born 1827) eight glees, renowned for the vigour and worthiness of his style.

Henry David Leslie (born 1822) composed eighty-three part songs, with all the workmanship of a skilled musician, of which "Oh memory" (S.S.T.), "Oh gentle sleep" (S.A.T.B.), "Thine eyes so bright" (S.S.A.T.B.B.), are a few examples.

Clara Angela Macirone (born 1821), said to be one of the best British lady composers, has 34 pieces; Dr. E. J. Monk, 15 glees and part songs; Sir H. S. Oakeley, 35; W. W. Pearson, 35; Ciro Pinsuti has "Good night, beloved" (S.A.T.B.), "In this hour of softened splendour" (S.A.A.T.B.), "Spring song" (S.A.T.B.), and seventy others.

Samuel Reay 34, and that widely-popular writer of part songs and music, Henry Smart (born 1813, died 1879), composed 143 glees and part songs, amongst them being "Queen of the night" (S.S.B., also S.A.T.B.), "Rest thee on this mossy pillow" (S.S.A.), "Stars of the summer night" (S.A.A.T.B.B.).

G. W. Martin (born 1825, died 1881) secured nine prizes for his glees, and his total contribution to this class of music was seventy-four.

Elizabeth Stirling, now Mrs. F. A. Bridge (born 1819), forty-seven part songs and glees, such as "All among the barley" (S.S.T.B., also T.T.B.B.), "The dream" (S.A.T.B.), "Red leaves" (S.A.T.B.), "Oh the merry day," etc. (S.A.T.B.)

Dr. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie (born 1847), a writer of numerous glees (24) within the last five years.

H. Watson, of Manchester, who is the composer of several well-known favourites.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (born 1842) with thirty-eight glees, the two Wesleys, Coward, and Westbrook, with many others, too numerous to bring within the compass of what is at best a passing glance at the names and work of the various authors and composers who during the last half-century have written the words and music to hundreds of concerted pieces.

In April, 1874, there was issued in Glasgow "An Analytical Index and Descriptive Catalogue of 17,000 Part Songs," compiled by D. Baptie, containing the names of 1,545 composers. This has been followed up by a more complete work from the same writer, which now has upwards of 26,200 pieces, the work of 3,100 composers. Invaluable as this book would be for all musical references, it has not as yet been published.

The past history of the glee has been one of a varied nature. Above all else, it is a national school of musical taste. So many geniuses have contributed to its advancement that the student can find amusement and delight to suit his mood or fancy, whether it be grave or gay. Until the introduction of choral singing, glees were the only method whereby men could join in a delightful pastime, which was at once a source of pleasure and a cultivation of musical taste.

The decline of the popularity of glee singing is by no means due to the lack of intrinsic worth in these compositions, but rather to the fickle and changing tastes of the people themselves. Few popular amusements lasted so long or left behind them such a goodly heritage, and already the tide is setting again in their favour. The grasp obtained by choral singing was slight indeed and evanescent in its character, compared with the vitality

which pervaded glee singing, the use of treble voices being in a great degree the secret of the temporary success of choral music, from the standpoint of a pastime or amusement merely, and not from a musically intellectual view.

But a few years ago and even the wandering minstrels of our day were glee singers. Although their varied discords by no means created glee in the hearts of the listener, yet who has not heard the tones of "Hail, smiling morn" warbled at eve when the thermometer was at zero, or the thrilling manner in which the "Æolian Lyre" was invited to awake by four hungry voices. But even their most inharmonious strains have never been so keenly satirized as the somethingean singers described by Dickens who were engaged to warble at Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party. "The Somethingean Singers commenced singing their national songs, which appeared by no means difficult of execution, inasmuch as the grand secret seemed to be that three of the 'Somethingean Singers' grunted while the fourth howled."

The lyric poetry of the glee has been gathered from many sources. Milton, Shakspeare, Spenser, Herrick, Chatterton, Ossian, Moore, Scott, Byron, Baillie, Hemans, Burns and nearly all the poets of the last decade, have had their verses and rhymes made use of by various composers; but as in song publication, so in glees, the writer of the words has little notice, and his name is only discovered on perusing each glee separately; for except three volumes, one by Richard Clarke on the "Lyric Poetry of Glees," a similar volume by Robert Leete about 1835, and "Glee Lyric Poetry" by Bellamy, 1840, no collection of words only is to be found.

In the neighbourhood of Manchester glees have ever held a high place. The Manchester Gentlemens' Glee Club has been the liberal encourager of glee composers and glee

singers for over fifty years. Amongst others may be enumerated "The Union Glee Club," "The Hope Choir Glee Club," "The Oxford Glee Club," and "The Blackley Glee Club."

It must not be forgotten that in nearly all cases where our greatest musicians have excelled all others in their compositions, in almost every case they have seemed to find in the glee a source of pleasure and delight, and in constructing its pleasing and harmonious passages, have relieved themselves from the arduous toil of more ambitious and intricate work.

The present age has been often enough described as an intensely musical one, an age in which the taste of the people has become so elevated that it can appreciate good music better than at any other period of the world's existence. This may be true in some degree, but it is not altogether so.

The modern lover of music is, as a rule, content to listen to the performances of others: it requires too much effort for him to try and excel in these regions of the divine art; the singing of a showy song or two, the performance of a brilliant piece of music, constitute the stock-in-trade of the modern musical amateur, and the knowledge and ability required for part singing, whether choral or glee singing, is left in the hands of those to whom music is a profession, or others in whom the true spirit and love of harmony has not been killed by the rush and excitement of modern life.

The last twenty years has seen in this respect a remarkable decadence in the musical taste of the people; in some towns where there formerly existed numerous glee and choral societies, they have now altogether ceased to exist, or, if one or two have survived, their attractions have to be augmented by the introduction of comic operas among the works performed, and, except in large centres of

population, they gradually die out for lack of members. Besides the pleasure of singing, which the old glee lovers enjoyed, there was a thorough knowledge of music required, and this in itself was an educational development of a very high order, the familiarity with the works of some of our ablest musicians, and the knowledge of harmony and musical construction insensibly gained as the novice graduated in ability, gave a confidence to the singer, and a practical experience of the utmost value.

Instead of occupying one of the foremost places in the modern concert programme, the glee is often used as mere padding to fill up the time. Whilst the late-comers of the audience are filing in, what is so convenient to drown the noise of their entrance, what so handy as a glee? When the same people, with true British courtesy, are anxious to leave before the concert closes, surely nothing could be more appropriate than one of Webbe's or Bishop's choicest productions, shouted forth by ill-trained voices, whose only idea of music is in strength of lung power? Comparatively few of the present generation have acquired, or are acquiring, a thorough grasp of part singing, much less making this science a source of gratification and delight. Into the reasons for this it is not our province to inquire; it may be that, as in all other things, time alone will work the change; when it does, and the mad passion for excruciating discords, or miracles of rapid demi-semi quavering, shall have passed away, the true lover of harmony shall find rest for his wearied ears, and joy to his longing heart, in the inspiring and tuneful strains of the fine old English glees.



THE STORY OF THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

ONE of the most popular of Browning's poems is that of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin;" a weird and quaint story, especially dear to the heart of childhood. It was first published in 1842, and formed the last article in the second number of "Bells and Pomegranates," as originally issued.* It was written for, and is inscribed to W. M. the younger, that is, William Charles Macready, the eldest son of the great tragedian. This boy, who was born 7th August, 1832, had a natural talent for drawing, and asked Browning, as his father's friend, to give him something on which to employ his pictorial powers. The acquaintance between the actor and the poet began with their meeting in 1835, at one of the dinner parties of William J. Fox, Unitarian minister, and many years M.P. for Oldham. The poet wrote for the boy first an account of the death of the Pope's legate at the Council of Trent, and secondly, "The Pied Piper." It has been suggested that the last four lines

* It is a curious fact that Robert Browning, senior, the father of the poet, was at work upon a versification of the Pied Piper legend at the same time as his son, each at first unconscious of the other's labour. The original MS. of the elder Browning's "Hamelin," a poem of about 300 lines, was sold at Sotheby's, 14th June, 1890.

contain a sly hit at the elder Macready, but for this, Dr. Furnivall says "there is no ground whatever" (B.S.P. 45.) The bright child for whom "The Pied Piper" was written before he was eight years old, grew up to be a useful, if not a distinguished man. He entered the Ceylon service, and died at Puttalam, 26th November, 1871, and is buried at Kandy. Browning found the subject in an old English folio, full of exceedingly good matter, "The Wonders of the Little World," by Nath. Wanley, M.A., and Vicar of Trinity Parish, in the City of Coventry, and which was printed at London, in 1678 (B.S.P. 159.) The nineteenth chapter of the fifth book treats of extraordinary things in the bodies, fortunes, death, etc., of divers persons. At the twenty-eighth section we have this remarkable narrative:—
"At *Hammel*, a Town in the Duchy of *Brunswick*, in the year of Christ 1284, upon the 26. day of *June*, the town being grievously troubled with Rats and Mice, there came to them a Piper, who promised upon a certain rate to free them from them all; it was agreed, he went from street to street, and playing upon his Pipe, drew after him out of the Town all that kind of Vermine, and then demanding his wages, was denied it. Whereupon he began another tune, and there followed him one hundred and thirty Boys to a Hill called *Koppen*, situate on the North by the Road, where they perished, and were never seen after. This Piper was called the pyed Piper, because his cloaths were of several colours. This story is writ and religiously kept by them at *Hammel*, read in their Books, and painted in their Windows, and in their Churches, of which I am a witness by my own sight. Their elder Magistrates, for the confirmation of this are wont to write in conjunction in their publick Books, such a year of Christ, and such a year of the Transmigration of the Children, etc. Its also observed in memory of it, that in the street he passed out

of, no Piper be admitted to this day. The street is called *Burgelosestrasse* [a misprint for *Bungelosestrasse*]; if a Bride be in that street, till she is gone out of it, there is no dancing to be suffered."

The authorities cited by Wanley are Wier, de *Præstig. Dæmon.*, l. 1, c. 16, p. 47; Schot., *Phys. Curios.*, l. 3, c. 24, p. 519; Howel's *Ep.*, Vol. 1, §6, epist. 59, p. 241.

Of these three the English writer is the latest. The "Familiar Letters" of James Howell are a curious mélange of odds and ends. That containing the story of the "Pied Piper" professes to have been written in the Fleet Prison, 1st October, 1643. The book was printed in 1645, and has frequently been republished. Howell cites no authority, but not improbably he took it from Verstegan, who, so far as is known, was the first to give the story in English. It is remarkable that although Browning had not seen this version, the poem is closer to it than to Howell. Caspar Schott was born in 1608 at Königshafen, and died at Würzburg in 1666. He was a man of ingenuity and learning, but had imbibed a very full portion of the credulous spirit of his age. His "*Physica Curiosa*" appeared first in 1662, and was at least twice reprinted. Jean Wier, or Weyer, was a Belgian physician, who was born in 1515 in Brabant, and died in Westphalia in 1588. He was one of the earliest to recognise the folly of many of the beliefs associated with witchcraft and demonology, and his treatise, "*De Præstigiis Dæmonum*," published in 1564, is still valued for the evidence it affords of the beliefs of his contemporaries. He holds a position of honour in the history of medicine. This is the oldest of the authorities on whom Browning relies. Of course none of the three have any historical value for an incident said to have happened in 1284.

So far as is known, the story of the "Pied Piper" was first given to the English public by Richard Verstegan,

whose "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" was printed at Antwerp in 1605.* Verstegan was an English Roman Catholic, and the author of a number of curious but now forgotten books. This is Verstegan's narrative, from his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," pp. 85-6:—

"The Emperour Charles the great, comming afterwards to have great and troublesome warres with the Saxons, who first by all meanes he sought to bring unto the Christian Faith, and after to reduce againe when having received it, they fell backe to Idolatry; did in fine transport great troopes of them into other Regions; as many thousands with their Wives and Children into Flanders, and a great number also into Transilvania; where their posteritie yet remaineth. And albeit by reason of their habitation there for so many ages, they are accounted Transilvanians; yet do they keepe their Saxon language still, and are of the other Transilvanians that speake the Hungarian tongue, even unto this day called by the name of Saxon. And now hath one digression drawne on another, for being by reason of speaking of these Saxons of Transilvania, put in mind of a most true, and marvuelous strange accident that hapned in Saxony not many ages past. I cannot omit for the strangenesse thereof briefly here by the way to set it downe. There came unto the towne of Hamel in the country of Brunswicke an odd kind of companion, who for the fantastical coate which he wore being wrought with sundry colours, was

* There is an allusion to the Hameln legend in a paper by Addison in the *Spectator* (No. 5). Verstegan is quoted in Chambers's "Book of Days," Vol. I., p. 103. Thorpe's "Northern Mythology" (iii., 119) quotes from Grimm. The story is given also in Dr. Henry More's "Antidote against Atheism," 1672. See "Browning Society Papers," pp. 45, 113, 158; and "Notes and Queries" (III S., II., 412). Since this article was written an interesting account of a visit to Hameln, by Mrs. K. M. Macquoid, has appeared in the *Magazine of Art*, April, 1890. It is illustrated by Mr. T. R. Macquoid's capital sketches of the quaint architecture of the old town. Mrs. Macquoid mentions also Dr. Julius Wolff's poem "Der Rattenfänger von Hameln," which, although popular in Germany, is practically unknown in this country.

called the pide piper, for a piper he was, besides his other qualities. This fellow, forsooth, offered the towns-men for a certaine somme of money to rid the Towne of all the Rats that were in it (for at that time the Burgers were with that vermine greatly annoyed). The accord in fine being made, the pide Piper with a shrill pipe went piping thorow the streets, and forthwith the Rats came all running out of the houses in great numbers after him; all which hee led into the river of Weaser, and therein drowned them. This done, and no one Rat more perceived to be left in the Towne, hee afterward came to demand his reward according to his bargaine, but being told that the bargaine was not made with him in good earnest, to wit with an opinion that ever hee could be able to doe such a feat: they cared not what they accorded unto, when they imagined it could never be deserved, and so never to be demanded; but neverthesse seeing hee had done such an unlikely thing indeed, they were content to give him good reward, and so offered him farre lesse than he lookt for: but hee therewith discontented, said he would have his full recompence according to his bargain, but they utterly denied to give it him, he threatened them with revenge; they bad him doe his worst, whereupon he betakes him againe to his Pipe, and going thorow the streets as before, was followed of a number of boyes out at one of the Gates of the City, and comming to a little hill, there opened in the side thereof a wid hole, into the which himselfe and all the children being in number one hundreth and thirty did enter, and being entered the hill closed up againe and become as before. A boy that being lame and came somewhat lagging behind the rest, seeing this that hapned returned presently backe, and told what he had seene, forthwith began great lamentation among the parents for their children, and men were sent out with

all diligence, both by land and by water to enquire if ought could be heard of them, but with all the enquiry they could possibly use, nothing more than is aforesaid could of them be understood. In memory whereof it was then ordained, that from thenceforth no Drumme, Pipe, or other instrument, should be founded in the street leading to the gate thorow which they passed, nor no Ostery to be there holden. And it was also established, that from that time forward in all publike writings that should be made in that towne, after the date therein set downe of the yeere of our Lord, the date of the yeere of the going forth of their children should be added, the which they have accordingly ever since continued, and this great wonder hapned on the 22 day of July in the yeere of our Lord, 1376."

Not long after Verstegan came Robert Burton, whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" first appeared in 1621, and has frequently been reprinted. He gives the story in a very condensed fashion. "At Hammelin, Saxony, *An.* 1484, 20 Junii, the devil, in likeness of a pied piper, carried away one hundred and thirty children that were never after seen" (Part 1, sec. 2, memb. 1, sub-s. 2).

Dr. Henry More thought the story of "The Pied Piper" "hath so evident a proof of it in the town of Hammel that it ought not to be discredited;" but he lived in an uncritical age, and was destitute of the historical spirit. The Brothers Grimm, in "Deutsche Sagen" (Berlin, 1865-6, p. 290), No. 245, give the tradition substantially as follows:—In 1284 a strange man showed himself at Hameln. He wore a coat of variegated cloth, which drew upon him the name of "Bunting." This man called himself a rat-catcher, and offered for a fixed sum to free the town of rats and mice, and his offer was accepted by the townsfolk. Whereupon, he drew from his

pocket a pipe and began to play; at the sound of the music rats and mice issued from all the houses and gathered round him. Followed by the whole horde he now advanced toward the river, and when he stepped into the water the whole horde plunged in after him and were drowned. Seeing themselves thus relieved from their plague, the townsfolk were unwilling to pay the promised reward, and the rat-catcher went away incensed at their subterfuges. On the 26th June, St. John and St. Paul's Day, at seven in the morning, he re-appeared, still in the garb of a hunter, wearing a wonderful red hat; and soon his pipe was heard in the streets. This time, however, he was followed, not by rats and mice, but by children; boys and girls from four years of age upward, including the daughter of the Burgomaster, a girl in her early womanhood. The man led them out of the town toward a hill, into which piper and children all disappeared. This occurrence was witnessed by a little girl, who, with a child on her arm, had been attracted from a distance, but who afterwards returned and brought the news to the town. The parents sought the children in vain, and messengers were sent in all directions by land and by water, but no news could be obtained. The children who were lost numbered 130. Some people relate that two of the little ones were delayed and returned home, and that of these one was blind and the other dumb. The blind child could tell how they had followed the musician, and the dumb child was able to point out the place, but it was of no avail. One little boy, who had joined in the run in his smock, turned back for his coat, and so avoided the danger.

In the course of observations on the legend, the Brothers Grimm say that to the street through which the children passed the epithet "bunge-lose" (drum-silent) is applied, because no dancing is allowed there, nor may any music be

played in it; and when a bride is being conducted to church with music, the players have to preserve silence while passing through this street. The hill in which the children were lost is named "Koppenberg," and to the right and left two stones in the form of crosses have been erected. Some say the children were led into a cavern, from which they came out in Transylvania.

The townsfolk of Hameln have inscribed the occurrence in the records of the town, and were at one time accustomed to date day and year from the disappearance of their children. According to Seyfried, the 22nd, instead of the 26th, of June is given in the town records.

The following lines appear on the Town Hall:—

Im Jahr 1284 na Christi gebort
tho Hamel worden uthgevort
hundert und dreissig Kinder
dasülvest geboren
dorch einen Piper unter den
Köppen verlorn.

And on the new gate there are the words:—

Centum ter denos magus
ab urbe puellōs
duxerat ante annos CCLXXII.
condita porta fuit.

In 1572 the Burgomaster had the event depicted on one of the church windows, but the inscription is for the most part unreadable. There was also a medal struck in memory of the occasion.

Grimm says that there is a similar legend in the "Aventures du Mandarin Fum Hoam." 214 soirée (Ger. trans., Lpzg., 1727, II., pp. 167-172). He adds—"Chardin hat blos den namen des Thurms der 40 Jungfrauen," apparently an allusion to the mention by that traveller of the street of Ispahan, known as the "Street of Forty Maidens."

As to the historical foundation of the legend, there was

a controversy in the seventeenth century. The statement by Wier and Kirchmayer that the town dated its documents from the exodus of the children is explicitly denied by Martin Schoock, whose "*Fabula Hamelensis*" appeared in 1659, and was a reply to the "*Exodus Hamelensis*" of Samuel Erichius. No document so dated has been made public. The modern theory is put in its concisest form in Baedeker's "*Northern Germany Handbook*," where we are told that the legend is probably founded on the fact that most of the young men of the town were taken prisoners or slain at the battle of Sedemünder in 1259, while fighting against the Bishop of Minden. Harenberg puts it that the fact that these captives did not return gave rise to the tradition that they had been swallowed up alive. (N. and Q., 3 s. ii., 412). The late Mr. W. J. Thoms adds that the German *pfeiffen* (to pipe), signified also to decoy, to entice, to inveigle. "Thus, perhaps, we get to the bottom of the Hamelin myth, so far as relates to the children's being spirited away by a piper."* The susceptibility of rats to music may at least be paralleled by the popular belief as to their love of poetry, notwithstanding its fatal effect upon their peculiar constitution. It is to this superstition that Shakespeare makes Rosalind allude, when she says, "I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember."

It is much to be desired that some of the younger generation of German scholars with access to the literature and documentary evidences would investigate afresh the very curious legend of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," one of the strangest in the whole range of folk lore. It is not difficult to see the lines on which such an inquiry would travel, nor is it impossible to forecast the probable result,

* It is said that the story of the Pied Piper has become localised in England, and is given as a tradition of Newtown in "*Legends of the Isle of Wight*." (B. S., p. 159.)

but a detailed proof of the exact method by which the legend grew and impressed itself upon the popular mind would be instructive.

Turning from folk lore to literature, two modern authors have each made good use of the legend. In "*The Chronique du regne de Charles IX.*," of Prosper Mérimée, it is introduced with excellent effect as a story narrated by one of the characters—the gipsy Mila. The other and greater writer is the author of "*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*," and it is remarkable to see how the somewhat beggarly elements of the tradition have been transformed by Browning. The poor bits of broken glass are put into the kaleidoscope and given a masterly shake by the hand of the poet, and we are all delighted by the beauty of the design, and the glow and harmony of the colours thus presented to our view.





SHAKSPERE'S ALLEGED FORGERY OF A COAT OF ARMS.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

IT is much to be regretted that modern judicial decision has overturned what was once considered established law,* and decided that libellers of the dead cannot be punished. History may require a chartered liberty of speech for criticism or censure in dealing with the acts and motives of deceased persons of note, but hardly a licensed mendacity. False and unfounded calumny form no part of history. A man may now invent the foulest calumnies to blacken the reputation of the noblest of mankind, with no motive but his own despicable and hateful baseness to urge him, yet is there no remedy.

I propose to point the moral of this new law. In the *New York World*, of August 28th, 1887, I read this passage, enshrined in a long "puff prefatory" of Mr. Donnelly, and, in his interest, written for him—that is, at his instance—and possibly by him:—"Mr. Donnelly brings good evidence to show that Shakspeare was a fornicator, an adulterer, a usurer, an oppressor of the poor, a liar,

* "Although the man be dead at the time of the making of the libel, yet it is punishable."—Coke. 5 Rep., 125a (1603). "The dead have no rights and can suffer no wrongs."—per Stephen, J., in *Reg. v. Ensor*, at Cardiff Assizes (1887); *Reg. v. Topham* (1791), however limited the first proposition.

a forger of pedigrees in order to obtain a coat of arms, to which he had no right, a poacher, a drunkard, an undutiful son, and a negligent father. About many of these charges there has hardly ever been any doubt, and they are admitted even by some of his most ardent admirers." These are "prave 'ords, indeed," and sad, indeed, seems the state of journalism which can sanction such rubbish, so absolutely and entirely false, yet so venomous and spiteful withal, against a dead, and in that sense, defenceless, man. There may have been, perhaps, some derangement of epithets, the writer by mistake or in zeal attributing his own features, characteristics, and virtues to the deceased poet. But we will allow this to pass. In an American book, not by Mr. Donnelly, on Shakspeare (I may mention that it is an absurdly and even childishy ignorant book), I also find this passage :—"Shakspeare commenced life as a deer-stealer and a drunkard." No doubt this is a specimen of wit employed to arrest attention and invite the notice of wares not otherwise vendible, but it is not the less pitiable on that account. Now, of all these ten charges there is hardly one which is supported by a single trustworthy fact, or with a tittle of legal or rational evidence to sustain it, or that is not, in truth, the baseless invention of unprincipled and reckless malevolence.

The charge of "forging a pedigree," or, as I have seen it more often described, of "forging a coat of arms" is not an American invention, and as it presents some slight shadow or semblance of foundation, I wish to trace it to its origin, and discover what pretence of fact or veracity there is in it.

In Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, in 1837, this lie, for it is a lie, was first launched. Robert Bell, having before him Reed's, Malone's, and Steevens' editions of Shakspeare, containing the draft coat of arms of John Shakspeare, the poet's father, made the ridiculous and unfounded suggestion that this

inchoate copy had been obtained by "false representations," and further, that it was alike "discreditable to the father and the poet." How obtained? What had been obtained, and by whom? In fact, *nothing*! There are four entries in the books of the Heralds' College, three being rough drafts of a hypothetic or suggested coat of arms for Shakspeare's father. There is nothing to explain their presence there—why they were drawn up, at whose whim, upon what hint or suggestion, or for what purpose—but there they are. Two of these rough drafts are of an assignment of arms to John Shakspeare, of the date of 1596. The third is a rough draft of an allowance of arms for John Shakspeare and Mary Arden, of 1599. The fourth entry is, except for heraldic purposes, unimportant.

There is not—there never has been—the slightest spark of evidence, that William Shakspeare ever knew of the existence of these drafts, ever saw them, or suggested that they should be made, ever applied for a grant, or that such a grant was ever concluded, or conceded, to him. John Shakspeare appears on the face of the drafts, the sole and only applicant, if applicant there was, and the only person immediately interested.

Inferentially—or rather by innuendo and surmise—this malevolent gentleman would have us believe, that William Shakspeare, the poet, applied for the coat of arms, made false and fraudulent assertions to obtain it, and obtained it. This is his charge or it is nothing. This is the imputation which since that date has been repeated again and again as if it were true, and which Mr. Donnelly, apparently improving on the original libeller, repeats, with this further addition, viz., that the poet not only made false representations, but also forged a coat of arms and pedigree to deceive the Heralds in 1596 or 1599. The significance of this enlarged charge, which so pertinently

suggests that the law should protect the memory of the illustrious dead where honour and truth fail, must be presently considered.

To give some colour of probability to the statement which he then for the first time made, Bell published at great length a wholly fabulous statement of John Shakspeare's abject and "deplorable" poverty, and as being unable "to pay his taxes or his baker," and therefore raised the inference that William Shakspeare must have applied, because John in 1596 or 1599 had no motive for doing so.*

To dispose of this allegation of John Shakspeare's complete poverty between 1555 and 1596, the value of money is misstated; suits at law which he gained are declared to have been lost, and various other fabrications are made. Simply, John Shakspeare, who had been a thriving and fairly prosperous tradesman, and had filled the offices of chamberlain, alderman, and high bailiff, equivalent to the mayoralty, fell into comparative poverty about 1577. In 1556 he purchased two houses in Henley and Greenhill streets, one being that now known as Shakspeare's House. He was elected chamberlain of the borough in 1562, alderman the year after the poet was born, viz., in September, 1565, and high bailiff in 1568. So much for his abject penury; but it suited the libeller to suggest, quite contrary to the truth, that he was a pauper when the grants of 1568-99 were made, and the statement was made accordingly.

How in reality stands the case. The rough draft of 1599 of the assignment of arms for Arden impaled with Shakspeare contains this statement:—"The said John Shakspeare, having married the daughter and one of the heirs of

* John Shakspeare died in September, 1601.

Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the said county. And *also produced* this his ancient coat of arms heretofore Assigned to him whilst he was Her Majesty's officer and bailiff of that town." In consideration whereof, etc., which allegation, if true, declares that John Shakspeare in 1568, when he was high bailiff of Stratford, and at the pinnacle of his good fortune, applied for and had assigned to him a grant of arms which he, John Shakspeare, now again produced. If this is true, then the poet's complicity in the imputed conspiracy to procure the first assignment by false and fraudulent means must have taken place when he was aged four years, and so one at least of these malicious suggestions is disposed of. The reference to this coat of arms of 1568-9 was made by Cook Clarencieux, Malone says, but that such emblazonment was not in his time preserved or extant in the records or books of the Herald's Office.

The alleged "false representation," if ever made, and there is no further or corroborative proof that it ever was made, rests upon the following passage in the draft of 1599:—

"Wherefore being solicited and by credible report informed. That John Shakespere now of Stratford upon Avon in the county of Warwick gentleman. Whose parent [great grandfather]* and [late] antecessor, for his faithful and approved service [to the late most prudent prince] King Henry VII. of famous memory. Was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in those parts of Warwickshire. Where they have continued by [some] descents in good reputation and credit."

Now this recital, the production of the ancient coat, the general consideration of worthiness inducing grants in

*NOTE.—The words between brackets are interlineations above the line in the original draft.

relation to the world collectively, and John Shakspeare's marriage to Mary Arden, are the sole statements in the grant, beside the operative portion of the concession. Therefore, this is the sole evidence, for nothing is to be deduced from Malone's notice of the differences in the grants of 1596, that any statements were made at all either by John Shakspeare or any other, for the purpose of obtaining such grant.

But inferentially the libeller of 1837 would have us believe that an application in 1599 was made by William Shakspeare the poet. The grant expressly declares it was by his father John Shakspeare, and that the possible fiction that his great-grandfather was rewarded (which stands in the plural, in the draft of 1596, in the more perfect draft of the two, thus, "whose [parents and late] antecessors were for their valiant and faithful service advanced and rewarded by the most prudent prince King Henry VII.,") was, if anyone's fiction except the Heralds', his. Of course, in the entire absence of any knowledge of any more remote ancestor of the poet's than his grandfather, who was a yeoman, the truth or falsity of the allegation about his father's great-grandfather (by whomsoever made) cannot be determined. Such presumption, if any, as arises from the absence of any evidence on the rolls to sustain it, is of the most illusory kind. If the suggestions of antique service, of an assigned coat and a confirmation, were not those of the Heralds, Camden Clarencieux and Dethick, Garter principal King-at-Arms, to shield themselves in straining a point of heraldry, they were presumably true. The assumptions that they were absolutely false, and were also made by the poet, because he was prosperous, rather than by his father, a poor and aged man, are simply further evidence of malignity.

Now the allegation in the draft of 1599, is that the

ancient coat assigned in 1568 was *produced* to the Heralds. To get over the obvious difficulty that if such coat was assigned, and was in 1599 actually exhibited to the Heralds as alleged, which allegation, of course, wholly exonerates the poet, considering his age, from any possible imputation; these modern literary assassins are driven to the necessity of suggesting, as Mr. Donnelly does, that in 1599 a false coat-of-arms was produced to the Heralds by the poet, which satisfied them, and which was wholly fabricated. But the Heralds themselves vouch that the elder coat was granted, as well as produced. If their statement is accepted, it must be adopted wholly. It would be childish to suppose that any one could have produced a coat, not sanctioned by them, which would have escaped their scrutiny, or for an instant have deceived them. If we assume gratuitously the whole story to be false, is not the presumption that the fiction is the Heralds' fiction the only natural one.

We see, therefore, that these malevolent personages, the libellers, are driven to this position, that there was an ancient coat of 1568, which William Shakspeare could not have obtained, or there was not, in which case the Heralds were fools or knaves, or both.

If we remove the subject from the influence of those detestable literary ghouls, whose only life is maintained by feasting on the corpses of noble men, it must be tolerably evident to the meanest capacity that the whole story is a base and silly invention. The rough draft of a coat of arms is neither an assignment nor a grant. It is a mere school exercise. There is not the slightest proof, or suggestion of a proof in the world, that it ever during the poet's life, so far as he is involved, advanced beyond that stage. The allegation that a grant was made to him, on his false representation or "forgery of a pedigree" after his

death, is, of course, absurd. Presumably, if the grant had been ever made to and accepted by the poet, some evidence of its use and adoption by him, either quartered or impaled, would have existed. Proof that the necessary fees were paid to and received by the College, or of the use of the arms by the poet, or some seal, hatchment (other than that on the Stratford monument), or recognisance would be forthcoming. No such affirmative proof now or ever, that we know, existed. There is not a particle of evidence that the poet desired or applied for the grant or received it, was ever cognisant of it, or sought it. It may have been applied for or obtained, after the poet's death, by his son-in-law or executors, to embellish his tomb; and it must be admitted that the draft impliedly sustains some inference of a grant, but the words "and by these presents confirmed," if it was granted, do absolutely determine that the first concession, if made, was made in 1568, to John Shakspeare. A theory, indeed, which the objection raised A.D. 1592 (MS. Ashmole, 846), would point to and support, the grant being in March of that year impugned. Thus is concluded the entire story that the poet made false and fraudulent statements to procure the grant, and obtained it.

If any further inferences might be drawn from the facts, they are that John Shakspeare, a vain and sanguine man, when prosperous applied for coat armour. That Dethick or Camden, friends of the poet, subsequently proposed, and probably in 1596, to vary and renew this coat of arms to him, that he then, either because such gewgaws were not worth the purchase, or indifference, or from motives of economy or otherwise, declined to accept the gift. The vague want of particularity in the two drafts of 1596—alleging the doughty claims of John's "parents and late antecessors'" parents being

used for progenitors, afterwards altered to "great grandfather and late antecessor" in the singular, seems to suggest, if anything, that the Heralds, not unmindful of fees then, as they often have been since, were willing to supply sufficient reasons for the grant, as well as the grant itself, and alike suggested the old pedigree and the ancient coat. This, however, is pure surmise, and may be as absurd as most fancies are, but it is not propounded as fact.

The assignment, or the proposed assignment of this coat of arms to Shakspeare by Dethick and Camden, although it has been alleged that the old Heralds were less rigid in respect of proofs of descent and their assignments of arms than at present, seems to have given offence to Ralph Brooke, York Herald, their subordinate, who accused them not so far as appears, of improperly granting such arms, but as sanctioning a bearing too closely resembling that of Lord Mauley, for in the Ashmolean MSS., the answer of Garter and Clarencieux to York is preserved as follows:—"It may as well be said that Harely, who beareth gold a bend, between two cotizes sables, and all other that or. and argent. a bend sables usurp the coat of the Lord Mauley. As for the spear in bend is a patible difference. And the person to whom it was granted hath borne magistracy, and was justice of peace at Stratford-upon-Avon, he married the daughter and heir of Arderne, and was able to maintain that estate." With this answer of Dethick's, and it may be noted that the entire draft is in Dethick's handwriting, many modern archæologists of note, and the late Somerset Herald, I believe, concurred that the allowance as made was unimpeachable.

Briefly, these are all the facts I am aware of connected with this imputed forgery. And it is a painful and melancholy reflection indeed, that so much causeless malevolence could exist, or be exerted against a dead man merely on the

ground of his intellectual supremacy and approved virtue. Not one word (in spite of envy, rivalry, and all uncharitableness) against the poet's character, honour, generosity, or moral worth was raised against him during his lifetime. He was called a "Shakescene," but the publisher of the feeble joke was so ashamed of it, that he withdrew it and apologised. He was beloved by his business partners and associates. His rivals, though envious and malignant, honoured him. It has been reserved for the very scum of literary rascaldom in this modern age to create this monstrous charge against him, and I can only reiterate the wish of Emilia to Othello, when she declared he had been abused by "some base notorious knave," "some most villanous scurvy knave," that heaven should—

Put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.





THE COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[Suggested by a passage in Dr. Kingsford's "Dreams and Dream Stories," p. 21.]

SAID one, who pausing, read the Gospel scroll,
"Be perfect as your Heavenly Father is."
Such were the words that Jesus spake on earth;
But how shall man obey this strange command,
And reach perfection as the Highest One?
What is perfection for the sons of men?"
"Tis wisdom," cried another in response,
"For holy wisdom is perfection's sum."
"Not so," then said another, "how shall man,
In his short life attain to such a height,
And know the wisdom of the hand that shaped,
Not this great world alone, but all the worlds
That belt the universe in ceaseless round;
Wisdom that mass'd the earth and pour'd the sea,
That marks the sparrow's fall, the comet's flight,
And life and nature binds in changeless law?"
Another said, "Perfection is but truth."
"Truth is perfection, but can finite man
See every facet of its diamond shape?
Earth's truth is partial, heaven's alone is whole."
"The just alone are perfect; justice is
The sum of wisdom and of truth and right;
He who is just has learnt perfection's law."

"Not so," then said another, "shall man take
Into his hand the vengeance of the Lord?"
Then one arose with humble reverent look,
And bright soul shining through his ardent eyes,
"Perfection is in love alone," he cried,
"Who said, 'be perfect' said, 'be merciful';
Be merciful even as our Father is,
By love alone can man perfection reach;
Not wisdom, and yet love is more than wise;
Not truth, and yet its words are wholly true;
Not justice, though its deeds are more than just.
It gives to justice wisdom, and to wisdom truth;
It palpitates alike through star and flower;
Through bird and beast and human heart alike.
It pities all that sorrow, and it helps
With word and deed all things that need its aid;
It honours all, and holds none in despite;
It heals the pains of old and festering wounds;
Puts the lost lambkin by its mother's side;
Abstains from all that injures or destroys
The brightness and the peace and joy of life,
And finds its own in every creature's joy.
By love alone can man perfection reach."
Then cried they all with one consenting voice—
"Who said, 'be perfect' said, 'be merciful,'
Be merciful ev'n as our Father is;
By love alone can man perfection reach."



THE LIBRARY TABLE.

When a Man's Single ; a Tale of Literary Life. By J. M. BARRIE. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1888.

"WHEN a Man's Single" is not Mr. Barrie's latest contribution to literature. A few years ago he first revealed himself as a young writer of great original power by the publication of "Auld Licht Idylls," a series of sketches dealing with the humours of life in a Scotch provincial town. He has followed this up by "A Window in Thrums," which appeared in 1889, and which the critics have generally voted his masterpiece, so far. The book of which I speak, though its opening and closing scenes are laid in Thrums, is chiefly devoted in its narrative portions to a young Scotchman's experiences in journalism and in love, in that southern portion of Great Britain which the canny Scot has, in one way and another, largely annexed and appropriated. Rob Angus, the literary saw-miller of Thrums, becoming a free man by the accidental death of his little niece, the only creature who bound him to his native town and soil, accepts an invitation to join the staff of a paper in an English midland town, to which the writer gives the name of Silchester. Whilst there, being sent as a reporter to a Christmas dinner given by a neighbouring landlord to his tenants, he takes the opportunity of falling

in love with the landlord's daughter, Mary Abinger, whose one-volume novel, "The Scorn of Scorns," he discovers to his horror he had *slated* a short time previously in the pages of the *Silchester Mirror*. The rest of the book—so far as it can be regarded as a story—is taken up mainly with the complications which arise out of this incident, and with the hero's struggles to earn a position for himself in the world, and to win the lady—who returns his affection—in the face of the wealthy and aristocratic rival favoured by her father. He goes up to London, where he has a hard battle with poverty; but, after occasionally contributing to various journals, he is finally offered a post on the editorial staff of the *Morning Wire*, with a handsome salary. So the saw-miller of Thrums marries the heiress of Dome Castle.

So much for the story. But it is plainly not as a story that "When a Man's Single" chiefly interests its readers, or has interested its author. Indeed, considered merely as a tale, the book, perhaps, can hardly be regarded as a success. In the sentimental parts the writer seems never quite serious; he has a keen insight into the weaknesses of human nature, and is apt to see a humorous side to every situation. The story, indeed, is chiefly a frame for the introduction of a series of humorous sketches of society, journalism, and the literary world, and of a multitude of smart sayings, anecdotes, and epigrams.

I have marked a few passages for quotation, but it is no easy matter to come to a decision, one being very much tempted to quote the whole of the book—the whole, at any rate, of many of its chapters. As that, however, is impossible, the only thing is to attempt to make one's selection as characteristic as possible. Here, for instance, is a passage from an account of a Saturday evening's entertainment at the Wigwam, to which the hero is taken in the early days of his London life, by his friend, Richard Abin-

ger, *alias* Noble Simms, the novelist. It is, perhaps, safe to assume that the Wigwam is a caricature (more or less highly coloured) of the Savage Club:—

At this point the applause became so deafening that Simms and Rob, who had been on their way to another room, turned back. An aged man, with a magnificent head, was on his feet to describe his first meeting with Carlyle.

"Who is it?" asked Rob, and Simms mentioned the name of a celebrity only a little less renowned than Carlyle himself. To Rob it had been one of the glories of London that in the streets he sometimes came suddenly upon world-renowned men, but he now looked upon this eminent scientist for the first time. The celebrity was there as a visitor, for the Wigwam cannot boast quite such famous members as he.

The septuagenarian began his story well. He described the approach to Craigenputtock on a warm summer afternoon, and the emotions that laid hold of him as, from a distance, he observed the sage seated astride a low dyke, flinging stones into the duckpond. The pedestrian announced his name and the pleasure with which he at last stood face to face with the greatest writer of the day; and then the genial author of "*Sartor Resartus*," annoyed at being disturbed, jumped off the dyke and chased his visitor round and round the duckpond. The celebrity had got thus far in his reminiscence when he suddenly stammered, bit his lip as if enraged at something, and then trembled so much that he had to be led back to his seat.

"He must be ill," whispered Rob to Simms.

"It isn't that," answered Simms; "I fancy he must have caught sight of Wingfield."

Rob's companion pointed to a melancholy-looking man in a seedy coat, who was sitting alone, glaring at the celebrity.

"Who is he?" asked Rob.

"He is the great man's literary executor," Simms replied; "come along with me and hearken to his sad tale; he is never loth to tell it."

They crossed over to Wingfield, who received them dejectedly.

"This is not a matter I care to speak of, Mr. Angus," said the sorrowful man, who spoke of it, however, as frequently as he could find a listener. "It is now seven years since that gentleman"—pointing angrily at the celebrity, who glared in reply—"appointed me his literary executor. At the time I thought it a splendid appointment, and by the end of two years I had all his remains carefully edited and his biography ready for the press. He was an invalid at that time, supposed to be breaking up fast; yet look at him now."

"He is quite vigorous in appearance now," said Rob.

"Oh, I've given up hope," continued the sad man, dolefully.

"Still," remarked Simms, "I don't know that you could expect him to die just for your sake. I only venture that as an opinion, of course."

"I don't ask that of him," responded Wingfield. "I'm not blaming him in any way; all I say is that he has spoilt my life. Here have I been waiting, waiting for five years, and I seem further from publication than ever."

Here is a brief disquisition on smoking:—

"Cigars are making you stupid, Dick," said Mary; "I do wonder why men smoke."

"I have often asked myself that question," thoughtfully answered Simms, whom it is time to call by his real name of Dick Abinger. "I know some men who smoke because they might get sick otherwise when in the company of smokers. Others smoke because they began to do so at school, and are now afraid to leave off. A great many men smoke for philanthropic motives, smoking enabling them to work harder, and so being for their family's good. At picnics men smoke because it is the only way to keep the midges off the ladies. Smoking keeps you cool in summer and warm in winter, and is an excellent disinfectant. There are even said to be men who admit that they smoke because they like it; but for my own part I fancy I smoke because I forget not to do so."

Many are the drolleries connected with journalism. Perhaps the examination in journalism which Rob is put through by the great Simms (pp. 153-4) is as good a specimen as any, although my own opinion is that it is a little spoiled by Question Five, which could hardly puzzle even the rawest of Scotchmen.

There is a delicious chapter (XVI.), called "The Barber of Rotten Row," which relates how a hairdresser with aristocratic instincts and an occasional surfeit of cash managed to pass himself off for a few days as a nobleman who had returned to England after a prolonged absence. He has a magnificent time, though his happiness is dashed by one little privation:—

"It was grand," he said. "I shall never know such days again."

"I hope not, Josephs. Was there no streak of cloud in those halcyon days?"

The barber sighed heavily.

"Ay, there was," he said, "hair oil."

"Explain yourself, my gentle hairdresser."

"Gentlemen," said Josephs, "don't use hair oil. I can't live without it. That is my only stumbling-block to being a gentleman."

In the final chapter the story returns to Thrums; and the incident of the receipt of a telegram announcing the marriage by the village stonebreaker, Tammas Haggart, and its solemn opening in presence of a village conclave in

the kirkyard, is a fine specimen of the humours of Scotch provincial life. Many will vote it one of the best things in the volume, and say that, after all, Mr. Barrie is at his very best and truest when on his native heath.

It is a possible criticism (it was made, I think, by a writer in the *Spectator*), that Mr. Barrie's book is just a little too clever—but, after all, that is a drawback which it is possible to overlook. A more serious defect, as it seems to me, is the want of definiteness and actuality in some of the principal characters. I protest I am not sure that I can distinguish Mary Abinger and Nell Meredith; I only know that they are both charming, high-spirited girls, noble and pure-minded to a degree, and remarkably attentive to their personal appearance. As for Rob Angus—well, a friend of mine maintains that he should know him if he met him in Fleet Street. Perhaps he might, there is never any saying. But it seems to me that a good many brilliant, broad-shouldered young Scotchmen might sit for his portrait. A much better figure is that of the barrister, journalist and novelist, whose *nom de plume* is J. Noble Simms, but whose real name is Richard Abinger. It is probably safe to hazard the suggestion that this is to some extent a portrait of the writer himself, and this may account for its more life-like character. Perhaps it is the ideal Barrie, which the actual Barrie is always aiming at, but cannot quite achieve.

This, at any rate, we may say, that, whatever faults an eagle eye may discover in this remarkable volume, its readers can hardly complain that they have lacked entertainment. It is a delicious book.

C. E. TYRER.



A COURT DRESS.

"Oh! Just ain't people proud what have got Parasols?"
—Punch, Vol. XV., p. 22.



MR. MEREDITH'S NOVELS.

BY A. N. MONKHOUSE.

MR. MEREDITH'S position among contemporary novelists is a peculiar one, and is at the present time undergoing some modification. His following has hitherto made up in enthusiasm what it has lacked in numbers, but he has lately become known to a wider circle of readers, and has necessarily, therefore, increased his admirers, who have been encouraged to proclaim their belief in his powers and accomplishments, and their confidence in his ultimate recognition as one of the first literary artists of his time and country.

His increased fame seems to date from the publication of "Diana of the Crossways," which seems less fitted to the requirements of popular taste than others of his books, but which had the advantage of timely and unsparing praise from several of the critical papers. Whether this in any measure accounts for its relatively remarkable success or not, it appears to have been the first of Mr. Meredith's novels to penetrate beyond a very limited circle. The result has been an increased and increasing interest in his productions, several of which had been for some time out of print, and, as Mr. Stevenson said, "sought for on book-stalls like an Aldine." They have now been republished in a

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cheap and a cheaper edition, and other signs of popular attention are not wanting. The "New Journalism" begins to take an interest in him; he is discussed in the magazines, and though he has not yet obtained the honour of the proverbial "slating" in the *Quarterly*, he has been shown his place—which, it appears, is not with the novelists—by a writer, whose style and temper leave little to be desired, in a recent number of the *National Review*.

As most of his books were either out of print or little known, some half-dozen masterpieces have been tumbled upon the market at once, and they prove to be a little difficult to digest. They are not quite like anything to which we are accustomed, for Mr. Meredith has steadily pursued his own ideal, disregarding all temptations to aim at a superficial success. His style shows little sign of conformity to any accepted standard, and though his human sympathy is wide and deep, he has not scrupled to express his friendly contempt for the judgment of that "British Public" which has learnt to show tolerance and simulate respect towards the kindred genius of Robert Browning. For there are many striking points of resemblance between his genius and circumstances and those of the great man we have lost. They are alike in believing the development of a soul to be the highest of artistic themes, and in such development both habitually employ the method of indirect presentation, of side-lights, inferences, and hints. Both are exposers of sentimentalisms, and scourgers of cants and shams. Fortified by far different creeds, they front inevitable evil and misfortune with stout hearts, declaring that this is yet a world in which wisdom is on the side of joy and not of grief. There is, too, the obvious analogy that their strong and wilful personalities sometimes find perverse and obscure expression, and if Mr. Meredith has not yet the advantage

of a society to elucidate his meaning, it is not the fault of his poems, which offer extraordinary opportunities for floundering. We are not now immediately concerned with the poems, however, between which and the novels there is an interesting race for fame. Readers of poetry have at least the intention to seek for intellectual beauty, and are usually more critical and discerning than the average of novel readers, whose demand is for something amusing and moral, like Artemus Ward's show. For this reason the poems might be expected to have a relatively wider acceptance, though the fact that some of them are out of print does not bear out such a conclusion. But neither are likely to become widely popular. It might not be a wholly untenable position to maintain that a popular artist who is also a great artist is not popular by virtue of his art—that, for instance, Lord Tennyson's sentiment has penetrated beyond his poetry, that the farce and melodrama of Dickens have attracted more than his humour and pathos, that Sir John Millais's pretty pictures have made more friends than his beautiful ones, and that Shakespeare himself, if he is popular, which is, perhaps, an unverified assumption, owes it to such accidental circumstances as the force of tradition, the insistence of critics, our national vanity, or the fact that, apart from their greater qualities, several of his plays may be distorted into effective entertainments.

Mr. Meredith has none of those secondary qualifications which help to make a supporting public outside the circle of genuine appreciation. Whether he could have achieved a great popular success or not, he has never tried for it. He must be taken on his own terms. He will not vulgarise his art to obtain an audience, and as the mountain steadily refuses to come to Mahomet, Mahomet may yet think it worth while to approach the mountain. To those who read novels

as the easiest form of brain rest, he is impracticable and preposterous. His persistent habit of putting things in an unusual way, for the purpose of provoking ideas, when we have been accustomed to cheat our brains with phrases, results, occasionally, in something of a hit or miss style, and though the successes enormously outnumber the failures, these give plausible opportunities to the zealous fault-finder, who, by-the-way, is an altogether different person from the conscientious critic. Nor is he possessed with that touching devotion to our good Anglo-Saxon, which prefers that a man should fail to express his meaning, with a little word, rather than resort to the hated polysyllable. Then he is a professed psychologist, with something of a professional's taste for curious cases. He has a turn for the fantastical, and his creatures—truly children of his brain—are possessed, one and all, with "thick coming fancies." Metaphors, analogies, similes, epigrams, chase one another through his pages. It may savour of a reproach, to say that he constantly aims at wit, but I remember that Charles Lamb has said (I don't know whether Lamb really said it, but I conform gladly to the custom that gives him all wandering good things that are good enough) that this is, at least, better than aiming at dulness. Wit, indeed, is assumed to be the common attribute of the human race, and it may be admitted that his manifestation of it is, sometimes, brilliantly inappropriate. He has such an abundance of good things to say, that when he has worked off all that can be held by introduction and digression, a few remain for forcible distribution among his characters. And so difficult and elusive are many of these good things that it seems as if Mr. Meredith, who has faith in the progress of the race, is preparing for a sharper-witted posterity. If these suggestions appear flippant I can only say that a hasty perusal

of one of these novels has sometimes a bewildering effect on a casual reader of this generation. "They are magnificent, but they are not novels," such an one may exclaim, or he will grant that there is a world of matter, but without form and void. If it is acknowledged that the novel is the most potent and highly-organised of modern literary forms, careful study is not an unreasonable demand, and careful study will do much to remove these prejudices. It will be found that order is gradually evolved from seeming chaos; that every incident, every character, and every comment has its value in forwarding the action or completing the picture. We live in a critical age, and one reason for the decline of the drama, before the novel, is probably that the latter is not only a representation of life, but gives opportunity for direct criticism of it. Like all his fellows, Mr. Meredith is not constantly dramatic—his own personality is intruded, from time to time, to deliver a kind of explanatory lecture that is neither unwelcome nor unnecessary. For these expressions are full of ripe wisdom and genial humour and flowering fancy. Without them we could never see every side of the complex and changing figures that they illumine. The recent romantic revival has tended to discourage analytic processes, and, perhaps, in the absence of any dearth of sawdust to make such a proceeding desirable, it is judicious to abstain from analysis of some of the popular figures of contemporary romance, but he has never been able to perceive, in life, the material for a flowing narrative. He writes, as history is written now, with copious notes, recognising the endless complications, qualifications, reflections that prevent smooth or rapid progress, but which give us the truth or bring us nearer to it at last.

A friendly critic has yielded to the temptation of epigram so far as to declare that Mr. Meredith might have been

Molière if he had not tried to be Congreve, and his bouts of wit do occasionally remind us of a kind of glorified drawing-room game such as Congreve might have delighted in. But between their wit in its most characteristic expression there is a difference in kind. "The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this," says Lamb, "that he has entirely excluded from his scenes—some little generousities on the part of Angelica perhaps excepted—not only anything like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever." The wit that flourishes in such a soil can have little in common with that which thus expresses its ideal—"The well of true wit is truth itself, the gathering of the precious drops of right reason, wisdom's lightning," and whose function is "to strike roots in the mind, the Hesperides of good things." No better instance of this kind of wit occurs to me than Jenny Denham's reply to Beauchamp, when he says of the election he has lost—"It's only a skirmish lost, and that counts for nothing in a battle without end; it must be incessant." "But does incessant battling keep the intellect clear?" was her memorable answer. This is not in the style of the dexterous Congreve. I might lighten my task and reward your forbearance with instances of wit of many kinds. A few from "Diana of the Crossways" will suffice. They lose a good deal in their separation from the context, and they are not chosen to avoid the accusation of characteristic faults. "'And pray,' said Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, across the table, merely to slip in a word, 'What is the name of this wonderful dog?' 'His name is Leander,' said Diana. 'Oh! Leander. I don't think I hear myself calling to a dog in a name of three syllables—two at the most.' 'No, so I call Hero, if I want him to come immediately,' said Diana." Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, who is a Pharisee aping the good Samaritan, does not receive much

favour at her author's or his heroine's hands. "'Our life below is short,' she said, to which Diana tacitly assented, 'We have our little term, Mrs. Warwick, it is soon over. On the other hand, the platitudes concerning it are eternal.'" Lord and Lady Esquart, who are of a party kept awake by the strange performances of a bell in a Swiss village, are asked by Diana "what they had talked of during the night?" "'You, my dear, partly,' said Lady Esquart. 'For an opiate?' 'An invocation of the morning,' said Dacier." I venture on an example of a rather different kind. "'Women are a blank to them [*men*], I believe,' said Whitmonby, and Westlake said—'Traces of a singular scrawl have been observed when they were held in close proximity to the fire.'" For an instance of Mr. Meredith's peculiarly felicitous employment of irony, we must hear what Mrs. Wathin says of *her* ideal young woman—"She does not pretend to wit. To my thinking, depth of sentiment is a far more feminine accomplishment." Yet another example, and this is his own—"When we have satisfied English sentiment our task is done in every branch of art, I hear, and it will account to posterity for the condition of the branches."

It is, I suppose, almost a commonplace of comparative criticism that the novels of England and of France offer this remarkable distinction, that while we have usually and characteristically been ready to sacrifice truth to what we call decency, they have on the other hand in great measure devoted themselves to the study and magnification of one class of physical phenomena and its social conditions, to which they have assigned the position and dedicated the powers due to universal truth. Mr. Meredith has named these opposite schools or tendencies, of which the one is the necessary complement to the other, the "rose-pink" and the "dirty-drab." But besides the systems that treat of man as a bourgeois convention and as a senti-

mental animal (though to do them justice they have lately omitted the sentiment), there is that whose subject for good or evil is the mind and spirit of man, and which, recognising and rejoicing in the ties that bind him to the earth, can yet permit the declaration that ideas "are actually the motives of men in a greater degree than their appetites." In his essay on Balzac, Mr. Henry James has said—"When we approach Thackeray and George Eliot, George Sand and Turgénieff, it is into the conscience and the mind that we enter, and we think of these writers primarily as great consciences and great minds. When we approach Balzac we seem to enter into a great temperament—a prodigious nature." He says again—"A magnificent action with him is not an action which is remarkable for its high motive, but an action with a great force of will or of desire behind it, which throws it into striking and monumental relief. It may be a magnificent sacrifice, a magnificent devotion, a magnificent act of faith; but the presumption is that it will be a magnificent lie, a magnificent murder, or a magnificent adultery." I do not presume to say how far these passages are true of the great writer to whom they refer, or, to bring it nearer home, in what limited and qualified sense they are true of our own Dickens, between whom and Balzac the differences are, as Mr. James says, chiefly of race. They are quoted because they express and distinguish so much better than I can do the primary characteristic of Mr. Meredith's genius. He, too, is a great conscience and a great mind, and the momentous questions of conduct and of life that he raises are referred to this arbitrament. They whom he thinks worthy of the post of honour and danger—his heroes and heroines—can count upon no pleasantly variegated course of successful adventure. What they do is not of such account as what they are and what they may become. To

him as to us they are very real. He knows them well, and he seeks to know them better. He plays upon them from the lowest note to the top of their compass. He plucks out the heart of their mystery. They must pass through a fiery ordeal in which no fair seeming dross avails. He has love for them, but no mercy. Have they a weakness? he exposes it; a shallowness? he sounds it. He does not shrink from the supreme test—to lay upon them a burden greater than they can bear. "Our souls," he says, "if flame of a soul shall have come in the agony of flesh, are beyond the baser mischances." "The philosopher," who as he humorously says, "fathers his dulness on me," "bids us to see that we are not so pretty as rose-pink, not so repulsive as dirty-drab; and that, instead of everlastingly shifting those barren aspects, the sight of ourselves is wholesome, bearable, fructifying, finally a delight." "And how do you know that you have reached to philosophy? You touch her skirts when you share her hatred of the sham decent, her derision of sentimentalism."

It is said that when Turgénieff was dying he sent to his greatest rival a message begging him to return to the exercise of the art that he had deserted. To those who believe in Mr. Meredith's unselfish devotion to that art, his reproach to Thackeray has something of a kindred pathos. "A great modern writer," he says, "of clearest eye and head, now departed, capable in activity of presenting thoughtful women, thinking men, groaned over his puppetry—that he dared not animate them, flesh though they were, with the fires of positive brainstuff. He could have done it, and he is of the departed! Had he dared he would (for he was Titan enough) have raised the art in dignity on a level with history."

But if it is the mental and moral side of life that seems to Mr. Meredith to be of peremptory importance, he has

approached it in no narrow or sectarian spirit. The large charity of humour gives breadth and unity to his view. He has the insight and catholicity of a poet, disdaining neither science nor romance. Comedy, he pronounces to be our means of reading swiftly and comprehensively. "She it is who proposes the correction of pretentiousness, of inflation, of dulness, and the vestiges of rawness and grossness to be found among us. She is the ultimate civilizer, the polisher, a sweet cook. If (he says) she watches over sentimentalism with a birch rod, she is not opposed to romance. You may love, and warmly love, so long as you are honest. Do not offend reason." Again, he says of romance: "The young who avoid that region escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown." Of poetry: "Those who have souls meet their brothers there." For a complete understanding of his philosophy of life, a careful study of the poems would be necessary. The relations of man to nature is the subject of the recent remarkable volume: "A Reading of Earth," in which we are led to this conclusion—that as a child in joy or sorrow seeks its mother, so the wise man looks for sympathy and consolation to his mother earth.

The subject of literary style is not one for an amateur to approach with a light heart, and Mr. Meredith's style is variously estimated as his chief virtue and as his damning defect. Though a style may be acquired that shall have great effect in the regulation and control of ideas, these come first in the natural order, and that style is the best which gives them full and proper expression. Swift is a great master of style, because, as Landor says, "No one ever had such a power of saying forcibly and completely what he meant to say." And as it would have been impossible for the author of "Sartor Resartus" to unburden himself in the style of "The Vicar of Wakefield," so it is idle to expect

that "The Egoist" could be expressed in terms of "Tom Jones." Mr. Meredith is himself an acute critic, and through the medium of Mr. Barrett, in "*Sandra Belloni*," has given us a view, that we may perhaps venture to accept as in some measure his view of individualism in literature. I have condensed the following passage: "The point to be considered is whether fiction demands a perfectly smooth surface. Undoubtedly a scientific work does, and a philosophic treatise should. When we ask for facts simply, we feel the intrusion of a style. Of fiction it is part. In the one case, the classical robe, in the other, any mediæval phantasy of clothing. We are still fighting against the Puritan element in literature as elsewhere. And more than this, our language is not rich in subtleties for prose. A writer who is not servile, and has insight, must coin from his own mint. In poetry, we are rich enough; but in prose also we owe everything to licence our poets have taken in the teeth of critics. Our simplest prose style is nearer to poetry with us, for this reason, that the poets have made it. Read French poetry. With the first couplet the sails are full, and you have left the shores of prose far behind. An imaginative Englishman, pen in hand, is the cadet and vagabond of the family, an exploring adventurer; whereas, to a Frenchman, it all comes inherited, like a well-filled purse. The audacity of the French mind, and the French habit of quick social intercourse, have made them nationally far richer in language. Let me add, individually, as much poorer. Read their stereotyped descriptions. They all say the same things. They have one big Gallic trumpet. Wonderfully eloquent: we feel that: but the person does not speak."

Whatever may be said of Mr. Meredith's style—and it has sometimes been thought an ill-favoured thing—it is

assuredly his own. He is not content to be the heir of the ages, but insists on bringing his own contribution. His rapacious mind makes every thought his own and dresses it in his livery. He will have none of the facile phrases that have done duty so often as its expression. It is perhaps his misfortune that he is not merely a man of genius, but a very clever man of genius. He is in the main stream of humanity and he trims his sail to every breeze. The eternal is good with him and so is the particular. Condensation, too, is especially a characteristic of his style. A prodigal in ideas he is a niggard in words, and gives us "infinite riches in a little room." "The art of the pen is to arouse the inward vision," he says, and "our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description." If at his occasional worst he is crabbed, mannered, obscure, polysyllabic, it may be a warning to those critics who find him an easy prey, whose faculty of selection is so unerring that it would be to them but a holiday task to prove Landor incoherent or Swift waterish, to remember of Diana that "a fit of angry cynicism now and then set her composing phrases as baits for the critics to quote, condemnatory of the attractiveness of the work." Perhaps Mr. Meredith has a definitive edition of his works in reserve without the few little excrescences and eccentricities that give colour to the adverse estimate of finicking pedantry. But cynicism—the refuge of the disillusioned sentimentalist—is not for him. If he has from time to time protested against the judgments and satirised the aims of the world that overlooked him, he has kept his serene and healthy nature undefiled by any taint of envy of the deserved successes of his peers. Genius unrecognised tends towards pessimism or self-assertion. He does not abandon his hope in humanity because his novels have not been read as they ought to have been, and if he is not content to acquiesce in the

verdict that would relegate him to that dusty nook where obscure eccentrics pine for the light of popular favour, some allowance may perhaps be made for the respect which it is natural for him to feel toward what he calls "that acute and honourable minority which consents to be thwacked with aphorisms and sentences and a fantastic delivery of the verities," and which has maintained through evil and good report that his first novel gained for him a position, since strengthened and secured, second to none of his predecessors or contemporaries in English fiction.

The list of novels is a short one—so short that I may say at least a passing word of each of them. We learn from "Men of the Time" that Mr. Meredith was born "about 1828." This is a little vague, but uncertainty about such an event is, I believe, not unusual in the case of an immortal. His first publication was a volume of poems in 1851. This, and a subsequent volume, containing among other things "Modern Love," a very remarkable poem of fifty sixteen line stanzas, are now out of print. The first volume was followed by "The Shaving of Shagpat," an Arabian entertainment, which is a tremendous medley of extravagant genius, and "Farina," the fanciful setting of an old German legend. In these an exuberant imagination was allowed free play, and it might be a nice consideration how far a mind naturally impatient of restraint has gained or lost by such initial exercises.

In 1859, being then about 30 years of age, Mr. Meredith published "The Ordeal of Richard Fernal," the best known and the most generally admired of his works. Novelists are later than poets in attaining to maturity, and "Richard Fernal" is so elaborate and solid a work that it is difficult to believe it to be a first essay in this form. Whether it is the best of his books or not it contains much of his finest quality. He has studied the genus boy with

kindly attention, and it has never failed to yield the joke that each one carries at the centre of his being. Richard and Ripton, the first of that gallant and entertaining company, of which Crossjay, and Temple, and Harry Richmond, and Nevil Beauchamp are worthy members, make us wish, while we are with them, that their author could spare time from graver labours to give us once for all that epic of boyhood of which he, and he only, is capable. But if it is hard to part with the Bantam and Dame Bakewell, and the other accessories to Richard's early exploits, we are presently consoled by some of the very prettiest love-making in literature. Richard and Lucy are our modern Ferdinand and Miranda, whose fortunes are wrecked by a blind and infatuated Prospero. A Prospero whom the winds and waves do not obey, whose belief in his spells is unshaken, and whose attitude of command is unrelaxed till the peremptory awakening of calamity, is at once a comic and a tragic spectacle. When Sir Austin speaks to Mr. Thompson of Ripton, and says "Do you establish yourself in a radiatory centre of intuition? do you base your watchfulness on so thorough an acquaintance with his character, so perfect a knowledge of the instrument, that all its movements—even the eccentric ones—are anticipated by you, and provided for?" and Mr. Thompson replies that "he was afraid he could not affirm that much, though he was happily enabled to say that Ripton had borne an extremely good character at school," we feel that we are in the region of pure comedy. But Sir Austin is essentially a tragic character, and if there is some justice in the objection that the story's strange and pitiful ending is not inevitable as a tragic issue should be, it is, I think, because his position is not sufficiently enforced. He is a man of high intelligence and noble aims, whose fatal pedantry brings ruin and misery upon the son he loves. Of Richard's own con-

tribution to the calamitous tangle in his neglectful absence from his wife, it is not easy to speak. It is inexplicable to the gross and literal sense of the Dogged School of Criticism, but we may take comfort in remembering that other inconsequent writer who taught us that "cause and will and strength and means" may be a prelude with no succeeding act, and who has left unanswered and unanswerable the portentous question:—

"Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus enanared my soul and body!"

The humour of "Richard Fernal" is constant in operation and eminent in quality. It is sometimes snatched from the very jaws of tragedy, as in those most daring and delightful episodes, the historical readings of the infatuated and bewildered Lord Mountfalcon. It gives us a wretched dyspeptic engaged on a history of Fairy Mythology and a "wise youth," himself a humorist, whose philosophy is cunningly undermined by his contemptuous author. Of its pathos I will only say that the last chapter is one of the most moving things in our literature.

"Evan Harrington" is perhaps the least admirable of Mr. Meredith's books. The Countess de Saldar is not of the race of those great comic characters that justify themselves under any conditions. She is an ordinary person in an extraordinary position, and "Evan Harrington" is a comedy of circumstance rather than of character. The tenacity of an adventuress is not the most fruitful of themes, and though she is excellently portrayed, one cannot escape the reflection—in the light of the later achievements of Richmond Roy and Sir Willoughby Patterne—that she was hardly worth the effort. But Rose and Evan are a delightful pair of lovers, Lady Jocelyn is excellent, and Mrs. Harrington a really memorable

character. Mr. Raikes is perhaps dangerously near the line that separates the fantastical from the preposterous, but with old Tom Cogglesby, who seems to have strayed from Dickens's collection, he contributes some capital fun, and fun of a distinctive quality.

No better example of Mr. Meredith's powers in simple passionate narrative can be chosen than Emilia's story of her early life in the book that has been re-named "*Sandra Belloni*." "Such a touch on the violin as my father has, you never heard. You feel yourself from top to toe, when my father plays. I feel as if I breathed music like air. One day came news from Italy, all in the newspaper, of my father's friends and old companions shot and murdered by the Austrians. He read it in the evening, after we had had a quiet day. I thought he did not mind it much, for he read it out to us quite quietly; and then he made me sit on his knee and read it out. I cried with rage, and he called to me, 'Sandra! Peace!' and began walking up and down the room, while my mother got the bread and cheese and spread it on the table, for we were beginning to be richer. I saw my father take out his violin. He put it on the cloth and looked at it. Then he took it up, and laid his chin on it like a man full of love, and drew the bow across just once. He whirled away the bow and knocked down our candle, and in the darkness I heard something snap and break with a hollow sound. When I could see, he had broken it, the neck from the body—the dear old violin! I could cry still. I—I was too late to save it. I saw it broken, and the empty belly, and the loose strings! It was murdering a spirit—that was! My father sat in a corner one whole week, moping like such an old man! I was nearly dead with my mother's voice. By-and-by we were all silent, for there was nothing to eat." Here, to use a famous phrase, "Nature takes the pen from him and

writes." I presume that no fault will be found with this even by the literary puritan. Emilia subsequently kept her parents upon a potato diet, in order that she might save money for her singing lessons—an altogether delightful circumstance, though perhaps startling to those who would require a heroine to follow the usual sympathetic course. She is a natural young woman, a living refutation of the doctrine of original sin, and an assurance of her author's belief and hope in human nature. She does not comprehend evil, but instinctively abhors it. Without superficial cleverness, she penetrates to essentials. She has something of the primal gratitude and devotion of an animal. Among the highly-organised ladies of Brookfield, she moves like a young panther among domestic cats. These civilised young persons who are, if less amusing, on a higher plane of comedy than the Countess de Saldar, have some reason to complain of the fate that confronts them with nature in the phenomenal forms of Emilia and Mrs. Chump, by whom their distinctions, their reserves, their ideals, are roughly broken down and inexorably scattered. In Wilfred, too, we have a careful and relentless study of one who tries to make sentiment do the work of passion, "passion which," we are told with profound insight, "may tug against common sense, but is never in a great nature divorced from it." There is not much common sense in Wilfred's vagaries, which, commented upon in most fanciful fashion, are exceedingly good reading for the confirmed Meredithian. The uninitiated may be more confidently recommended to the life-like and grotesque Mr. Pericles, to that irresistible Irishwoman, Mrs. Chump, or to Mr. Pole, a really notable instance of a commonplace person raised to first rate interest by the humour, force, and truth of his presentation.

If diversity of opinion as to Mr. Meredith's masterpiece

is limited only by the number of his books, there can be little doubt in assigning to "Rhoda Fleming" a place among the highest. Less rich and various than some of its rivals, it is of singular intensity and unmatched power. In those marvellous passages where Dahlia defies all laws of God or bonds of man that keep her from her lover, the sharp note of tragedy is struck with a strong and sure hand. Some of her phrases ring in the memory like great Shakesperean lines. Opposed to this creature of frenzied passion is her patient depressed father, a man of narrow mind and inflexible principles. "This world has been too many for me," said Mr. Tulliver, and Farmer Fleming, too, has been worsted in the conflict with that redoubtable adversary. It is in these contrasted figures of father and daughter that the peculiar quality of the drama is displayed, but Rhoda is a noble example of those reliable women whose lives are a refutation of the stupid calumny that attaches the vices of fickleness and faintness to their sex, and to name one more where many are worthy of full and adequate discussion, Mrs. Sumfit is in her degree a perfect and beautiful creation.

I understand that there is a class of orderly and sedate minds to which "Vittoria" is a dull and confused narrative of improbable events. Such was the impression recorded some time ago by an American critic who, strange to say, admired Mr. Meredith heartily in the main. It is, indeed, of almost bewildering motion and variety, and without it a great region of its author's genius would remain imperfectly explored. It has in the highest degree the quality of dramatic picturesqueness, which may be illustrated by two short connected passages from the scene at the opera when the Austrians occupied the Countess Ammiani's box. "Her face had the unalterable composure of a painted head upon an old canvas. The General persisted in

tendering excuses. She replied, 'It is best, when one is too weak to resist, to submit to an outrage quietly.'"
"Ammiani saw the apparition of Captain Wiesspriess in his mother's box. He forgot her injunction, and hurried to her side, leaving the doors open. His passion of anger spurned her admonishing grasp of his arm, and with his glove he smote the Austrian officer on the face. Weisspriess plucked his sword out; the house rose; there was a moment like that of a wild beast's show of teeth. It passed." The most romantic of his books, it is vitalized and exalted by that passion for Italy and Italian independence which has inspired so many of England's best. The manifestation of this passion is its distinguishing feature. It is serene and beneficent in *Vittoria*, generous in *Powys*, austere in the *Countess Ammiani*, cunning in *Barto Rizzo*, fanatical in the *Guidascarpi*. Even the noble character of *Vittoria*, stronger and deeper than when we knew her as *Emilia*, which gives coherence to the story and which dominates the strange figures that surround her, scarcely holds our imagination as do *Angelo* and *Rinaldo*, *Barto Rizzo's* wife, and the *Countess Ammiani*—tragic actors in the drama of a nation.

"*The Adventures of Harry Richmond*" is Mr. Meredith's only essay in the autobiographical form, and it is well that he has given us this if only for the sake of those most charming of childish reminiscences which change with delicate gradations through the distincter recollections of boyhood to the recorded experience of the man. The early part of the book—before the moral complications set in—is what I would respectfully advance as a proof of its author's strength in picturesque narrative. The school days, the flight with the gipsy-girl, those gallant toppers *Captain Bulsted* and *Squire Greg*, the fog and the fire in London, the barque *Priscilla* and her skipper, the

inimitable Captain Jasper Welch, the entrance into the beautiful German land, and the sensational discovery of Harry's father, form a magnificent series of scenes and pictures. They are preliminary to the chief business of the story, the development of one of the most individual products of English fiction. Readers of "Evan Harrington" who are able to feel but a qualified admiration for its principal character can hardly fail to be struck with the possibilities in such a personage as the grandiose tailor whose death is the first incident in the story, and who looms portentous throughout its course. But the Great Mel is but a shadow of the brilliant figure in which the fantastic side of Mr. Meredith's genius has found its full and perfect expression. If Sir Willoughby Patterne is his greatest contribution to classical, or rather to typical comedy, Richmond Roy is the most notable instance of an absolute creation, not plausible only, but real and convincing. Perhaps his nearest affinities are such psychological curiosities as Turgénieff's Dmitri Roudine or Mr. Henry James's Roderick Hudson. I can only refer to Squire Beltham, the undegenerate descendant of Squire Western, with a pathos all his own, and to the two heroines Janet and Ottilia, the first staunch and tender-hearted, to whom a promise is a sacred thing, and the other, one of that rare order of women in which feelings are subordinated to principles.

Mr. Meredith warns us not to expect a plot in "Beauchamp's Career," for if he had one it would be useless to attempt to persuade his characters to conform to it. Like Frankenstein's monster, they would escape from the control of their creator and make for awkward places outside the prescribed bounds. But if there is no plot there is, at any rate, that best kind of construction, which is evolution tempered by a not too obtrusive Special Providence. The

hero is actually the centre and mainspring of the drama, his actions are the inevitable outcome of his character and position, and the men and women by whom he is surrounded are developed and combined in their relations to him. He is the touchstone by which they are tried and judged, for here, as elsewhere, there is no escaping the moral estimate. It is a proof of constructive ability that the crucial scene between Renée and Beauchamp is reinforced in interest and importance by every preceding episode, and cannot be fully appreciated without a present remembrance, not only of the morning on the Adriatic and the adventure of the boat, but of all his relations to Cecilia, to Everard Romfrey, to Dr. Shrapnel and, indeed, to all his world.

The aristocratic radical is not a new type, and may be made a very dreary personage. Nevil Beauchamp has something of the spirit of the political Shelley. He is one of those militant heroes who cannot be persuaded to endure what is wrong, or to see in expediency a tolerable substitute for right. We learn that, as a boy, he "talked of his indignation nightly, to his pretty partners, at balls"—the cause being no less than international—and that "he loved his country, and for another and a broader love, growing out of his first passion, fought it." This political fight is conducted under social conditions that might daunt any man. He alienates his friends, he quarrels with the uncle on whom he is dependent, he is surrounded by misunderstandings and misjudgments. But he clings fast to his faith in working and fighting—a faith that one only has power to shake. Renée, "a brunette of the fine lineaments of the good blood of France," is the most finely wrought of Mr. Meredith's women. We are sometimes told that it is not sufficient in literary matters to have a faith—we must have a reason,

and Mr. Coventry Patmore has lately declared that "there already exists in the writings and sayings of Aristotle, Hegel, Lessing, Goethe and others, the greater part of the materials necessary for the formation of a body of institutes of art which would supersede and extinguish nearly all the desultory chatter which now passes for criticism." When these institutes are selected and approved, and critics are agreed upon a code that will determine authoritatively and arithmetically the value of artistic products, we shall no longer have an excuse for a preference unexplained. Our heroines of romance will be duly measured and docketed; and as their sisters in real life are estimated by their conformity to or divergence from a standard of morals and manners strangely compounded of nature and convention, so will they be referred for judgment and correction to the accepted code of literary positivism. Meanwhile, I fear that I cannot render sound reasons for my admiration of Renée. Her attraction is too subtle to be expressed by any feeble epitome of mine. Her perfect distinction and incomparable charm elude criticism and defy analysis. The position of a runaway wife rejected by her lover is a hard one to support with dignity, nor when it is the lover who has changed his mind does his seem a part in which much credit may be gained. Yet this situation is chosen for the crowning trial of each, and never, it seems to me, have the relations of social man and woman been treated with a wiser charity, never have they been touched by a stronger or a tenderer hand.

Beauchamp obtains a victory over himself, but it is a victory without a triumph, for it strikes to the dust the woman he loves. But in her abasement we learn to respect her more. Her composure is a sign of true humility, and we may think of her at last as not unhappy in the haven of that Church that has given comfort to so many noble and modest souls.

"Beauchamp's Career" is singularly rich in character. Even Renée does not obliterate her rivals, and Everard Romfrey, "in mind a mediæval baron," and concerning whom we are told that "the conversation he delighted in most might have been going in any century since the Conquest" is a portrait as faithful and superb as Thackeray's Lord Steyne himself. Rosamond Culling, Dr. Shrapnel, Lord Palmet, Colonel Halkett, with many others that are not less artistically complete, because they are carefully subordinated, are wholly and admirably successful. It is a political novel, and its comments on the temporary and the essential conditions of our life are worth many tons of blue books and reports of partisan speeches. With the impartiality of great art it gives us hope for democracy, while it shows that no finer race exists than the English aristocracy. In humour and pathos, in dialogue and incident, in description and romance, it touches its author's highest mark. If I have failed, as I suppose I have failed, to render intelligible any of my own enthusiasm to those who do not know or do not care for a book, which, to me the noblest and best of English novels, has not hitherto, I suppose, been ranked among our country's masterpieces, I must call to mind what Mr. Browning, who is not a lyrical poet, we are sometimes told, has provided once for all against such an occasion:—

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue ;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue.
Then it stops like a bird ; like a flower hangs furled ;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world ?
Mine has opened its soul to me, therefore I love it.

It has been said by a distinguished critic that "The Egoist" is "on a pinnacle apart among novels, and marks the writer for one of the breed of Shakespeare and Molière." The counterblast comes from Mr. William Watson, a skilful and forcible writer in a recent number of the *National Review*, who strangely classes Mr. Meredith's novels—so crammed with movement, thought, and life—as "anæmic," and says that, "speaking in sober literalness, with due attention to the force and value of words, my impression of 'The Egoist' is that it is the most entirely wearisome book purporting to be a novel that I ever toiled through in my life." These contrasted opinions or impressions admit of no compromise; one or the other is absurd. Mr. Watson declares that he finds Sir Willoughby soporific and Clara Middleton unrealisable, and quotes a number of phrases, some of which, even with their context, may be frankly admitted to be ultra-fanciful. But he acknowledges—I am afraid with a sneer—that "delight is a thing that cannot be argued with." Such also is insensibility—seems the only retort possible to one who is not at all in love with Clara, and who is so far from thinking Willoughby a great comic type as to have apparently no feeling but repulsion for that situation in which, yielding to comedy his last and finest fruit, he will make any sacrifice of honour or of substance to keep up appearances before two or three old women whom he despises. The fact is that "The Egoist" is a book to be enjoyed by those who have an appreciable infusion of its hero's nature. This consideration may be offered as a consolation to those who do not enjoy it. Sir Willoughby should be realised sympathetically. "I am what I am," he says, and he might have added—

And they who level
At my abuses reckon up their own.

Few men can read of him without at least a slight feeling of uneasiness, so many are the touches of nature that reveal our kinship to him. But he must not be taken too earnestly. He must not be hated, or all the fine aroma of the comedy is lost. We know that Clara is safe—it would be no comedy if she were not; and knowing this, we may watch his evolutions peacefully. Such a character might be treated tragically, as in that indication of a mediæval Willoughby in Mr. Browning's "My Last Duchess," where too is the ill-fated prototype of the more fortunate Clara, whose happy union with Vernon Whitford, that fine example of the man who can "plod on and still keep the passion fresh," is the most satisfactory of all possible endings. In the person of the kind and witty great lady, Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson, Mr. Meredith has given us some of the best of his epigrams, and a close acquaintance with the characters they qualify is necessary to appreciate such triumphs in this difficult and worthy art as "Here she comes with a romantic tale on her eyelashes," applied to Lætitia Dale, "Phœbus Apollo turned fasting friar," to Whitford, and above all, the "dainty rogue in porcelain," to Clara. The dialogue of "The Egoist," is pitched in a high key, so high that to some untrained ears the result is no more than silence. "The exceedingly lively conversation at his table was lauded by Lady Culmer, 'though,' said she, 'what it all meant, and what was the drift of it, I couldn't tell to save my life. Is it every day the same with you here?' 'Very much.' 'How you must enjoy a spell of dulness.'" Mr. Meredith gives us no spells of dulness, and those who, like Mr. Dale, are "unable to cope with analogies," and "have but strength for the slow digestion of facts," are likely to have a hard time of it. But they have Crossjay, and he is such a capital fellow that I must quote

his description. He is "a rosy-cheeked, round bodied rogue of a boy, who fell upon meats and puddings, and defeated them, with a captivating simplicity in his confession that he had never had enough to eat in his life. He had gone through a training for a plentiful table. At first, after a number of helps, young Crossjay would sit and sigh heavily, in contemplation of the unfinished dish. Subsequently, he told his host and hostess that he had two sisters above his own age, and three brothers and two sisters younger than he; 'all hungry!' said the boy. His pathos was most comical. It was a good month before he could see pudding taken away from table without a sigh of regret that he could not finish it, as deputy for the Devonport household. The pranks of the little fellow, and his revel in a country life, and muddy wildness in it, amused Lætitia from morning to night. She, when she had caught him, taught him in the morning; Vernon, favoured by the chase, in the afternoon. Young Crossjay would have enlivened any household. He was not only indolent, he was opposed to the acquisition of knowledge through the medium of books, and would say: 'But I don't want to!' in a tone to make a logician thoughtful. Nature was very strong in him. He had, on each return of the hour of instruction, to be plucked out of the earth, rank of the soil, like a root, for the exercise of his big round head-piece on these tyrannous puzzles. But the habits of birds, and the place for their eggs, and the management of rabbits, and the tickling of fish, and poaching joys with combative boys of the district, and how to wheedle a cook for a luncheon for a whole day in the rain, he soon knew of his great nature."

If it is the ultimate fate of Mr. Meredith's admirers to become a fighting minority, it is probable that they will rarely choose "The Tragic Comedians" for a battle

ground. It is not so much a novel as a problem of hard incredible facts, only to be solved by the application of the spirit of comedy, and audacious is the imagination that can conceive Alvan as a comic character. It gives the impression of a case presented by an advocate of extreme insight, eloquence, and conviction.

Mr. Swinburne, who, as a critic, is perhaps rather one who lights the way than an infallible guide, in his splendid eulogy of Charlotte Brontë, has attempted the hard task of distinguishing between what he regards as the two great classes of imaginative writing, and assigning to George Eliot and George Meredith foremost places in the honourable, but inferior class, whose methods are intellectual rather than instinctive, he says that "George Eliot, a woman of the first order of intellect, has once and again shown how much further, and more steadily, and more hopelessly, and more irretrievably, and more intolerably wrong it is possible for mere intellect to go, than it ever can be possible for mere genius." Now, while it may be permissible wholly to dissent from Mr. Swinburne's judgment upon the memorable incident, which he cites as the justification of this passage, and to doubt the soundness of a principle that seems to require or condone the absence of that greatest gift of God-like reason from the highest imaginative expression, it is certain that great intellectual gifts may be employed in the production of elaborate error. Mr. Meredith has himself given an admirable example of this in Sir Austin Fernald, whose antithesis—the invaluable Mrs. Berry—triumphantly vindicates the cause of the simple natural instincts. In "Diana of the Crossways," he seems to invite criticism on these lines. I have said that he has a taste for curious cases. Here we have to accept no less than this: that a woman, incapable of base imaginings, who is, as he says, "mentally active up

to the point of spiritual clarity," may yet act basely. It is an appeal from the judgments of the world. A moral lapse in the direction of treachery is impossible to conceive of Diana. Her act must be the result of abnormal mental conditions. We may most satisfactorily elude the question by calling it an act of temporary madness. It is as if the custodian of a magazine should apply torch to powder with no prospective or immediate thought of an explosion. For Diana was brought up to politics. She had a political environment. Her act involved not merely paralysis of reason, but distortion of instinct, and it seems to me that Mr. Meredith has here fallen into the temptation to attempt to defeat his old enemy, the confident, clamorous world, upon its own terms, and has committed the capital fault, foreign to his best method, of fitting his character to the situation he has chosen. Incredible too seems Dacier's merely temporary incredulity and prompt acceptance of the literal fact. Of course, no reader can take him for a great-hearted man—those who remember his author's care in the selection of names will find his to be ominously composed of sibilants—but he is represented as not only without compassion, but almost without curiosity. His passages with Constance Asper are strong and biting satire, rather than impartial art.

But if there is any justice in these criticisms—I do not need to be reminded of their presumption and insufficiency—they leave untouched the essential parts of a noble character, of a various and generally consistent picture of life, and of a piece of writing throughout forcible and brilliant, which, to adopt the familiar simile that makes language the garment of thought, is of fine and strong texture, stiff with gems.

I fear that what I have written is rather a record of impressions than a justification by first principles, and it

is time to attempt to sum up briefly the qualities upon which Mr. Meredith's claim for acceptance as a great novelist are founded. Leaving out of account occasional aberrations from which no one is free, he has a style at once vivid and thoughtful, his dialogue is brilliant and generally characteristic, he is a master of narrative, a great wit, and a genial and profound humorist; in description he is a poet, in incident an inspired witness; he has insight, charity, and patriotism; he has tragic and pathetic power; and he is capable of combining these great qualities into a consistent and effectual whole. With him the novel is a moral agent, not because he is immediately and professedly didactic, but because his head and heart are right, and he deals fully and sincerely with the aspects of life that he has chosen to describe. It may be said that though "where virtue is there are more virtuous," there is one first and sufficient test beside which all others are irrelevant—that a novelist must stand or fall by his characters—by the number and quality of realised and realisable human beings that he has devised and presented. Of all others, this is the test that the lover of Meredith will welcome. And especially will such an one claim for him, not a high place merely, but the supreme place as a delineator of good women—of good women, because, of their kind, Becky Sharp, and Beatrix Esmond, Rosamond Viney, and Hetty Sorrel can hardly be excelled. He is a lover of England, and if there be any that think patriotism a narrow or exclusive passion, he may pass from Janet, and Lucy, and Dahlia, and Rose, and Clara, the very flower of English womanhood, to the Irish Diana, the French Renée, the German Ottilia, the Italian Emilia. To say that his heroes are not unworthy of these, is the highest praise that can be given to them. They have this much in common with the conventional heroes of romance, that they are

handsome, dashing, virtuous. The addition of brains and purpose has actually made them interesting, a feat in which no other first rate English novelist has succeeded. To enlist our sympathies, Thackeray must deprive his men of personal graces, as Esmond, or of brains, as Harry Warrington; Scott and Dickens produced walking gentlemen, and George Eliot never attempted the type. I must content myself with naming Sir Willoughby Patterne, Everard Romfrey, Squire Beltham, and Richmond Roy as a quartet of characters worthily representative of their author.

There is a class of critics which constantly bewails our modern craving for the new and strange. "Who now reads Fielding, and Dickens, and Thackeray?" ask Mr. Lang and his fellows. Who does not? To read good new novels gives us an enlarged capacity for the old. It enlarges our charity too, and helps us to a more lenient view of the shallow cynicism in Thackeray, shallow because he was at heart no cynic, of those characters of Fielding's that have so much more of convention than of nature in their composition, of the schoolgirl crudities of Charlotte Brontë, the dulness of Scott, the sham passion of Dickens, the occasional flat passion of George Eliot. Who, indeed, is perfect, except Jane Austen? Her reach and grasp are coincident, and if the world could be reduced to her scale, she would be supreme and all-sufficient. And yet, in spite of their faults, I suppose that most of us would place above her all the great writers I have named. I confess that to me Mr. Meredith's faults are at least not greater than theirs. His virtues entitle him to an honourable place among them, and if it is denied by his own generation, our children, and our children's children may repair the error, but they can never atone for the injustice.



A STORY OF A PICTURE.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

"It will be as it will be."—*Augusta Webster.*

THE room of my friend Bibliophilus is crowded with books, old carved furniture, and antique odds and ends of various kinds, but for me the most noteworthy among his art treasures is a picture which hangs in a massive gilt frame above the mantelshelf; "Ecce Homo," some call it, but the possessor has more appropriately named it "Salvator Mundi." There is a story connected with this picture, but if you ask Bibliophilus how he became possessed of it, and who painted it, he will probably reply in his precise matter-of-fact way, that he believes it is by Giovanni Bellini, and may have once adorned the altar of an Italian church; that it was discovered many years ago by a needy artist, who purchased it for him from a broker, who said he bought it at a sale of furniture belonging to a local Catholic family. Possibly, if you push your enquiries further, he may tell you that when purchased, the picture appeared of doubtful value, and that its merit was only revealed in full after a process of restoration. In such general outlines you may not find anything very novel or out of the way, but there is more colour and incident in

the story of its acquisition, as told by our mutual friend Historicus, who was in at the discovery, and helped, in his way, to disclose the beauty of the work.

Historicus—who is wont to assert with something of self-satisfaction, that he hasn't a line of poetry in his composition—is, like the owner of the picture, a plain spoken man, and though fond in a bookish way of—

Tales that have the rime of age
And chronicles of eld,

he attaches very great importance to the virtue of unadorned facts in a narrative. He has, moreover, an eye for a picture, and indeed is able, in an amateurish fashion, to paint one for himself if he so desires. He regards the discovery of the picture in question as one of the great revelations of his life, and since its beauty first dawned upon his sight, he has never, so to speak, taken his mental eye off it. Though it adorns the room of Bibliophilus, it hangs also in the chamber of the imagination of Historicus. It is to him a gem which shines with undimmed lustre, and one in which he has a vested interest, second only to that of the possessor himself.

The story, as Historicus told it to me, not for the first time, as we smoked our pipes together the other day, runs somewhat to this effect. A good many years ago, no matter particularly how many, but when Historicus was a youth, he made the acquaintance of an impecunious artist whom we will call Lionel. This Lionel, who was a brother of a member of the Royal Academy, had studied in Italy, and though possessing considerable power as a painter, exercised it in such a ne'er-do-weel fashion that he was in a chronic state of need. When other sources failed, to Bibliophilus and to the youth Historicus, Lionel came, from time to time, for pecuniary help. In spite, however, of his improvidence, there seems to have been much good-

ness and honesty in his nature, in evidence of which, Historicus tells, how one day, the artist came to him confessing, with sadness, that he could not repay his loan, but, in lieu thereof, would make his young friend a present which he must promise not to part with until he had attained the age of twenty-one, and then, no doubt, he would be sure enough never to part with it. This gift was a manuscript volume, consisting of eighteen leaves of parchment, with illuminated and other drawings and quaint black-letter rhymes, all done in elaborate imitation of the illuminated manuscripts of an older time, and the work of that quaint local antiquary, Thomas Barritt. The manuscript has been accounted one of the most interesting relics of its author, and was made the subject of a profound and scholarly paper, read by our friend the Pythagorean at the Literary Club. I daresay this morsel of antiquity, given to him in his youth, had something to do with the birth of that antiquarian taste which Historicus displays. He kept his promise not to part with the manuscript during his minority, and has resisted every temptation to part with it since.

To return, however, to the story of the picture. One day, Lionel came to Bibliophilus and told him that he had seen, in a broker's shop, a picture, which, though much defaced, he felt sure would turn out to have been originally painted by Giovanni Bellini. It was a representation of the Redeemer crowned with thorns. As a work of art, it was not very attractive in form or colour, but Lionel ventured to say, that beneath the surface picture another more beautiful one was hidden, and which might be revealed. He was anxious that Bibliophilus should commission him to purchase the picture on a venture.

After due thought, a modest price was agreed upon and the venture was made. But the first consideration

was as to the exact whereabouts of this broker's shop. Now it must be confessed that, like the Persian poet, Lionel loved to—

Fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears,

and, like the said poet, loved to sit in taverns where such cups are filled. It was while threading his way through a labyrinth of streets that lay between a tavern and his own home that the picture had arrested his attention, but though he remembered the tavern, he could not remember the streets he had traversed, nor fix the locality of the broker's shop. The doubtful spot, however, lay between two certain and well-ascertained points, the tavern and his own home. The best plan, therefore, was to thread in all directions, and in a methodical manner, the maze of streets that lay between. With the tavern as his starting point, he made many journeys along various routes, but, for a long time in vain, until at last it occurred to him that he might not have started out straight from the inn, but have taken a backward turn as it were, which proved to be correct, and, at last, along this line of exploration, the shop was found. When Lionel, for the sum of five pounds, had purchased his picture and brought it, in triumph, to his friend Bibliophilus, there was, Historicus tells us, considerable doubt as to the value received. Lionel, however, was proof against the smiling incredulity of his friends. "It will be as it will be," he said in effect, and maintained that beneath the brown surface colour there would be disclosed the original picture, painted on a gilt background. To remove this surface colour was the first process in development, and Historicus, as possessing a dry thumb, was set to work to rub the surface gently. With much detail, he tells how long and how painfully this was prosecuted until a bit of gilt was revealed, to the great joy of

Lionel, who thought it would not be unbecoming, at this point, to break out into high festival, a suggestion, however, to which no attention was paid. How, after applications of a restorative nature, into which, as Historicus describes them, brown paper, mastic, and brandy were introduced, the picture was freed from its superfluous coat of colour, and at last revealed in its beauty, it is not necessary further to tell. Lionel's theory of the obscuring colour was that the picture had been surreptitiously removed from Italy at a time when the removal of valuable works of art was prohibited, and that coarse colour had been put on to make the picture appear worthless. But how Lionel had recognised the merit of the picture, under the obscuring conditions of his first view of it, is a mystery, and only explainable on the ground of the artist's instinctive and marvellous insight. He was confident that it had been painted by Bellini, but, beyond that, and the painter's initials, there is no other verification. Pictures survive and lives fail. "Salvator Mundi" hangs still in the room of Bibliophilus, but Lionel, good soul, now lies at rest beyond the Atlantic waves.

And now a word about the picture, which, whether by Bellini or not, is a remarkable one, and cannot be looked upon without something of sacred regard. It is painted on a panel, and as I have said, it shows the head of the Redeemer, crowned with thorns, and shows also the wounded hands, with palms turned outwards over the breast, with a mingled expression of appeal and benediction. No face of the Redeemer that I have seen is at once so sad and so loving, and I never look at it without thinking that there should be inscribed beneath it the lines:—

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?



JOHN LEECH.

BY HARRY THORNER.

JOHN LEECH, the most delightful pictorial humorist that England has yet produced, was born in London on the 29th August, 1817. His father was well known as the proprietor of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill. The family was originally of Irish descent, but had gradually become naturalised among the Londoners, insomuch that the future *Punch* illustrator was in his look, voice, and sympathies a thoroughly typical Englishman. At the early age of seven, he was sent as a scholar to the Charterhouse, where he remained eight years altogether, Thackeray, who was six years his senior, being for awhile a brother "Cistercian," and between these two, both geniuses in their own particular line, was formed a friendship that was strengthened day by day, and never ceased until death intervened. Leech was liked by every one at school for his uniform good temper and kind ways. He did not excel in sports such as cricket and football; in fact, he took no active part in games, the reason being that he had broken his arm by a fall from his pony. Though so clever with his pencil, it is said he preferred the lessons of Angelo the fencing master, to those of Burgess, the drawing master.

XUM



THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

CONDUCTOR.—"Will any Gent be so good as for to take this Young Lady on his lap?"
—*Punch*, Vol. VIII., p. 112.

He was no scholar at Latin, and always got a school-fellow to do his verses for him.

His genius for drawing showed itself at a very early age. One of his drawings made when three years old was shown to Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor, who pronounced it to be wonderful, saying: "Do not let him be cramped with lessons in drawing; let his genius follow its own bent, and he will astonish the world." The advice was followed, and with the exception of the few drawing lessons received from Burgess, whilst at Charterhouse, he had no artistic education whatever.

When sixteen years of age, Leech was taken from the Charterhouse, and after spending a short time at St. Bartholomew's, was placed with a medical practitioner at Hoxton, named Whittles, who was afterwards, under the name of Rawkins, depicted by Albert Smith in his "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his friend Jack Johnson." This Mr. Whittles was a very eccentric personage, and is very humorously shown as "Hercules returning from a fancy ball," and "Last Appearance of Mr. Rawkins," by John Leech. In the "Last Appearance" Rawkins is in running costume, trying to win a race, and some of his lady patients, who see him in this questionable attire, take away their patronage. In these two plates the description by Albert Smith of Rawkins, which is as follows, is realised to the life: "He was about eight-and-thirty years old, and of Herculean form, except his legs, which were small by comparison with the rest of his body. But he thought he was modelled after the statues of antiquity, and indeed, as respected his nose, which was broken, he was not far wrong in his idea, that feature having been rather damaged in some hospital skirmish when he was a student. Every available apartment in his house not actually occupied by human beings, was appropriated to

the conserving of innumerable rabbits, guinea-pigs, and ferrets. His areas were filled with poultry, bird-cages hung at every window, and the whole of the roof had been converted into one enormous pigeon-trap, in which it was his most favourite occupation to sit on fine afternoons with a pipe and brandy-and-water, and catch his neighbour's birds. He derived his principal income from the retail of his shop, which an apprentice attended to; his appointments of medical man to the police force and parish poor; and breeding fancy rabbits, and these various avocations pretty well filled up his time, the remainder of which was dedicated to paying his addresses to the widow landlady of the large public-house at the end of the street."

It is not to be wondered at that Leech did not pursue the science of medicine shown to him under such disadvantageous circumstances by Mr. Whittles, and he gradually withdrew from his medical studies to try to live by the exercise of his pencil.

His first work, which was published in 1835, when eighteen years of age, was called "Etchings and Sketchings, by A. Pen, Esq.," and comprised four quarto sheets, containing slight sketches of London oddities. This work must be exceedingly rare, and I have never had the pleasure of seeing a copy, nor even coming across any one that possesses it. He turned his attention to lithography, and produced some political and social caricatures, very crude productions, but showing signs of latent ability. These for the most part were published by W. Spooner, 377, Strand, under the style of "Droll Doings," and "Funny Characters." It is stated by Mr. Kitton that "Leech, having drawn his pictures on a stone, has been known to spend a weary day in carrying the heavy stone from publisher to publisher in search of a buyer." Amongst his earliest efforts are the illustrations which he supplied

to the "Gallery of Comicalities," issued as supplements to *Bell's Life*. All these early specimens are now very difficult to procure, and when found are generally soiled and torn.

In 1837, he illustrated "Jack Brag," with six etchings and in 1838, "American Broad Grins," with four etchings. Both these productions are not in Leech's later style; in fact, it was not until after 1840 when he got thoroughly into harness, and had made for himself a position as a book-illustrator, that his manner was confirmed and he made a style of his own.

The design which first brought him into prominent notice was a caricature of the Mulready envelope, or, I might say, caricatures, as my friend, Dr. Newton, possesses one, which he kindly lent Mr. Kitton to have reproduced in his short biography, and I possess another. These are in the main alike, but vary considerably in parts, and I presume must both of them be exceedingly rare, although at the time they were sold in very large quantities, and brought the name of John Leech into all mouths. Besides attacking the Mulready envelope, he had another skit about the post office, in a lithographic cartoon, published by R. Tyas, June 13, 1840. In this he depicts an elderly female, attended by a small boy, with an envelope around him, with the letters P.P. in one corner. In an enquiry box is an old gentleman, who is addressed by the lady as follows: "Is this the General Post, sir?" "Yes, mum." "Then will you just have the goodness to stamp upon my little boy here, and send him off to Gravesend?" In the corner of the design is a notice board bearing the following:—"All small boys must be prepaid; not accountable for damage." A week later, viz., June 20, 1840, he issued a cartoon representing "The Man Oxford," bearing this inscription—"The Regicide Pot Boy; or, Young England

alias Oxford (alas! for Old England). The Patriotic Imitator of Young France!!! N.B.—The above is the

only authentic likeness of the

{	Interesting,	Elegant,	}
	Prepossessing,	Slim,	
	Respectable,	Ambitious,	
	Handsome,	Eccentric,	

Young Traitor, who fired at Her Majesty the Queen, on June 10th, 1840, and is (not at all respectfully) dedicated to all those who think there is anything Fine and Romantic about an assassin. By John Leech. Vivat Regina."

To go back a few years, it is as well to state that when Robert Seymour, the original illustrator of *Pickwick*, committed suicide, John Leech, along with Thackeray and others, was among the unsuccessful competitors for the honour of succeeding him.

I shall now describe in as concise a manner as possible the work of John Leech outside *Punch*, and, after having done so, proceed to his connection with *Punch*. By the generality of people, Leech is only known by his work for *Punch*, and is thought to have done little else; but I hope to show that even if he had never made a design for *Punch*, and had only left behind his illustrations for books, he would have still left a very fair life's work—in fact, more than some of his contemporaries.

In 1840, in conjunction with his friend, Percival Leigh, one of his fellow-students at Bartholomew's, he brought out the "Comic Latin Grammar," supplying eight etchings and numerous woodcuts, and this being a success, the same collaborateurs ventured on a "Comic English Grammar," in this case Leech contributing one etching only, but about an equal number of woodcuts as to the companion volume.

He also illustrated "Sam Slick," with five etchings; and a very scarce work entitled "The Fiddle Faddle Fashion Book," enriched with highly-coloured figures

of lady-like gentlemen, edited by the author of the "Comic Latin Grammar," the costumes and other illustrations by John Leech. This contains five etchings and four woodcuts, these being illustrations of the advertisements.

Whilst Leech was compounding drugs for Mr. Whittles at Hoxton, and attending the clinical lectures of St. Bartholomew's, he was always making pencil sketches, or pen-and-ink drawings, on the sly, of the Professors and of his fellow-students. Accidentally, some of these droll designs came under the notice of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." He was so struck with their originality that he took an early opportunity of introducing Leech to Mr. Richard Bentley, the eminent publisher, the result of the interview being that Leech was immediately employed as an illustrator of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and during the next seven years, 1840-6, he supplied over one hundred etchings, besides numerous woodcuts. The principal works he illustrated are—"Ingoldsby Legends," "Richard Savage," by Charles Whitehead; "Stanley Thorn," by Henry Cockton; "The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," "The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family," and "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," by Leech's intimate friend, Albert Smith, and "Colin Clink," by Chas. Hooton. For some years after this date his other duties prevented him from furnishing many illustrations to the "Miscellany," but he found time to send one occasionally, and altogether he supplied to it one hundred and seventy etchings. These were republished in two volumes by Richard Bentley and Son, in 1865, and they form a very handsome memento of that style of Leech's work. All the principal stories he illustrated in the "Miscellany" were published in book form, and some of them have gone through many editions, a good deal of their popularity being due to the splendid illustrations of our

gifted artist. In 1840 he also partly illustrated the *London Magazine*, *Charivari*, and *Courrier des Dames*, containing, amongst other portraits, one of Benjamin Disraeli.

In 1841, he illustrated "The Porcelain Tower; or, Nine Stories of China," with three etchings and fifteen woodcuts; "Written Caricatures," by C. C. Pepper, with thirty-five woodcuts, and "Portraits of Children of the Mobility"—a parody of a well-known work, entitled, "Children of the Nobility." This work consisted of eight lithographs, depicting street arabs of all descriptions, and serves as a medium to display the pathos of Leech, as well as his humour.

In 1842, he contributed some etchings to George Daniel's *Merrie England*, and furnished some of the woodcuts to *Hood's Comic Annual*, for 1842; notably those to Hood's poem of "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg." He supplied the etchings to "Pencilings by the Way," by N. P. Willis.

In 1843, "The Wassail Bowl," a collection of humorous tales and sketches by Albert Smith, was illustrated by him, as was "The Barnabys in America," by Mrs. Trollope. This work had already appeared some years previously with Leech's illustrations in the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Jack the Giant Killer" was very copiously illustrated by him this year. It was in 1843 that Leech's connection with Charles Dickens commenced, and although, owing to press of other engagements, he never was able to illustrate many of that author's works, still, the work he has done for him is of the very best, and in "A Christmas Carol," the first and best of Dickens's Christmas books, wholly illustrated by Leech, the remaining four being only partially illustrated by him, there are four etchings, beautifully coloured, the first of which, "Mr. Fezziwig's Ball," is a little masterpiece.

The woodcut illustration at the end of the book, where Scrooge is assisting Bob Cratchit to a bowl of smoking bishop, is another beautiful and charming picture. In his drawings for "The Battle of Life," he misrepresented the text in the elopement scene; but although Dickens was perfectly horrified when he saw the plate, and immediately thought of stopping the printing of it, on second thoughts he knew it would give very great pain to Leech, and so let it stand.

During 1843-4, he made some of his best designs on wood, and the largest etchings he ever produced, for *The Illuminated Magazine*, edited by Douglas Jerrold. Amongst the contributors to this periodical were Laman Blanchard, G. A. A'Beckett, Albert Smith, Mark Lemon, R. H. Horne, Wilkie Collins, Angus B. Reach, and H. G. Hine. Kenny Meadows, John Gilbert, and "Phiz" were amongst the illustrators. In 1844, he illustrated "Jessie Phillips: A Tale," by Mrs. Trollope, with eleven etchings; and Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather," with a frontispiece and vignette title. "Sketches of Life and Character taken at the Police Court, Bow Street," by George Hodder, was partly illustrated by him.

In 1845, "Punch's Snapdragons for Christmas," with four etchings; "Hints on Life, or How to Rise in Society," with an etched frontispiece; and "Hector O' Halloran," with twenty-two etchings, one of which, "The Slave Ship on Fire," show that Leech could be something else than humorous when occasion demanded. In 1845-6, he supplied twenty etchings to "St. Giles and St. James" in Douglas Jerrold's *Shilling Magazine*; an etched frontispiece to "The Quizziology of the British Drama," by G. A. A'Beckett; and the design for an engraved frontispiece to "Cousin Nicholas," by Thomas Ingoldsby, in 1846; also in this year an etched frontispiece to "Mrs. Caudle's

Curtain Lectures," entitled "Mr. Caudle's Return from the Skylarks." This plate is divided into two compartments, the upper of which depicts Mrs. Caudle sitting in bed, in a listening attitude, holding her forefinger up, whilst in the lower Mr. Caudle is shown with a candle in his left hand, after having just taken off his boots, and is proceeding upstairs with the appearance of a man who knows that he will catch it, and richly deserves to do so.

In 1847-8, appeared the "Comic History of England," by Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, in two volumes, containing twenty coloured etchings, and two hundred and two woodcuts; and in 1852, appeared a companion volume, "The Comic History of Rome," by the same author, containing ten coloured etchings, and ninety-nine woodcuts. These books rank among the more important things Leech has done in book illustrating, and are deservedly and extremely popular; in fact, the general impression seems to be that these, along with the series of sporting works of Mr. Surtees, contain the whole of the work that Leech did not execute for *Punch*. Leech has introduced a large amount of comicality into his "Comic History" designs, and the task was evidently congenial.

In 1847 he also illustrated Maxwell's "Hill Side and Border Sketches," with two etchings. In 1848 he partly illustrated John Forster's "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," supplying two woodcuts only. About this time he published "Young Troublesome, or Master Jacky's Holiday," from the blessed moment of his leaving school to the identical moment of his going back again, showing how there never was such a boy as that boy. This book is all illustration (twelve pages), with no text except the footlines to explain the designs. The first plate shows Master Jacky arriving at home for the holidays; in the second he celebrates his arrival with various athletic exercises, such as sliding down

the banisters; the third, on a wet day he is bored to death, and of course is in his own way and everyone else's: the fourth, in pursuance of a bright thought, he plays at cricket in the drawing-room, with fearful results, and so on until plate ten, where you have him endeavouring to entertain himself while his honoured parents give a dinner party and he is waiting for dessert. He stands on the stairs, and lifts the meat cover off the dish and puts it on Ruggles's head; then he gets a burnt stick and embellishes Ruggles's silk stockings; then Mr. Ruggles relates in the kitchen what that 'air boy has bin and done; and lastly, in plate twelve, he is presiding over a juvenile party, making a speech, and hoping to meet the same company again in good health and spirits, this time twelve months. This book is a splendid piece of fun from beginning to end; the boyish spirit is fairly entered into by Leech, and a most happy result is attained. There are numbers of pretty faces, not only of chubby children, but of real downright bonnie English girls, such as only John Leech could draw.

In this year, viz., 1848, he issued another set of lithographs, "The Rising Generation." Although these are, perhaps, inferior to the "Children of the Mobility," published seven years previously, yet as the medium of lithography was more suitable for the reproduction of Leech's pencil sketches than the woodcuts generally resorted to, it seems a pity he did not publish more in that manner. It was a matter of complaint that his drawings were spoiled by the wood engravers, not that the engravers were unskilful, far from it, but that the more subtle flavour of the swiftly-drawn designs was hard to preserve in hastily-cut blocks. Leech is quoted as saying to a friend, who was admiring a study in pencil, "Wait till Saturday, and see how the engraver will have spoiled it."

There are twelve designs in the "Rising Generation,"

and no text, except explanatory notes. Some of these are delightfully funny. They appeared, sooner or later, in *Punch*, in a reduced size.

In the same year "Christopher Tadpole," by Albert Smith, which had been appearing in monthly parts since 1846, was completed. This book contains thirty-two etchings, by Leech. Some of his best designs were made for his old hospital chum, and his works, were it not for being so well and copiously illustrated by Leech, would not be as well known amongst this generation as they are.

In 1849 he partly illustrated the "Book of Ballads," by Bon Gaultier (Theodore Martin and W. E. Aytoun) and wholly illustrated Douglas Jerrold's fantastic work entitled "A Man Made of Money," supplying twelve etchings for it. He also contributed three woodcuts to a collection of Tupper's works issued in this year.

In 1851, he executed four large coloured etchings for the "Ladies' Companion," and later on in the year, he, along with Albert Smith, brought out a serial, entitled *The Month*, which extended from July to December. It contains six etchings, "Mr. Simmons's Attempt at Reform" being the best, and numerous woodcuts, the most notable of which is a portrait of "Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, as he appeared at Willis's Rooms, in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray."

In 1852, he furnished an etched frontispiece to "A Story with a Vengeance," by Angus B. Reach and Shirley Brooks. This is called "An Eligible Situation in Regent Street," and depicts a swell, dressed in the height of fashion, carrying a baby in long clothes, the usual collection of street urchins, well-dressed ladies, people on omnibuses and in cabs, &c., smiling and laughing at him, he looking perplexed, and evidently wishing that anybody but himself had the precious burden. He also illustrated "Dashes of



BUYER: "Is he well broken?"

SELLER: "Lor' bless yer! Look at his knees."

—Punch, Vol. IX., p. 56.

American Humour," by Henry Howard Paul, with eight etchings, all very humorous, especially the first, entitled, "Lost, a Black Cat." An old lady having advertised for a black cat, is beset by heaps of boys, each bringing one or more, and, as a consequence, there is general confusion. In this year he also furnished four woodcuts to Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In 1853, he illustrated "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," by R. V. Surtees. For works of this class Leech was peculiarly well fitted. For many years past he had a very marked liking for horses, and was a frequent attendant at the "Pythley." When he went a day's hunting, it was his custom to single out some fellow disciple of Nimrod, who happened to take his fancy, keeping behind him all day, noting his attitude in the saddle, and marking every item of his turn-out, to the last button and button-hole of his hunting coat. It was in this way that he obtained the correctness of detail which renders his famous sporting etchings so wonderfully true to nature. Strange to say, notwithstanding his knowledge of every detail of the huntsman's dress, even to the number of buttons on his coat, he himself, with reference to his own outfit, invariably presented in the hunting field a somewhat incongruous appearance. Either he would wear the wrong kind of boots, or would dispense with some detail which, on the part of an enthusiast, would be considered an unpardonable omission. Leech, however, was not what is called a "rough rider;" his constitutional nervousness prevented him indeed from making a prominent figure in the hunting field, and his friends attributed this want of attention to detail in dress to his sensitiveness to criticism, and his unwillingness to place himself in any position which would be likely to incur it.

Leech was a first-rate hand at drawing hunters, and

consequently his illustrations to "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," and the remaining works of Mr. Surtees, wherein nearly all the illustrations are either sporting ones, or have a tendency in that direction, were very successful, and rank among the best of his book illustrations. Altogether, to Mr. Surtees' works he contributed seventy etchings and three hundred and thirteen woodcuts. All the etchings in these volumes are coloured.

In 1854 he illustrated "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," by Grantley F. Berkeley, with four etchings; "The Great Highway," by S. W. Fullom, with three etchings. In 1856, "The Man of the World," by Fullom, with seven etchings; "The Paragreens," with five woodcuts. In 1857, "A Month in the Forests of France," by G. F. Berkeley, with two etchings; "The Militiaman at Home and Abroad," with two etchings; "Merry Pictures," by the comic hands of Phiz, Leech, and others. In 1858, "An Encyclopædia of Rural Sports." In 1859, along with his friend, the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, he published "A Little Tour in Ireland." This was the result of an outing they had taken together in the previous year, and contains a coloured etching entitled "The Claddagh, Galway," and thirty-seven woodcuts. In these Leech has certainly caught the right expression of the Irish face. In the same year he illustrated "Newton Dogvane," with three etchings; and in 1861 "The Life of a Foxhound," by John Mills, with four woodcuts, and "Puck on Pegasus," by H. Cholmondeley Pennell, with three woodcuts.

During the years 1853-60 he contributed more than twenty illustrations to the *Illustrated London News*, the greater portion of them being full-page woodcuts; and in 1859-61 he was on the staff of *Once a Week*, and in the first five volumes of that periodical there are eighty-five woodcuts by him.

It was on the 17th July, 1841, that the first number of *Punch* made its appearance, and in the fourth number, under date of 14th August, 1841, Leech's earliest contribution appeared. The drawings filled up the whole quarto page with cleverly-pencilled heads and full length figures of "Mossoo," not grouped together, but each of them introduced separately. In the centre of the picture was a placard labelled "Foreign Affairs" by—here came the symbolic leech in the bottle and glass, so well known to collectors of Leech's work, the authorship of the cartoon being still more explicitly indicated at the bottom in the left hand corner by the artist's autographic signature. Six months elapsed before he gave to *Punch* his second and third contributions. These appeared simultaneously on 14th February, 1842, as two of the full-page series of "Punch's Valentines." After these, with increasing frequency, he took his place on the staff of *Punch*, and soon became not only its most facile but most effective illustrator. For three-and-twenty years he held his own against all comers, and when at last he departed this life, it can safely be said, that in his loss *Punch* lost its right-hand man, and one who, although twenty-five years have rolled by since he went, has never been replaced. He was always so happy in what he did, not only were his drawings perfect, but the words that accompanied them were perfect also. The connection with *Punch* brought out his particular vein, the delineation of life and character, and although it may be said that he was fortunate in finding a periodical so fitted to his own endowments, there is no doubt that before he had been long connected with the *Punch* staff he proved that the paper was fortunate in having secured an artist suited to its demands at all points. Mr. Kitton says, "It is an odd thing to say, that he who afterwards became the most conspicuous and

most attractive contributor to this print should have damaged its sale on his first connection with it. The injury was effected in this wise:—The process had not then been discovered of dividing a wood block into parts, and giving them to several hands to engrave simultaneously. The artist drew upon an entire block, which could not be taken to pieces, and only one engraver could work upon it at a time. Such blocks therefore, if they were of considerable size, took a long time to cut, and Leech's first drawing for *Punch*, as it filled a whole page, was not ready for publication on the appointed day. But the fact itself has its interest as suggesting one of the causes that conduced to Leech's great success. The perfecting of the art of the wood-engraver came in the very nick of time to help him on, by insuring that rapidity of publication which was to him a great encouragement, and to the public an inestimable boon. It insured freshness and novelty. The whim or fashion of the day might be seen pictured by him even before the public began to notice it much in real life, and the droll story, that belonged to the froth and spray of the passing wave, had not time to become stale before it made matter for a sketch, and might be seen in *Punch's Gallery*."

For fifteen years—1844-58 inclusive—he was not only the chief illustrator, but he was the chief political cartoonist as well. In the latter portion of his career, he gradually withdrew from drawing the cartoons, and yielded the position to his friend and companion, John Tenniel, then recognised to be, and who still is, the first of political cartoonists. Although Leech's forte lay more in the direction of delineating character, nevertheless, his political cartoons, some of which were very witty, always told their tale well, and struck home. From first to last he executed over six hundred cartoons. The

method which he affected most was to treat the statesmen, &c., as little boys—sometimes good, sometimes naughty—and the cartoons which are treated in this manner are amongst his best. His likenesses are very faithful, and it is stated, when it was proposed to erect a statue to Sir Robert Peel, that the portrait selected was taken from one of Leech's *Punch* cartoons. Occasionally, the subject of a drawing was suggested to him by one or another of the *Punch* staff, or through letter by some correspondent. These, however, were the rarest of rare exceptions. As a rule, the conception of a picture was Leech's own as absolutely as was its execution always—the drollery of the letterpress dialogue, or commentary underneath, being his almost as completely as the pencilled sketch upon the wood block. He sometimes took his inspiration from pictures by George Cruikshank, such as "Henry asking for More," being a portrait of Brougham, as *Oliver Twist* (March, 1848); "Electing a Chancellor, at Cambridge" (a little altered from George Cruikshank's "Electing a Beadle")—this refers to Prince Albert, who was elected Chancellor in 1847—or sometimes from H. K. Browne (Phiz), viz., "Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig," being portraits of Sir James Graham and Sir Robert Peel; and "Dombey and Son," Sir Robert being Dombey, and Lord John Russell represented as Paul sitting in his little chair.

There are some exceedingly good ones that do not come under the last-named headings. "Portrait of a Noble Lord in Order," saying, "Order! Who calls me to order? Pooh! pooh! Fiddle-de-dee! I never was in better order in my life. Noble Lords don't know what they are talking about." The portrait is one of Lord Brougham. "The Prevailing Epidemic." This is very funny, and shows *Punch* sitting in an easy chair, wrapped up as much as any one can possibly be, a basin of gruel in his hand, of

which he is partaking, at the same time saying: "Ah, you may laugh, my boy; but it's no joke being funny with the influenza."

Leech's pencil was always ready to redress any great social evil. Witness the two cartoons issued in 1849, entitled "Pin Money" and "Needle Money." In "Pin Money" a beautiful young lady is having her hair dressed by her maid, whilst all manner of jewels are strewn in profusion on the dressing-table; and in "Needle Money," a poor woman in a miserable garret is working by the dim light of a candle, trying to earn a few pence to support her existence. The contrast between "Pin Money" and "Needle Money," as shown in these illustrations, was occasioned by very painful disclosures made in the Metropolitan Police Courts, when it appeared that numbers of poor sempstresses were paid by the slop-sellers only three halfpence for making a shirt, and in proportion for other articles of ready-made clothing sold by the advertising tailors, who were known to have realised large fortunes by such disreputable under-payment.

Leech, although one of the most genial and kindest of men, had his dislikes, one of which was to Benjamin Disraeli, whom he frequently drew in his cartoons, and was more severe against than he was against any other statesman. One of these cartoons, which appeared in 1849, is absolutely cruel, a very unusual occurrence with our artist. The original sketch, entitled "Have you got such a thing as a turned coat for sale?" is splendidly executed, and the shrinking expression in Disraeli's face shown by a few pencilled lines is masterly.

I will now turn my attention to what John Leech is best remembered by, his "Pictures of Life and Character" from the collection of Mr. Punch. These five volumes contain all or nearly all his contributions to the pages of *Punch*,

with the exception of his cartoons and his frontispieces to the Pocket Books. For real genuine humour and artistic qualities combined these will more than hold their own with anything either England or any other country has produced. Open them at whatever page you will, you will find they are filled with old favourites. Nothing under the sun came amiss to Leech—old and young, rich and poor, refinement and squalor. Snobs and aristocrats were drawn by his facile pencil with equal faithfulness. He was at home in drawing scenes of London street life; scenes at the different watering places he was in the habit of frequenting; scenes on the moors, sporting scenes, and in fact, everything or anywhere.

These five volumes show not only his artistic genius, the remarkable keenness of his vision, and his skill of hand, but afford us a perfect memorial of English every-day life and the occurrences thereof for nearly five-and-twenty years. Those of us who are thoroughly well acquainted with the contents can return to these books again and again, and still be as much interested as those who gaze upon them for the first time.

Take a look at some of the series of "Domestic Bliss"—for instance, the one where mamma is in a corner of the room nursing her babe; papa, watch in hand, saying, "I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning." PET CHILD: "Oh, no. Papa, dear! I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning;" or the one in which the mistress has just entered the kitchen, and finds a soldier with his back to the fire. MISTRESS: "Well, I'm sure, and pray who is that." COOK: "Oh, if you please 'm, it's only my cousin who has called just to show me how to boil a potato."

Now turn to a few sketches relating to Angling. "Anglers

hear strange things." Angling in the Serpentine, Saturday p.m. PISCATOR No. 1: "Had ever a bite, Jim?" PISCATOR No. 2: "Not yet, I only come here last Wednesday."

"Bottom Fishing." PISCATOR No. 1 (miserably): "Now, Tom, do leave off. It isn't of any use, and it's getting quite dark." PISCATOR No. 2: "Leave off! What a precious disagreeable chap you are. You come out for a day's pleasure, and you're always a wanting to go home."

Now look at "Symptoms of Masquerading," wherein the Better-Half (holding up a mask) is saying, "Is this what you call sitting up with a sick friend, Mr. Wilkins?"

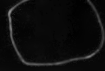
Leech drew a great many designs of and about the Great Exhibition of 1851, and he has many sly hits against the Frenchmen, numbers of whom flocked over to England at that period.

Fancy portraits are scattered through these volumes, as instances, take the portrait of the gentleman who sends a fifty-pound note for unpaid income tax to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the one who is honourably mentioned by Prince Albert.

The five volumes are computed to consist of about two thousand five hundred designs, and dip wherever you will, you find on every page some mirth-provoking scenes.

The reprints from *Punch* are as follows:—

"Pictures of Life and Character."	First Series	1854
"	"	Second Series	... 1857
"	"	Third Series 1860
"	"	Fourth Series	... 1863
"	"	Fifth Series 1869
"Early Pencillings from <i>Punch</i> " and "Later Pencillings" containing over 500 Cartoons	1864-5	
"Follies of the Year," containing twenty-one coloured etchings that had appeared in "Punch's Pocket Book,"	1844-64	1864





- Warnick sc

SYMPTOMS OF MASQUERADING.

BETTER HALF (holding up mask): "Is this what you call sitting up with a sick friend, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Mr. Briggs and his Doings" (fishing scenes), twelve coloured plates, in 1860. Mr. Briggs is a very favourite personage of John Leech's, and in the pages of *Punch* there are scores of plates relating to his affairs, such as the alteration and enlargement of his house, his sporting exploits, his shooting escapades, and the eccentricities of his angling pursuits. Taking as a calculation that Leech executed about three thousand two hundred designs for *Punch*, I come to the conclusion that he has left altogether about five thousand. Of course, he may have left more, as there may be books or publications illustrated by him which have not come under my notice, but I think the number (if any) is very slight. Those I have enumerated I have gone carefully through, and in them there are about eighteen hundred designs of one sort or another. One writer on Leech, in his calculation of his work, guesses—I cannot call it by any other term—nearly 1,000 illustrations for Mr. Surtees's "Sporting Novels." I have shown that this nearly 1,000 is not quite 400.

In 1862 he exhibited his Gallery of Sketches in Oil at the Egyptian Hall, and he undoubtedly inflicted serious injury upon his health by the excessive overwork he was subjected to in getting it up. The exhibition was a great success, and took London by storm. It is said to have realised for him close upon £5,000. An illustrated catalogue was issued, in the preface to which Leech says: "I beg to offer a few words of explanation to the Public, in reference to those Sketches in Oil from my hand, which are now submitted to their indulgent consideration. For some years past I have been frequently asked by collectors of works of art what drawings I had by me, what subjects there were in my portfolio suitable to the walls of country houses, and like questions. My unavoidable answer has been that I had nothing by me but my own rough memo-

randa and jottings, inasmuch as the greater part of my life was passed in drawing upon wood, and the engravers cut my work away as fast as I produced it. But the invention of a new process—patented by the Electro-Block Printing Company, Burleigh Street, Strand—for producing enlarged transcripts of drawings and engravings, suggested to me that, by combining that process with the use of oil colours, I might produce on canvas repetitions of my engraved and published drawings, capable of preservation for as long a time as any pictures, and susceptible of such modifications and painstaking as I might deem to be improvements. These Sketches in Oil are the result. As I have used the word ‘repetition,’ I desire to add here that it is not my intention to copy or reproduce any subject that I once sketch in oil. Whosoever may do me the honour to place one of these little works in a collection, will possess what is so far a speciality that it will never exist in duplicate.”

After working for *Punch* a short time, his means increasing, he removed from Tottenham Court Road, where he then lodged, to a house of his own at Notting Hill. Directly after, he married Miss Ann Eaton, one of those English beauties his pencil has so often portrayed, who proved a devoted wife and mother. They had two children, a boy and girl, both of whom survived him, but have died since—the boy being drowned at South Adelaide in 1876, and the girl, who was married, died about five years ago. From Notting Hill he went to Brunswick Square, and from there to Kensington.

Besides being remarkable for his tall stature (over six feet), he was throughout life, until towards the very end, strong and, seemingly, healthful. His relaxation was hard work. His favourite pastime was hunting, though he was fond also, even to drudgery, of angling. His features had about them an expression of gravity

save when in conversation, and they frequently became radiant with flashes of laughter. He was very popular with his intimate friends, but to strangers he was very reserved in his manner. The disease by which he was at last struck down is one of the most painful that man is subject to. Whether this complaint—*angina pectoris*—was inherited by him or not, there can be no doubt that it was aggravated by his over-work. In obedience to his medical adviser, he, though with great reluctance, gave up hunting. The time came when he had no strength to mount into the saddle. Towards the close he could hardly walk, except at a slow pace and to a brief distance. Previous to this, however, his complaint resulted in an extreme nervous irritability, that almost amounted to monomania. Anything like noise was peculiarly abhorrent, and organ grinders were to him a special dread. To get rid of their persecutions, he left Brunswick Square, and settled at Kensington; but no sooner was he there than he was distracted by the clanking noise of a wheelwright setting his saws and hammers to work at four o'clock in the morning. Beneath his windows cocks were crowing and dogs barking incessantly. His health was so completely shattered that in the summer of 1864 he went to Baden-Baden and Homburg, partly on a holiday, partly with the idea of sketching the gamblers for *Punch* in a series of Continental life and character. After a stay of six weeks, he returned to England, but, instead of proceeding home, went on immediately for a month's stay at Whitby. At the end of his sojourn he was apparently benefited, but slowly fell back to his original condition. He suffered at the last from insomnia, sometimes getting no sleep for three nights together.

On the 26th October he dined at the usual meeting of the *Punch* staff, and there stated that he was very ill. On

the Friday following he was out walking with a friend, upon which occasion he consulted his physician, Dr. Quain, who told him his only chance was absolute rest. On returning home, he wrote a note in pencil to his friend, Mr. Frederick Evans, mentioning his interview with the doctor, and stating he hoped to complete a cut for which a messenger was to be sent. The messenger was sent, but returned empty-handed. On the following day, Saturday, the 29th October, 1864, there was a children's party in his house, one of those charming home scenes his hand had so often and so exquisitely depicted. He had been compelled to go to bed, and sent down kind messages to visitors who had called upon him, expressing his regret that he could not see them. A few hours before he fainted away, he asked permission from his doctor to work at a drawing, which was accorded to him, on the express understanding that it would be an amusement to him. This drawing, made on his death-bed, is a sketch of a lady and dog, beautifully drawn as usual, and makes us regret that such a master-hand should have been so early stilled. A few hours later his pain returned to him, and in its duration he passed away.

On the following Friday, the 4th of November, his remains were laid in the grave at Kensal Green Cemetery. One grave only divides his grave from that of his friend William Makepeace Thackeray, who had been interred less than a year previously. The pall-bearers were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, John Everett Millais, Horace Mayhew, F. M. Evans, John Tenniel, F. C. Burnand, Samuel Lucas, and Henry Silver. These were followed by John Leech (the artist's father), Dr. Quain, Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, Charles Dickens, Percival Leigh, Edmund Yates, H. K. Browne, W. P. Frith, George Cruikshank, and Richard Doyle.

Leech, like most artists, has occasionally introduced his own portrait into his sketches. In January, 1847, in "Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball," he is playing the first fiddle. In this picture are also portraits of other members of the *Punch* staff. Mayhew is playing the cornet, Percival Leigh the double bass, Gilbert A'Beckett the violin, Thackeray the piccolo, Tom Taylor the piano, Richard Doyle a clarionet, Douglas Jerrold the drum, while Mark Lemon is the conductor; and in another he is lying on the sofa, with his hands behind his head, when in comes the maid, who says, "If you please, sir, here's the printer's boy called again," to which he rejoins, "Oh, bother! say I'm busy." In 1864, the year of his death, he had contributed over eighty pictures to *Punch*, and on the 5th November, seven days after he had passed away, appeared his latest woodcut. An Irishman, dreadfully maltreated in a street fight, is taken charge of by his wife, while a capitally indicated group of the victor and his friends is seen in the distance, and two little Irish boys nearer. "Terence, ye great um-madawn," says the wife of his "bussum" to the vanquished hero, "What do yer git into this thrubble fur?" Says the hero in response, "D'ye call it thrubble now? Why, it's engyement." This is as good a cut as ever appeared in the pages of *Punch*.

He drew over £40,000 from the proprietors of *Punch*. His means enabled him to move in good society. He had hosts of friends, some of whom are as famous as himself.

Although the woodcuts in *Punch* are well engraved, and are very delightful, it is only necessary to compare any of them with Leech's original drawings to see that very much of their intrinsic merit was obliterated by the process of wood engraving.

Sir Edwin Landseer used to say there was scarcely a sketch of Leech's which was not worthy to be framed by

itself and hung on a wall. It seems strange that he was never admitted a member of the Royal Academy, yet this will not prevent his name being perpetuated as long as the English language exists.

Ruskin, in a letter to Miss Caroline Leech, says:—"It cannot be necessary for me, or for any one now, to praise the work of John Leech. Admittedly, it contains the finest definition and natural history of the classes of our society, the kindest and subtle analysis of its foibles, the tenderest flattery of its pretty and well-bred ways, with which the modesty of subservient genius ever amused, or immortalised careless masters. But it is not generally known how much more valuable, as art, the first sketches for the woodcuts were than the finished drawings, even before those drawings sustained any loss in engraving. John Leech was an absolute master of the elements of character—but not by any means of those of chiaroscuro—and the admirableness of his work diminished as it became more elaborate. The first few lines in which he sets down his purpose, are, invariably, of all drawing that I know, the most wonderful in their accurate felicity and prosperous haste. . . . But of all rapid and condensed realisation ever accomplished by the pencil, John Leech's is the most dainty and the least fallible, in the subjects of which he was cognizant; not merely right in the traits which he seizes, but refined in the sacrifice of what he refuses. . . . In flexibility and lightness of pencilling, nothing but the best outlines of Italian masters, with the silver point, can be compared to them. That Leech sketched English squires instead of saints, and their daughters instead of martyrs, does not in the least affect the question respecting skill of pencilling, and I repeat, deliberately, that nothing but the best work of sixteenth century Italy, with the silver point, exists in art, which in rapid refinement these playful English drawings do not excel."

Canon Hole says, when Leech was his guest, "I have known him send off from my house three finished drawings on the wood, designed, traced, and rectified, without much effort, as it seemed, between breakfast and dinner."

In his own particular line he was unapproachable. His pictures will give pleasure to tens of thousands for long years to come. We cannot call him a caricaturist who so faithfully depicted all shades of life and character—he was a genuine humourist. His friend, Shirley Brooks, thus touchingly speaks of him in the pages of *Punch*, on the 12th November, 1864:—

JOHN LEECH,

OBITU OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV.,

ÆTAT 46.

"The simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame, they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest



A NOTE ON WILLIAM ROWLINSON.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

A SCRAPBOOK made by William Rowlinson and recently exhibited at a meeting of the Manchester Literary Club, and then liberally presented by Mr. Charles Roeder to the Manchester Free Library, is an interesting relic, and may justify a note on this now forgotten but promising young poet. It contains many newspaper cuttings, the earliest pages being devoted to his own compositions, and the remainder consisting of miscellaneous matter, chiefly poetical, that had attracted his attention.

William Rowlinson was born in 1805, it is believed, somewhere in the vicinity of Manchester. The family removed, for a time, to Whitby, but returned again to Manchester. He must early have developed a passion for writing, as contributions of his appear in the *British Minstrel* in 1824. The *British Minstrel* was a weekly periodical consisting of songs and recitations, old and new. The number for Nov. 20th, 1824, contains two lyrics by Rowlinson (p. 171). The editor remarks, "We have received a letter from Mr. Rowlinson, of Manchester, and are obliged to him for the Originals enclosed. Mr. Wroe, of Ancoats' Street, is our bookseller at Manchester ;

he, no doubt, will afford him every facility in communicating with us at any time he may have a packet for London." A packet was sent, and is acknowledged in the number for December 25th, 1824. One of his lyrics appears in the last number of the *British Minstrel*, which came to an end Jan. 22nd, 1825. His contributions are—"I'll come to Thee" (p. 171). "It is not for Thine Eye of Blue" (p. 171). "Yes, Thyrsa, Yes" (p. 194). "Farewell, Land of My Birth" (p. 197). "How Calm and Serene" (p. 303). "Think not when My Spirits" (p. 304). "Serenade" (p. 306). "Knowest Thou My Dearest" (p. 367). "How Sweet to Me" (p. 369). A copy of this volume has been placed in the Manchester Free Library by the present writer.

On the cessation of the *British Minstrel*, he began, in Jan., 1825, to write for *Nepenthes*, a Liverpool periodical. Still earlier, he is believed to have contributed to the *Whitby Magazine*.

From the age of 18, to his death, at the age of 24, he was a frequent and a welcome writer of prose and verse for the local periodicals. His range was by no means limited; he wrote art criticisms, essays in ethics, studies of modern poets, and verse in various styles and of varying quality. There is a musical flow about his lyrics that shows a genuine poetic impulse, but his talents had not time to ripen. His contributions to *Nepenthes*, *British Minstrel*, *Phoenix*, and *Manchester Gazette* have never been collected, and it is too late for the task to be either attempted or justified. An essay of his on Drunkenness is reprinted in the *Temperance Star*, of May, 1890. The best of his poems is probably "Sir Gualter," which is quoted in Procter's "Literary Reminiscences" (p. 103). The same charming writer has devoted some pages to his memory in his "Memorials of Bygone Manchester" (p. 161). One

example, "Babylon," is given in Procter's "Gems of Thought and Flowers of Fancy" (p. 47), and four lyrics appear in Harland's "Lancashire Lyrics" (pp. 71—75). One of these, "The Invitation," was printed—with another signature!—in the *Crichton Annual*, 1866. One of Rowlinson's compositions—the "Autobiography of William Charles Lovell"—is said to be an account of his own experiences; this I have not seen. The story of his life is brief. He studied literature whilst earning his daily bread in a Manchester warehouse. He was a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Cardwell and Co., Newmarket Buildings, and to gratify his love of mountain scenery, he has been known to leave the town on Saturday night and walk to Castleton, in Derbyshire, and, after spending the Sunday there, walk home again through the night, to be ready for his Monday morning task. Literature did not wholly absorb him, for at 24 years of age he was a husband, with a son and an infant daughter. Early in 1829 he obtained a more congenial position as a traveller for the firm of Piggott, the famous compilers and publishers of directories. This gave him the opportunity of seeing Cambridge, where Kirke White is buried, and other places, whose historic and literary associations would appeal to his vivid imagination. But whilst enjoying thoroughly the beautiful scenery of the south, he pined for his northern home. Whilst bathing in the Thames he was drowned, June 22nd, 1829, and was buried in Bisham Church-yard, Marlow, on the 25th.*

The Manchester Free Library has copies of the exceedingly rare *Phoenix* and *Falcon*, with the contributions of Rowlinson and others, identified in MS. In the *Phoenix* "Bag-o-nails," an imitation of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ,"

* I have to thank the Vicar (Rev. T. E. Powell) for searching the registers. There is no gravestone.

he appears as Jeremiah Jingle. These periodicals, and the scrapbook make as complete a collection of his scattered writings as is now possible.

John Bolton Rogerson and R. W. Procter have each borne affectionate testimony to the moral worth and literary promise of William Rowlinson. Soon after his death there appeared in the *Falcon* some stanzas which declared,

The great in soul from his earthly home,
In his youthful pride hath gone,
Where the bards of old will proudly greet
The Muses' honoured son.

Oh, there is joy in the blessed thought
Thou art shrin'd on fame's bright ray,
Though the stranger's step is on thy grave
And thy friends be far away.

We need not cherish illusions. The stranger's step is on Rowlinson's grave, but he is not "shrined on fame's bright ray," whatever and wherever that may be. No stone marks his grave, his very resting place is unknown; we cannot even brush aside the grass from the forgotten and moss-grown tomb of William Rowlinson, one who perished in his early prime; whose music, faint, yet melodious, passed into silence before it could be shaped into a song the world would care to hear or to remember.





MATTHEW ARNOLD AS POET.*

BY C. E. TYRER.

NO attentive reader, who after studying Mr. Arnold's writings in prose should turn without any preparation or previous knowledge to his poems, could fail to be struck by the great dissimilarity of the two—could help feeling that he had somehow got into a very different region. Indeed so different are they, that the view has been expressed that they might have been written by two entirely distinct persons. This is perhaps stating the thing a little too absolutely. It is certainly possible to find parallels between passages of the prose and poetry; *e.g.*, much of what he says about the interpretative power of poetry in the essay on "Maurice de Guérin" may be compared with the well-known passage in the "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön" and with some parts of "Resignation," and "Heine's Grave" with the essay on Heine. But there is a closer affinity. In his prose writings, whatever be the subject, Arnold is throughout the critic, and this character is still maintained in his verse; it is (though this is but a

* The reader is referred to a previous paper on Matthew Arnold which appeared in the MANCHESTER QUARTERLY for January, 1890, treating mainly of his character as a prose writer, and of which the following pages may be regarded as a supplement or corollary. It may not be amiss to mention here that Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish a popular edition of Arnold's poems in one volume (uniform with those of Wordsworth and Tennyson); a testimony, in the judgment of the writer, that the high estimate he has placed upon this poet's work is not hasty or ill-judged.

partial view of it) the *poetry of criticism*. In the essay in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" we read that "life and the world being, in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair." It was from the absence of this, he goes on to explain, that Byron's poetry had so little vitality, and, owing to its presence, Goethe's so much. To the same effect, he was fond of speaking, as is well known, of literature, and especially of poetry, as "a criticism of life," and deriving its value and enduring power mainly from the truth and sincerity of that criticism. Whether this view be a true one or not,—it is certainly a hard saying to most people, who associate criticism mainly or exclusively with off-hand judgments on all the newest books—it was one which he himself never neglected in his poetic work. This side of his poetry has been so admirably dwelt upon in an article in the *Times*, April 19th, 1888, an article which, as so few newspaper articles do, really illuminates the subject of which it treats, that I make no apology for quoting part of it here: "He was a poet before he appeared to the world as a critic. He was a critic while he was a poet, and the characteristics of a critic attended his poetry. The critical element worked with, and did not absorb, the poetical . . . None can study a poem like 'Rugby Chapel' or 'Heine's Grave' without perceiving the flow, above and below, of two separate spiritual currents, the critical and the creative. In the earlier, as in the later, poems the critic is discernible, measuring, and, it may be, wondering at the inspiration drawn apparently from the same source as his own questionings. For thoughtful readers the spectacle is strange and delightful. They love to read between the lines, and decipher the writer's comments and reflections on his own

emotions. They who wish a poet to let himself go, that they may partake the fire and fever, and be stirred in unison, resent the mixture of text and annotation." To some this may seem to savour of over-subtlety, but there can hardly be a doubt of its substantial truth. Those "who wish a poet to let himself go" will feel no attraction for Arnold, who never, perhaps, "lets himself go" in a way to satisfy purely emotional natures, but retains always towards himself, as towards all he has to deal with, the same serene critical attitude. This has been one main cause both of the comparative indifference with which he is regarded by the majority of readers of poetry, and of the perfection, in its kind, of his best verse; he has always, or nearly so, done justice to himself.

What, then, is there in the poems which causes the total impression they make to be so different in character from that produced by the prose writings? We notice, in the first place, an entire absence of his peculiar humour, of his occasional flippancy, or apparent flippancy, of manner, and of his singular tricks of language. In his poetry he repeats himself, it is true, but not in the curious verbal way which in his prose becomes sometimes an unpleasant mannerism. Again, in his prose, it is possible to conceive him (not that it is just to do so) posing as the apostle of culture, of "sweetness and light," his academic robes about him, an eye-glass in his eye, while he contemplates his audience with a sublime air of nonchalance. In his poetry he speaks not as from the calm heights of intellectual superiority, but as from man to man. He no longer expresses his views on things in general, and dogmatizes while repudiating all dogma; he expresses himself, so far as it was in his nature to do so. But for his verse, we should have an erroneous or, at least, one-sided view of a very remarkable and fascinating personality.

It seems to me to be one of the greatest charms of literature in general, that we are brought by its means into close personal contact with a number of the most distinguished, powerful, and attractive people of other ages and of our own. Literature (and of art in general the remark is true) is, of course, much besides and beyond this; but it is in an eminent degree the expression of personality, the means by which, the material through which, many of the most interesting individualities the world has known have expressed themselves, and allowed us, their readers in all ages, to enter into spiritual relations with them. We all realise, more or less, the charm, the attraction of special personalities; we feel, more or less acutely (as our perceptions are blunt or the reverse), the immense gulf between such chosen spirits and the general crowd of mankind; but we do not so readily, perhaps, appreciate the truth that in the highest poetry, art, literature (if we truly feel their power), we are brought into relations with the finest spirits of all time, and this at their happiest and most inspired moments. This, however, by the way. I do not, of course, place Arnold among the loftiest spirits, the men of consummate genius, whose work is for all ages: delicacy, distinction, sweetness, charm, he has, however, in full measure, and exhibits nowhere so truly as in his poetry. Perhaps it may not be out of place to add that a diligent student could discover in his poems much of autobiographical interest. In "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gipsy" we see at once the open-air enjoyment, the delight in nature, and the intellectual and spiritual perplexities which marked his Oxford life; while the former of the two poems specially commemorates one of his closest college friendships, that with Arthur Hugh Clough. What elements of fact may lie at the basis of the beautiful series of verses called "Switzerland" can only be matter

of conjecture; but it is difficult not to suspect in them the record of some youthful passion. "Calais Sands," again, relates to his courtship of the lady whom he ultimately married. In the companion piece, "Dover Beach" (which we may imagine to have been written on his return from the happy quest), the poet, after lamenting the decay of religious faith, goes for refuge from his perplexities—from the contemplation of Nature's lovelessness, blindness, carelessness of man—to the thought of human affection:—

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another!

To those who remember the account he once gave (in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on some subject connected with dramatic art), of the fascination exerted over him at one time by the great French *tragédienne*, Rachel, the three sonnets which bear her name will be of especial interest. Indeed, for our knowledge of his mind and character, and of all his intellectual and æsthetic interests, the poems—as the completest expression of his nature—supply the best and most reliable material. His love of animals, for example, is well known, and is the subject of some pretty anecdotes; but its best evidence is to be found in those pathetic verses, "Geist's Grave," and "Poor Matthias." There can be no question, I think, of this poet's absolute sincerity; and though he does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, he cannot help showing us what a gentle and generous one it was.

Now let us turn to the poems themselves. And first a word as to their classification. The Greeks, it is well known, distinguished the main kinds of poetry as epic, dramatic, and lyric—and this classification has been in the main adopted ever since. Mr. Arnold divides his poems (in the first collected edition, 1869) into dramatic, lyric, narrative, and elegiac poems—narrative, of course, being a

lower kind of epic poetry, while elegiac is a species of lyric—so that he has attempted, in some form or other, all the chief kinds of poetry.* And yet, if the truth must be said, he cannot be considered, in the truest sense of the word, either an epic or dramatic or lyric poet—he had neither the sustained power of conception and execution (what he himself, quoting Goethe, calls *architectonic*) needed for the production of a great epic, nor that profound interest in, and knowledge of, mankind in general, with their thousand diversities of mind and character, which goes to make the dramatic poet; nor had he even, perhaps, the genuine spontaneity, the gift and the desire of pouring out his emotions in verse, “of letting himself go” (to use a phrase already quoted), which is necessary for the creation of the highest lyrical strains. His greatest triumphs in poetry are rather in the narrative form (which I have called a subordinate kind of the epic), and the elegiac, which differs from the genuine lyric, among other things, by being set in a minor key.

There are those, who looking to his negative qualities, and not regarding or not being attracted by his positive, would not only refuse to him the title of a great poet, but even, in the strictest sense, that of a poet at all. Such critics allow to him true poetic feeling, culture, refinement, and an exquisite taste in the use of language—what he lacks (they seem to say) is “the one thing needful,” the sacred fire of the born *Vates*. It is obvious to remark that the same thing might plausibly be said of several whom the world has agreed to call poets, notably of Virgil and of Gray. It is a high testimony both to Swinburne’s

* It should be mentioned, as illustrating either the erroneous nature of this classification or the deficient way in which it has been carried out, that—in this first collected edition—“The Strayed Reveller” (to all intents and purposes a lyrical strain), is placed among the narrative poems; while two pieces so closely allied both in form and spirit as “Heine’s Grave” and “Rugby Chapel” are placed in separate divisions, the former among the lyrical, the latter among the elegiac poems.

catholicity of taste and to his fine critical insight that he has recognised, in his own magnificent manner, the splendid qualities of a poet so alien in many respects to himself.*

In dramatic poetry Arnold has made what we may call two serious attempts, "Merope" and "Empedocles on Etna," neither of which can be considered a success from a dramatic standpoint; but both of which, especially the latter, are redeemed as poetry by exquisite lyrical passages. Whether in modelling his play of "Merope" on the plan of the Greek tragedians of the great age, Arnold was not foredooming himself to failure, may plausibly be questioned. Nor can the desire of familiarising English readers, ignorant of Greek, with the forms of Greek tragic art—if the desire existed—be considered adequate ground for the production of the play; for nothing can be more certain than that those, and those only, who are conversant more or less with the great monuments of Greek literary art in their own language, will derive any considerable gratification from "Merope:"—and for a sufficient reason. The whole apparatus of Greek tragedy, the conceptions on which it rests, the forms by which it expresses them, the figures who appear on the stage, are too utterly alien to the merely English reader to awaken in him any sympathetic interest. It is to the scholar alone that such attempts at the imitation or reproduction of antique art appeal, or appeal in any considerable degree. Yet there is much beauty of a severe and simple kind in "Merope." In particular, the chorus which deals with the myth of Arcas and Callisto is exceedingly beautiful, especially in its touches from nature; indeed, on the whole, perhaps the most effective passages in the play, even in the blank verse portions, are those which deal with landscape and the open air. "Empedocles in Etna" is more attractive than "Merope," because the main figure, the

* Swinburne's "Essays and Studies": Review of Arnold's 'New Poems.'

protagonist, is nearer to us in spirit, if not also in time, than the descendants of the Heracleidæ who conquered the Peloponnesus. A philosopher, weary of the world, vexed in soul at the predominance of the sophists in the schools, and finding no stay, no refuge but Nature, the mother of us all, is not so remote from modern conceptions, nor yet from modern experience, but that he is capable of interesting us and arousing some manner of sympathy. But is the revelation of his spiritual agonies, the exposure of his self-torturings (until life becomes no more bearable, and he leaps into the crater of the volcano), a fit subject for a drama? All cavilling, however, is silenced as, breaking the long and essentially undramatic monologues of the soul-stricken philosopher, we hear the strains which the boy Callicles chants to his harp rising up in the thin mountain air. Perhaps as pure lyrics, Arnold has never produced anything more perfect than those which tell of Cadmus and Harmonia, of Marsyas and of Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus. In fact, the poem (a drama, properly speaking, it is not, though cast in dramatic form) may be considered as expressing the soothing power and enduring vitality of art (symbolised in Callicles), as against the vanity and weariness of philosophy. Arnold evidently had in his mind the composition of other dramas, founded on the antique, besides the "Merope" which he has given us; and from the fine "Fragment of Chorus of a Dejanaira," I may quote these lines as a specimen of his power in reproducing the form and spirit of the Greek chorus.

O frivolous mind of man,
Light ignorance, and hurrying unsure thoughts,
Though man bewails you not,
How I bewail you!

Little in your prosperity
Do you seek counsel of the Gods.
Proud, ignorant, self-adored, you live alone.

In profound silence stern
 Among their savage gorges and cold springs
 Unvisited remain
 The great oracular shrines.

Bald, chilling, such lines may seem to ears accustomed to the ornate and the effusive in poetry. Irregular, rhymeless, almost rhythmless, they cannot be said to invite in an obvious way either the eye or the ear. Yet to such as feel their power they have a grandeur which makes them kindred with what is highest and most enduring—the stars, the mountain peaks, the deepest thoughts of the soul.

Passing from the dramatic to the lyrical poems, I may recall what has already been implied, that in Arnold's attempts in the dramatic form, it is the lyrical passages which are by far the best from a poetical standpoint, and which in fact give them most of the interest and value they possess. The lyrical passage just quoted from a dramatic fragment likewise leads naturally to the consideration of Arnold's partiality for irregular unrhymed forms in lyrical writing. He is particularly addicted to the use of what may be called the half-pentameter, *e.g.*, in—

Trim Mont | martre ! the | faint
 Murmur of | Paris out | side,

where these two lines, taken together, would form accurately (so far as the differences in accent and quantity between Latin and English admit) a complete pentameter line. Even, however, in "Heine's Grave" (from which these lines are taken),—a poem, by the way, containing some of his most famous and most magnificent passages of verse—he is not content to employ this metre throughout, but interpolates occasionally lines constructed on quite different principles, including several very fine ones of blank verse. It has been supposed by some that Arnold's irregular lyric forms were his own invention—and so

indeed it may be with the one just alluded to (if, indeed, it can properly be called irregular), in which "Heine's Grave," "Rugby Chapel," and "Haworth Churchyard," are for the greater part written. It appears to me, however, beyond doubt that he took the general idea of writing lyrical poems with lines rhymeless, of varied accent, and unequal length (such as we see, for instance, in "The Strayed Reveller," in "Philomela," and in "The Future"), from its previous adoption by Goethe with a similar class of subjects. Of course, Arnold's intimacy with, and enthusiasm for, the choruses of Greek tragedy (the effect of which he tried to reproduce in "Merope"), would, of itself, naturally draw him to a similar form in his own compositions. But if, remembering Arnold's admiration for Goethe, one turns to such pieces as the German poet's "Prometheus," or "Harzreise im Winter," one will easily see that if the parallel between the usage of the two poets is not complete, it is still highly probable that the younger poet found himself powerfully attracted to a kind of lyrical measure, which had, he found, yielded to the elder one such admirable results. Not all, to be sure, of Arnold's irregular lyrics are rhymeless. It is only necessary to refer, for examples of what I mean, to those exquisite pieces "The Forsaken Merman" (which, as well as "The Strayed Reveller," is more properly placed among the lyrics, than among the narrative pieces), "Dover Beach," "The Buried Life," and "A Summer Night." In some of these poems the rhymes are, however, so curiously interlaced as hardly to produce on any but a practised and attentive ear the effect of rhyme at all.

As to Arnold's lyrics in general, it is natural to say that they lack spontaneity, that they are the offspring rather of culture, poetic feeling, a refined and practised taste, than of genuine inspiration. This is a natural thing to say, it

has often been said; but though it certainly expresses a part of the truth, it cannot be held an adequate criticism. It seems to me that they take their origin (as Wordsworth, in one of his admirable prefaces, says that poetry does in general) from "emotion recollected in tranquillity." They do not come, like those lyrics which are twin-born with the emotions they sing of, red-hot from the anvil of the poet's heart and soul; but none the less do they speak the language of true emotion. Few of them, indeed, are devoted to the passion of love, and such a figure as the Marguerite of the "Switzerland" poems is as much, perhaps, the child of nature as the object of human passion, and forms thus a companion beside the Lucy of Wordsworth. Generally, it is intellect, touched or transformed by emotion, which is the characteristic feature of these poems. How much poorer would the poetry of our century be without "Dover Beach," "The Buried Life," "Bacchanalia," the "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön," "In Utrumque Paratus," "Heine's Grave," "Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse," "The Future," and the two sets of verses on "Obermann"! Arnold's poetry is often described as unmusical, and it is said that he himself had no ear for the musician's art (though what he himself says on the subject of music in the "Epilogue to the Laocoön," hardly bears out the imputation); but to those who feel its charm it has, despite its occasional baldness, prosiness, and inharmoniousness, a sweet, a subtle, undertone of sound, whose echoes haunt for long the chambers of the spirit. "Never," said an accomplished critic and thinker,* "was there a muse with so even and soundless a footfall as this; but she keeps you listening, charmed and attentive, even when she has withdrawn into absolute silence away."

* "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy," Vol. II., p. 297.

Of the narrative poems, "Sohrab and Rustum" deals with an episode of Persian history, and "Balder Dead" of Norse mythology, in stately and sonorous blank verse, and in a style which may justly be called Homeric. The former is unquestionably one of the most powerful poems of our age (more so, perhaps, than any of Tennyson's Arthurian idylls), and the poet has realised and helped us to realise in a marvellously vivid way both the pathos and tragical grandeur of the story, and its remote circumstances of place and time. And nowhere, perhaps, has a tale of conflict and bloodshed a more majestic close than in that picture of the mighty Oxus keeping its calm and stately course undisturbed by man's petty trouble and turmoil, with which "Sohrab and Rustum" is rounded off, as (to use Mr. Andrew Lang's happy reference) "our little life is rounded with a sleep." "The Sick King in Bokhara," written in octosyllabic lines, with rather irregular and inconstant rhymes, narrates most impressively a tragedy of common life, borrowed from that Eastern world which has had such a fascination for Mr. Arnold; while "Myce-rius" takes us back to the kings of ancient Egypt chronicled by Herodotus. "Tristram and Iseult," on the other hand, deals with a well-known legend of the Arthurian cycle (which has also, among modern English poets, engaged Tennyson and Swinburne), and is written in a variety of romance and ballad measures. This poem, with all its beauty, shows conclusively that the treatment of the passion of love was not congenial to Arnold's genius; for the passages which bring before us the sleeping children, the moonlit room where the lovers lie dead, and the quiet self-contained life of the widowed Iseult (Iseult of the White Hands), amid the sweet landscape of her Breton home, are far more beautiful and impressive than those which attempt to deal with the wild passion of the lovers. Finally, mention should be made of "The Church of Brou,"

the last strain or canto of which is one of the most exquisite things Mr. Arnold has done.

But it is in the elegiac poems that Arnold's poetic genius found, it seems to me, its best, its most natural and perfect expression. Regret and longing—a wistful longing for what he cannot grasp, and a tender regret for what, once grasped, has passed out of his reach—these are two of the dominant notes of all his poetry, and give it almost everywhere something of the elegiac character. In the elegy he is, it seems to me, among modern English poets, supreme. "Thyrsis" has, indeed, in its kind, no peer in English poetry since "Lycidas"; the fiery and impassioned eloquence of "Adonais" and the spiritual philosophy of "In Memoriam" belong to quite different categories of song. Gray's "Elegy" comes much nearer in point of affinity. While in "Thyrsis" the leading note is one of regret, not, however, unmixed with a desire to be at rest with his departed friend:—

Strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall,

in that remarkable companion-poem "The Scholar-Gipsy," the poet envies the fate of the scholar, who left the busy world long ago and joined the gipsies, and whom he imagines still to roam the country-side:—

The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age,
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou had'st—what we, alas, have not!
For early did'st thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.

It may be worth mention that the idea of the intricate metrical scheme of these two poems is evidently taken from the odes of Keats, though it is not identical with any one of the slightly varying schemes Keats there employed—while there are also a few, a very few, verbal reminiscences of that great poet.

In "Thyrsis" Arnold laments the death of his friend Clough; in "Rugby Chapel" he mourns that of his father; and in "A Southern Night" that of his brother William, who died on the voyage home from India. There are also the exquisite "Memorial Verses" on Wordsworth, and the beautiful little piece, half song, half dirge, called "Requiescat." Some of the other poems, classed as elegiac, are not elegies in the sense of lamentations or monodies, but only as being, like so much of Mr. Arnold's verse, cast in the elegiac key. Such are "A Summer Night," "Faded Leaves," and the lines "To a Gipsy Child by the Sea Shore"—the latter a very fine and characteristic poem, sad and sombre, yet with glancing lights of exquisite grace and tenderness.

One word as to the "Sonnets." Of these Arnold wrote some twenty altogether, all, or nearly all of them, cast after the Petrarchan model, with only two rhymes in the octave and three in the sestet; and these are printed so as to show not only the two main divisions of the poem, but likewise the two answering parts of each division. In none other of his poems does the strenuous, serious character of the man more manifestly appear—and both in point of thought and style they are such as no other poet has or could have written. Truly in the one called "Austerity of Poetry" does he, considering his own poetic nature, compare the muse to a bride who, according to the Italian story, was killed by a fall at a public show, and found dead with sackcloth next her skin:—

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse ! young, gay,
 Radiant, adorn'd outside ; a hidden ground
 Of thought and of austerity within.

In the essay on Maurice de Guérin Arnold expresses very clearly his view of the two-fold function of poetry. "Poetry," he there says, "interprets in two ways ; it interprets by expressing, with magical felicity, the physiognomy and movement of the outward world, and it interprets by expressing with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words, poetry is interpretative both by having *natural magic* in it, and by having *moral profundity*. In both ways it illuminates man ; it gives him a satisfying sense of reality ; it reconciles him with himself and the universe." Nature and man—Nature, as in its broadest sense it impresses and influences man, who is himself physically a part of it ; and man, as in his intellectual, his moral, and his spiritual life—his mind, conscience, heart and soul—he exists apart from nature, these are the two eternal (ever distinct, yet never altogether unrelated) subjects of the poet's song. In the "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön," Arnold speaks of the poet as ever pursuing the stream of life, fascinated, controlled, ever drawn on by its irresistible attraction. The painter painting the aspect of things, gives in outward semblance "a moment's life of things that live"—the musician chooses "some source of feeling," and by the enchantment of his art reveals its hidden world of beauty—but the poet must do more than this. Not only must he be both painter and musician, painting the transient aspects of things and giving a musical setting to the emotions they excite, only, as he is tied to the medium of language, achieving, in both respects, an inferior measure of success—but he must, from the contemplation of the spectacle of life which is now passing before his eyes, discover its inner meaning, "the thread which

binds it all in one," must (as Arnold says elsewhere) learn to interpret life for us. And this contemplation, this attitude of an outsider, ever standing aside to let the pageant of life roll by, content to watch, with patient unaverted gaze, both the turbid current of human life and the quiet goings on of Nature—though it may bring with it calmness, an exalted resignation, will not bring happiness. The spectacle of life, viewed from the poet's standpoint, suggests thoughts too solemn for that:—

He sees the gentle stir of birth,
When morning purifies the earth :
He leans upon a gate, and sees
The pastures, and the quiet trees.
Low woody hill, with gracious bound,
Folds the still valley almost round ;
The cuckoo loud on some high lawn,
Is answer'd from the depth of dawn ;
In the hedge straggling to the stream,
Pale, dew-drench'd, half-shut roses gleam ;
But where the further side slopes down
He sees the drowsy, new-waked clown,
In his white, quaint-embroider'd frock,
Make, whistling, toward his mist-wreath'd flock.
Slowly, behind his heavy tread,
The wet flower'd grass heaves up its head.
Lean'd on his gate, he gazes ! tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years.
Before him he sees life unroll,
A placid and continuous whole ;
That general life, which does not cease,
Whose secret is not joy, but peace ;
That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd,
If birth proceeds, if things subsist ;
The life of plants, and stones, and rain—
The life he craves ! if not in vain,
Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul.

Of the two kinds of interpretation in which Arnold finds the poet's true function (that of Nature and that of man), and of his own success as a poet in dealing with each, a little

more must be said. In the beautiful lines which I have just quoted from "Resignation," we get something of both; though there, and also, perhaps, generally with Arnold, it is in the interpretation of Nature—in his power, as he says of Guérin, "to make magically near and real the life of Nature, and man's life only so far as it is a part of that Nature," that, as it seems to me, his real gift, the inborn quality of his genius, finds its natural expression. *Natural magic* is, as I have said, the name he gives to its manifestation in others; and those interested in the subject will find in his "Lectures on Celtic Literature" (Lecture IV.), not only the fullest expression of his views on the subject, but likewise a string of delightful quotations. Now it is not too much to claim for Arnold that he shows an exquisite felicity of language in conveying the charm of Nature, both in its detail, and still more, perhaps, in its mass. It is not so much a picture of Nature which he gives us (still less a description, a dry catalogue), as a vision of the reality; where, as in an actual scene, the profusion of lovely detail does not absorb our admiration to the injury of the total impression. I do not, of course, claim for Arnold that he shows what I would call the supreme felicity of the great masters—of Shakspeare, Keats, Wordsworth. His is an exquisite, a lovely felicity. One would not, of course, compare it with what Shakspeare shows in such lines as these:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadow green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

Or with Keats:—

Forest on forest hung about his head,
Like cloud on cloud.

Or with Wordsworth:—

There is an eminence, of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun.

It is very difficult to find in Arnold passages of a line or two to serve as examples of his power of rendering Nature; so much of the charm of his poetry is lost when severed from its connection. But take these from "Thyrsis," on an English garden at midsummer:—

Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon we shall have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
 And the full moon, and the white evening star.

Almost every one who realises what poetry is, will see that this could only have been written with the poet's eye (his inner eye, at least,) on the scene he brings before us. Or take these again, from "Resignation," of a scene in the Westmorland hills:—

Mild hollows, and clear heathy swells,
 The cheerful silence of the fells.

Once again from "A Summer Night":—

Houses with long white sweep
 Girdled the glistening bay;
 Behind, through the soft air,
 The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away.

One final instance of this rare faculty of rendering Nature I must give. It is from that exquisite piece "The Strayed Reveller":—

Ah, cool night-wind, tremulous stars!
 Ah, glimmering water—
 Fitful earth-murmur—
 Dreaming woods!

Is not the spirit of twilight, of that hushed and solemn hour when night begins to draw her veil over the face of Nature, and the first stars tremble in the blue, expressed as perfectly in these simple lines as in some landscape of Corot?

Matthew Arnold seems to me peculiarly successful in the use of compound words, such as "jasmine-muffled," "haze-cradled," in the lines I have quoted. How exquisite are the "deserted moon-blanch'd street," in "A Summer Night," the "moon-blanch'd sand" in "Dover Beach," the "wet bird-haunted English lawn" in "Switzerland," the "wave-kiss'd marble stair" in "A Southern Night," the "sun-warm'd firs" in "Obermann Once More"? As affording an instance of the magic which sometimes lies in a single word, when used by a great poet, I would refer to the passage from "Tristram and Iseult," which brings before us the clearing in the forest to which Merlin was brought by the treacherous Vivian:—

The blackbird whistled from the dingles near,
And the light chipping of the woodpecker
Rang loneliness and sharp; the sky was fair,
And a fresh breath of spring stirr'd everywhere.
Merlin and Vivian stopp'd on the slope's brow
To gaze on the green sea of leaf and bough
Which *glistering* lay all round them, lone and mild,
As if to itself the quiet forest smiled.

How that word *glistering* helps one to realize the *life* of the scene, the thousand alternations of light and shade which played upon the green sea of the enchanted forest!

Whilst on this point, one should not omit to notice to how many different regions our poet conducts his readers, and how he seems able to render the charm and the character of each. From the quiet Oxford country to the Westmorland hills, from the coast of Brittany to the slopes of Etna and the snows and sunny pastures and "scented pines of Switzerland," and thence to the great plains of Central Asia, Bokhara, and the Oxus, and the wide steppes, where here and there—

Clusters of lonely mounds
Topp'd with rough-hewn,
Grey, rain-blear'd statues, overpeer
The sunny waste:—

to all these scenes he brings us, and all of them he makes us see, if we have it in us to see, with his own keen poetic vision.

Above all, however, is he the poet of Oxford and the Oxford country—the poet on whom, more than on any other of this generation, Oxford has impressed her distinctive mark. Indeed, perhaps, it is only those who, worthily or unworthily, look up to Oxford as their *alma mater*, who will feel the fulness of his charm. None other can enjoy to the full those exquisite landscape touches which abound in “Thyrsis” and “The Scholar-Gipsy;” none other can realise how truly much of his verse is steeped in the sentiment of Oxford—a sentiment beautiful but melancholy, as of her spires and domes and gardens sleeping beneath the moon.*

In regard to the second kind of interpretation with which, in Arnold's view, the poet has to deal—*moral interpretation*—or that which deals with man's inner being and its moral and spiritual laws, Arnold is not so successful as when dealing with external Nature. Probably he had too little sympathy with man in the concrete—at any rate too little insight into his nature—to be a great poet of humanity. Man in the abstract interested him greatly, and he had a deep sympathy with certain individuals—apart, of course, from his affectionate relations to his family and kindred—where his sensitive and fastidious nature responded to the subtle charm of some finely-touched personality. I do not intend, of course, to imply that he did not feel, and feel deeply, for his fellow-men—I am sure he did. In speaking of “Culture and Anarchy” in a previous paper, I endeavoured to show that his view of culture included, as a necessary part of the idea, the effort to carry others along with us on the road to perfection; and in all his critical work—against whatever errors and

* Cf. “Essays in Criticism:” Preface.

delusions it was directed—he unquestionably aimed at the general good. Those who think of him as “a philosopher of the kid-glove persuasion” may be recommended to read the two sonnets, “East London” and “West London,” and the two addressed “to a Republican friend, 1848.”

Seriousness, sincerity—these, looking at his poetry from the moral standpoint, are its characteristic, its ever-present qualities. “Poetry,” says he, in his essay on ‘The Study of Poetry,’ “is a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty,” and “those laws,” he goes on afterwards to say, “fix as an essential condition, in the poet’s treatment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness—the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity.” Such high, such paramount, importance did he attach to sincerity in poetry, that, in virtue of its presence, he would give his commendation to verses which his fine critical faculty must have recognised as in other respects very defective. Poetry, in order to please him, must be sincere; and it must rest upon a basis of reality, it must be in harmony with the nature of things. Hence his aversion to the fantastic and the bizarre in poetry, and his low estimate of verses which depend for their charm mainly upon the musical arrangement of sounds. He thus cared comparatively little for Shelley, and expressed amazement (so Mr. Sidney Colvin tells us*) at the latter’s enormously high estimate of “La Belle Dame sans Merci,” a poem which some admirers of Keats, by one of those strange freaks of criticism popular now-a-days, seem bent on placing above all his other works, even his magnificent odes.

In his poetry Arnold has expressed his view of the world and of human life; and, as we saw from the lines quoted

* “On some Letters of Keats” (*Macmillan’s Magazine*, Aug., 1888).

from "Resignation," that view, the view of the poet as he stands apart from the crowd and watches the pageant pass, is a sufficiently sad one. Nay, perhaps, he has more truly expressed his deepest judgment on human life in his poetry than in his prose, where the play of his wit and his pleasant banter often veil somewhat the seriousness of his mood. The old props, the old order, gone or going, and nothing as yet to take their place; "the past is out of date, the future not yet born;" man tossed hither and thither by circumstance, a prey to—

This strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims;

and now that the world has been robbed of its divinity, feeling around him everywhere the grasp of inexorable law, or, at least, the play of forces in the midst of which his individual existence and happiness are as nothing. Yet is he not left entirely without comfort. He has the world of Nature, with its thousandfold charms, its thousandfold solicitations; and he has besides the inner world, the world, often unexplored, of his own nature, by which he is related to the universe of things:—

. . . our own only true, deep-buried selves,
Being one with which we are one with the whole world.

With our dull meaningless toil, our vain strivings after vain things, all the dust and turmoil and unreality of our lives, we come to forget or ignore our true natures—our souls:—

. . . fancy that we put forth all our life
And never know how with the soul it fares.

It is the power of affection which most often comes in to bring us back to ourselves. This is the theme of "The Buried Life," a poem which I cannot but consider one of the most beautiful of all Mr. Arnold has written, as it is certainly one of the most characteristic. In the graceful

but irregular flow of its verse, in its deftly interwoven rhymes, there is something in fine accordance with the charm and subtlety of the thought. But even human affection, though it be not only the sweetest thing in life, but likewise the most illuminating—how hopelessly uncertain it seems! Fate not only separates lovers, but likewise prevents those who would love from ever meeting on earth. As the poet sings elsewhere:—

Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul that halves their own.

Indeed, in the deepest sense, we are all alone, like islands ever kept apart from each other by "the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea."

Thus Mr. Arnold's criticism of life, as expressed in his poetry, is, on the whole, a sad and disheartening one. The majority of men he sees engaged in hard, profitless toil, with no time, perhaps, no care for aught beside—

most men in a brazen prison live,
Where in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning task work give,
Dreaming of naught beyond their prison-wall.

Others, in a sense, masters of themselves, giving themselves up to the gratification of their self-will, are shipwrecked on the sea of life—madmen, instead of slaves. For his own life, and the life of others, Arnold would seek some guiding principle, some element of permanence in the flux of things, in the mad rush of modern life—but finds none:—

For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls.

He is thus ever haunted by the sense of his own ineffectiveness, of powers only half granted or only half recognised:—

And on earth we wander, groping, reeling,
 Powers stir in us, stir and disappear.
 Ah, and he, who placed our master-feeling,
 Failed to place that master-feeling clear !

What then, I would ask, is the general effect of Mr. Arnold's poetry upon the human spirit, so far as it surrenders itself to its influence ; and what, amid all these melancholy realities, does he give us for solace and support ? A thoughtful critic in *The Spectator* (April 21, 1888) finds a strange exhilaration in his verse, an exhilaration which communicates itself to the reader—the exhilaration, as he goes on to say, “ not of faith, but of a passionate sympathy with the attitude of mind which faith alone could produce.” There is, doubtless, a certain truth in this, though *exaltation* seems to me to express what is meant better than *exhilaration* ; and, taking the total effect of this poetry, it might be described as expressing an *exalted resignation*. It is, indeed, the same as what Mr. Arnold, in his admirable preface to “*Merope*,” describes as the “state of feeling which it is the highest aim of tragedy to produce, a *sentiment of sublime acquiescence in the course of fate, and in the dispensations of human life*.” This sentiment of acquiescence, he goes on to say, is a sentiment of *repose*, and this too well expresses one side of the impression his own poetry leaves on a susceptible reader. There is in poetry, indeed, a far loftier exaltation, a far deeper repose—for example, in Wordsworth. It was not for Arnold to inspire us with the Wordsworthian rapture—

*Far and wide the clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces he could read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
 The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form,
 All melted into him ; they swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live ; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not—in enjoyment it expired.*

Here we have, indeed, the passion of faith—not “a passionate sympathy with the attitude of mind which faith alone could produce.” Such a sublime exaltation of spirit cannot be felt by a poet for whom Nature has been robbed of its divine meaning—far less can he communicate it to others. And as we have not here the Wordsworthian rapture, so have we neither the Wordsworthian repose:—

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene ;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening ;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

This is, indeed, the great and permanent difference between Wordsworth and Arnold, so far as concerns the substance and the sentiment of their poetry, that Wordsworth's was a satisfied nature, Arnold's an unsatisfied one: in the latter many influences met and pulled him divers ways, so that he was neither able to attain, as he himself says, “Wordsworth's sweet calm,” nor Wordsworth's rapt exaltation of soul.

To close with a few general remarks. Whatever judgment we, according to our individual tastes, may pass upon the poetry of Arnold, this must be said of it: that it occupies in English poetry, and in all poetry, a place apart. We may find analogies to Mr. Arnold in Gray, we may find closer analogies in Wordsworth, we may even detect affinities in some respects with Goethe and Virgil; but in the end we must be content with saying that these do not carry us very far. And not only is his general and total effect distinct from that of any other poet, it is singular to find in a poet who has assimilated so much of the world's

best poetry, so few reminiscences of the language of other bards. While Tennyson, whom most readers consider, I imagine, a much more spontaneous poet, much more truly a poet than Arnold, abounds in echoes of this kind; in Arnold, so far as I am aware, hardly any are to be found. Arnold has also this distinction among English poets; that in him we see more clearly than in any other the blending of the classical and romantic elements. This, of course, happens at the expense of his own theory, by which he was bound to draw his subjects from the antique world, and to take the classical poets for his models. In fact, in about half of his poetry, he does neither the one nor the other, though his fondness for the ancients always, doubtless, exercised a purifying influence upon his style. Landor is as truly classical, Browning, in a sense, more typically modern; but in Arnold the ancient and the modern, the classical and the romantic meet, or rather live side by side. No poet, perhaps, has felt more deeply the charm of the antique life, and the antique art; few poets have been more profoundly affected by the influence of modern thought, and the complex and disheartening problems which beset us to-day. Arnold again is eminently lucid, both in thought and expression. Where he may seem obscure, this arises from the remoteness of some of his ideas from those with which most people are occupied. Again, as I have endeavoured to show, he is eminently successful in dealing with the aspects of Nature, and many a lover of nature and of poetry will find that his favourite scenes have both received an added charm from the poet's verse, and when absent, often by virtue of its magical power—

Flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

Many are the strains of Arnold's which seem the most

perfect echo in words of the lovely sights and sounds of Nature; to which we might with a slight extension of the meaning, apply his own language in speaking of a passage in Maurice de Guérin; "words whose charm is like that of the sounds of the murmuring forest itself, and whose reverberations, like theirs, die away in the infinite distance of the soul."

It would appear that, in Mr. Arnold's own estimate, his prose was superior in value to his poetry, or that, at any rate, the importance of his own work was mainly critical (a statement which, no doubt, has a large measure of truth). At the close of his "Essay on the Function of Criticism at the Present Time," after saying that, though "criticism may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity," still it is in an epoch of genuine creative power that we have the true life of a literature, and the promised land, towards which criticism can only beckon, he concludes thus: "That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness; but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity." It is ever the same old cry of ineffectiveness—of a finely-tempered but unsatisfied nature (to use the beautiful Virgilian line which he applies to Marcus Aurelius) "*tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*." But we who owe so much to Mr. Arnold's poetry—we whose spirits he has calmed, strengthened, and consoled more than any poet since Wordsworth—can we believe that he will be remembered chiefly by his criticism, even if we admit (as admit we must) that there is a critical element present in his poetry? Rather do I believe that as time proceeds, and generation after generation contributes its little harvest of verse to

the world's garner, the unique charm of this poetry will appear in clearer and ever clearer light :—

And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage—
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
Many spent fames and fallen nights—
The one or two immortal lights
Rise slowly up into the sky
To shine there everlastingly.

Well, he is gone—and to the places of pilgrimage to which the people of our race resort, there has been added another shrine. With Grasmere we shall associate Laleham. And as we think of our friend—the friend of our spirits—at rest beside his own beloved Thames, and amid the sweet English landscape he loved, we may fitly call to mind some lines from his beautiful elegy on the death of his brother and sister, “A Southern Night”—lines which express the thought that the charm of Nature and of human character are closely allied—both having their origin in the depths of that Infinite Spirit who is the source and fountain of all charm :—

And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feeling warm,
Wherever shown, however attired,
Is grace, is charm ?

What else is all these waters are,
What else is steep'd in lucid sheen,
What else is bright, what else is fair,
What else serene ?

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine !
Gently by his, ye waters, glide !
To that in you which is divine
They were allied.



IN MEMORIAM—THOMAS ASHE.

BY M. S. S.

WHILE we were all thinking and speaking of our great poet, who had just passed away at Venice, one of our minor and less known, yet sweet-voiced singers, died at his London lodgings, and was buried within the shadow of the Cheshire hills. This was Thomas Ashe.

He was born in 1836, at smoky Stockport, which is, however, as most of us know, close to beautiful country—the hilly part of Cheshire bordering on Derbyshire. His father was at first a cotton manufacturer, but somewhat late in life he was ordained, and became Vicar of St. Paul's, Crewe. From the Stockport Grammar School, where he so acquitted himself that great things were hoped for from him, young Ashe went to St. John's, Cambridge, and a Mathematical Honour degree was taken by him in 1859. Always the thoughtful student, with wide literary tastes, he was in that intellectual set of his college to which Dr. Abbott and Dr. Wilson belonged, and the latter has kindly sent me a few reminiscences of the Ashe of those days.

"I well remember," he writes, "making the acquaintance of Ashe, as a freshman, in my own year and college. He was a fair-haired, quiet, north-countryman; in general, grave almost to sadness, but his face often irradiated with a smile at some humour of his own or others in conversation. He was

a member of a Shakspeare Society along with myself and three others, and every Saturday we met and read and talked, often into the small hours. I cannot even now read 'King Lear' without recalling Ashe's subtle criticisms." He knew but few men; not more, I think, than three or four; but those who did know him had the firmest faith in his genius. Certainly, many of his early poems have a singular lyric charm and sweetness. Probably his very earliest poems, some slight translations from Uhland, are to be found in *The Eagle*. I am pretty sure that his first published paper was on the curious subject, "How far a poet may copy from a picture without plagiarism." He was an excellent prose writer. There is a delightful article of his on Epitaphs in *The Eagle*, Vol. I., page 259.

Already, as these recollections tell us, the verse-writing had begun. At 23, as at 53, Ashe felt that he was born to sing, and *must* sing, whatever else he did, and whether his singing was well or ill received. He was ordained and issued his first volume of poems in the same year in which he left the university. For the next two or three years he was Curate of Silverstone, in Northamptonshire, and his work as a parish priest was most earnest and thorough. His kindness of heart and blamelessness of life, coupled with his mental gifts, were bound to make some impression upon the flock of which he had charge, and to this day he is affectionately remembered by some of those who were members of it. But this was his sole experience of such duties. Teaching occupied him for many subsequent years. He was first assistant master at Leamington College, and then mathematical and modern form master at the Ipswich Queen Elizabeth School. Leaving Ipswich in 1876, he spent two years in the students quarter of Paris, studying French literature, and noting everything in the life around him with that ceaseless and

close observation which was one of his characteristics. The last ten years of his life were spent in London lodgings, where he busied himself with literary work, and passed quiet lonely days. He died of consumption (a strong man he had never been), after a few months' illness most uncomplainingly borne, on December 18, 1889.

For two years, then, Ashe was the country curate, for ten a teacher of boys, and for thirteen or so the literary man; and he was certainly always the untiring student, not only of books of many kinds, but also of men and women. It is, however, as a singer that I want especially to speak of him, for he sang all through his life, and put his heart into his singing; and to be loved and thought of as "Ashe, the poet," would have been to him more than aught else. The first (1859) book of poems was soon followed by "*Dryope, and Other Poems.*" The atmosphere of Greek poetry had a strong fascination for him, and theme after theme was taken by him at various times from Greek myth and legend. Three years later came out "*Pictures, and Other Poems,*" the "pictures" being a series of idylls from the story of Eros' love for Psyche, as told by Apuleius, varied by dialogue between two modern lovers. Another three years passed, and "*The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*" appeared, a drama after the Greek. None of Ashe's works received more praise from the leading reviews than did this one, but its subject was not likely to prove popular. Full of melancholy music is the song of the Nereids, which ushers in Part II. Here are a few lines from it:—

'Neath sea-wet tresses our bosoms wholly
Heave for pity and melancholy,
For those who suffer, for those who die.
Mystic dances and music fashion;
A song for sorrow and mortal passion;
O'erroof'd with billows, that sigh and sigh.

* * * *

Their youth is sunny: it dwells with laughter:
 But who can fathom the sorrows after?
 Young rills are merry, but sea-ward flow:
 O love's a wonder, like fruit tree shaken:
 But fruits are gather'd and hearts forsaken:
 Their now is bitter for long ago.

"Edith, or, Love and Life in Cheshire" (1870), was Ashe's longest narrative poem, and proved that he had story-telling power, with some skill in characterisation. The tale is interesting, and there is grace and charm in the telling. The measure used has been described as "a trochaic metre intended to reproduce for English ears something of the effect of the Latin hexameter."

Six years elapsed before the little volume entitled "Songs Now and Then" appeared; and lastly, in 1886, a complete edition of the poems was brought out by Mr. Bell, who had from the first been his publisher, and never ceased to believe in his poetical gift, however persistently indifferent to it the general public remained. "Songs of a Year," a little book privately printed in 1888, completes the list of Ashe's poetic writings, but a word must be said of what he did in prose. He edited Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare," his "Miscellanies, Æsthetic and Literary," his "Table-talk and Omnia," and his poems (Aldine edition), besides writing various papers for magazines. Some of his earliest prose was in Chambers' "Book of Days," to which he contributed the greater part of the articles on poets.

In what ways, it may be asked, did his poems reflect the character of their writer? An important side of a man's nature is shown by the way in which he writes and thinks of women. In Ashe's poems there is little dwelling on beauty of face and form, nor are there many words in praise of purely intellectual gifts; but power of sympathy, pity, tender-heartedness, gentleness, and unselfishness, these come into his descriptions of women over and over again.

Here is a portrait from life—

Shall woman's worth be held disgraced,
If beauty fail the lip or cheek ?
Shall stainless merit stoop abased
To those that will not deeper seek ?
Each look of thine is worth the gems
Round many royal diadema.

Of simple manners—nobly sad ;
Love-winning eyes for sick or poor ;
Intent to succour, making glad
Villager by his cottage door ;
I see thee move, I see thee go,
A light amid the gloom below.

It was not surprising that Ashe loved these qualities in women, for they were strongly marked in his own character. Truly kind, most tender-hearted he was, and even in the last painful weeks of his life, he showed an unselfish horror of giving trouble to others. No one will ever know how frequent were his deeds of mercy and generosity. A forlorn girl, dying in a Paris garret ; a young wife, with a month-old baby, forsaken by her husband ; a poor sufferer in the cancer hospital—these, I happen to know, were among the many sorrowful creatures he found out and befriended. Helpless women and children most of all excited his pity. I well remember, when staying once at his father's house, how he brought in a very dirty little beggar girl by the hand, and asked that she might be warmed and fed.

As many a single woman has the mother deep in her heart, so many a childless man has the father in his, and Thomas Ashe was such an one. He loved and understood children, and they loved and instinctively trusted him, making themselves strangely at home with the intensely shy and reserved man, who could so easily when he chose keep men and women at arm's length. Timid country children, the London street arab, the fisherman's child on the sea-shore—he could make friends with them all, and so it was natural that he should often bring children into his poems.

Children? Where are mine? Where do you hide in the darkness?
 Will you never sit upon my knee in the even?
 Will you never listen to the wonderful stories
 I so long to tell you, weird with the glow of the embers?

Something of the pathos of Lamb's "Dream-children" is in these words (they are spoken by a character in "Edith"); and there is just a touch of the charm and "white simplicity" of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" in the following "Vision of Children," one of the "Songs of a Year":—

I dream'd I saw a little brook
 Run rippling down the Strand;
 With cherry-trees and apple-trees
 Abloom on either hand:
 The sparrows gather'd from the squares,
 Upon the branches green;
 The pigeons flock'd from Palace Yard,
 Afresh their wings to preen;
 And children down St. Martin's Lane,
 And out of Westminster,
 Came trooping, many a thousand strong,
 With a bewilder'd air.

They hugg'd each other round the neck,
 And titter'd for delight,
 To see the yellow daffodils,
 And see the daisies white;
 They roll'd upon the grassy alopes,
 And drank the water clear,
 While 'buses the Embankment took,
 Ashamed to pass anear;
 And sandwich-men stood still aghast,
 And costermongers smiled;
 And the policeman on his beat
 Pass'd, weeping like a child.

Of my friend's deep and strong love of Nature, the poems speak often and well. What a sunny atmosphere—an atmosphere full of pleasant sound—is here:—

I row'd along the silver Thames.
 The plashing of the oar,
 The water-ripple round the prow,
 The reed-lisp by the shore;

The blue above, the blue below,
 The souging of the breeze ;
 Leaving the busy world awhile,
 I fill'd my soul with these.

And I forgot the sorrows deep
 That daily fret the mind ;
 And I forgot how sad it is
 To strive with human kind ;
 And I forgot to keep my feet
 On this world's slippery way ;
 And gave my soul to peace and ease,
 And nature, for a day.

* * * *

She calls us by the heavenly songs
 Of birds on every spray :
 The gleams and shadows beckon us
 To rise and come away :
 The water-lisp, the rushes' lisp,
 They try on us a charm :
 They say, "We have rare things for you ;
 Men, listen, and be calm."

A series of poems written at Bettws-y-coed contains passages full of a beautiful fancifulness.

Ashe's humour—of the quiet and unexpected kind—does not appear in his poetry. In that there is seldom a smile, either covert or unconcealed. But of his sadness it gives, alas, abundant evidence. Regret, disappointment, and loneliness speak in it again and again. A restless feverish brain, a heavy unsatisfied heart, seek, undisguisedly, calm and relief through these sorrowful utterances. And yet he would fain have sung in a very different key.

I will'd to sing of trust and hope :
 I made a vow to ne'er despond :
 But, stumbling in the way, I grope ;
 And, blinded, cannot look beyond.

The poems which speak in varied tones of my friend's religious hope and doubt, belief and uncertainty, aspiration and failure, are not very many, but two may be taken as examples of them, one from among his earlier, and the

other from his latest verses. Often as ideas from the 23rd Psalm have been made the foundation of sacred poems, they have seldom perhaps been more happily woven into rhyme than in the following few lines:—

Our Shepherd feeds his happy sheep
By springs that ceaseless flow ;
He opens unto us, that weep,
His mystic folds to know.
They follow Him, they follow Him,
With wandering, willing feet ;
He guards them in the twilight dim,
He keeps them from the heat.
They pasture in the heavenly meads ;
The sad world's busy din
Can never reach them where he leads,
Nor sorrow enter in.
And dearer than all earth's delights,
Those meadows, sown of old ;
Ah, shining days and holy nights,
That linger o'er His fold !

This is the other little poem, which is entitled "New and Old":—

Put Comte for Christ, and read us why
The finer fibres of the soul
Thrill with a hidden agony
Of longing, we can not control.
Put law for God, and, if you can,
Unravel us how over all
Falls sadness, as of eyes that scan
The pageant of a funeral.
O brothers, we are weak ! O let
Our tired eyes, with weeping dim,
On visionary Olivet,
Find Christ in all, and God in Him !
So might a quicker life begin,
A newer force give strength to be,
And drain our bitter cup, within
Our garden of Gethsemane !"

In any attempt to estimate Ashe's worth as a poet, it is the reality of his lyric genius which should be most insisted on. From this sprang the poems which we, his friends,

can least willingly let die. In their spontaneity, grace and musicalness, the best of them bring Herrick's lyrics to one's mind. Quoters from Ashe's poems invariably choose part of one of the "Marit" series of verses, and certainly they could not do better. What a light clear touch is here:—

My little love has dark brown eyes,
With restless lashes sweet,
That haunt me with a new surprise,
Whene'er we meet.

Her eyes are wells serene and still,
Where dreamlike shadows lie,
And thoughts float in them at their will,
Clear as the sky.

Dear little love, her guileless way,
When musing she will stand,
One finger with her lip at play,
Flowers in her hand !

How naive a grace is round her shed,
More exquisite than words !
Her dainty little well set head
Moves like a bird's !

To dare to love her who am I ?
And yet, dear love, I know,
To make her happy I would die,
I love her so.

The best of the lyrics are love poems, and if they do not soar to the heights, nor sound the depths of the passion, there is yet in some of them what one may venture to speak of as an unmistakable note of reality. Here is an example of this:—

Dreams ! dreams !—nay, are you, happy dreams,
But gleam and glamour of the brain ?
When even but to dream you seems
So sweet a gain ?

I stir the embers to a glow,
And, sitting, weaving all my rhyme,
See, while the land is pale with snow
A happy time.

I seem to watch her as she sits,
My household chattel, my delight ;
Some song I read her, while she knits,
Say, this I write.

O sweet, my sweet, there shall not be
Two hearts that cherish such accord,
From north to south, on land or sea,
So true a lord !

Nay, dreams, if you should ne'er come true,
Still but to dream you has been good ;
Your pictured bliss has roused anew
My sluggish blood.

My life was withered at its root ;
No branch would spring, no sap would stir ;
Now green and fair its leaflets shoot,
To live *for her*.

A word must be said about my friend's translations. They were from the Greek, the Latin, the German, and the French, and are printed at the end of the collected poems. I am greatly tempted to quote the beautiful lines "Upon the heavenly band of all saints," from the Latin of Richard Crashaw, and the equally happy translation of a little poem by Alfred de Musset ("Hold me in memory still"), but refrain.

I have before me a little book wherein are pasted the principal criticisms on Ashe's poems which have appeared at various times. The praise is often of such a high quality, and so far outweighs the fault-finding, that one cannot but ask why a singer so appreciated by some, should not have been more read by the many, and become altogether better known. To me, this is a difficult question to answer ; but, for one thing, the man himself was hardly ever seen. He was almost as difficult to catch as a shadow, his unconquerable shyness drawing him more and more away even from the society of the friends who would have been delighted to meet him, and to have lessened the great loneliness of his life. Dr. Wilson writes : "Once, a few

years ago, at the close of a lecture I was giving in London, a small note was handed to me. It was from Ashe, who was in the room. I hurried to the door, but he had gone." This friend of his college days adds: "His was a lovely nature, unworldly, ideal, the soul of honour, and breathing the very atmosphere of poetry." And the young man was father of the man of fifty-three. This was his nature and character to the last.

FORGET-ME-NOT !

BY JAMES BERTRAM OLDHAM.

FORGET-ME-NOT!" whispered the brook to the hills
 it was hastening by,
 And the high hills drew nearer together, and answered
 I know not what,
 But I seemed to catch faintly the echo of that most musical sigh,

Forget-me-not !

Then the thin little stream hurried on to fulfil its unsearchable lot,
 To be lost in the swirl of the surge when the feet of the storm-fiend fly
 Through the darkness athwart the deep, and heaven and earth are not.
 But it left behind in the hills, with its face upturned to the sky,
 A floweret that close to its heart folds a hope it has never forgot,
 And we murmur still, when we see it look skyward with pale blue eye,

Forget-me-not !

The Glossop Moors, June 29, 1889.



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